† 1477. a. 25

THE WORKS OF HESIOD.

Ex musæo Pembrokiano *N. Parr*

THE WORKS OF *HESIOD*

TRANSLATED

From the GREEK.

By Mr. *COOKE.*

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M DCC XLIII.

To his GRACE

JOHN

Duke of *ARGYLL* and GREENWICH, *&c.*

MY LORD,

AS this is the only method by which men of genius and learning, tho ſmall perhaps my claim to either, can ſhew their eſteem for perſons of extraordinary merit, in a ſuperior manner to the reſt of mankind, I could never embrace a more favourable opportunity to expreſs my veneration for your grace than before a tranſlation of ſo antient and valuable an author as *Heſiod*. Your high deſcent, and the glory of your illuſtrious anceſtors, are the weakeſt foundations of your praiſe; your own

exalted worth attracts the admiration, and I may say the love, of all virtuous and distinguishing souls; and to that only I dedicate the following work. The many circumstances which contributed to the raising you to the dignitys which you now enjoy, and which render you deserving the greatest favours a prince can bestow, and, what is above all, which fix you ever dear in the affection of your country, will be no small part of the *English* history, and shall make the name of ARGYLL sacred to every generation; nor is it the least part of your character, that the nation entertains the highest opinion of your taste and judgement in the polite arts.

You, my Lord, know how the works of genius lift up the head of a nation above her neighbours, and give it as much honour as success in arms; among

these

theſe we muſt reckon our tranſlations of the claſſics; by which, when we have naturalized all *Greece* and *Rome*, we ſhall be ſo much richer than they were, by ſo many original productions as we ſhall have of our own. By tranſlations, when performed by able hands, our countrymen have an opportunity of diſcovering the beautys of the antients, without the trouble and expence of learning their languages; which are of no other advantage to us than for the authors who have writ in them; among which the poets are in the firſt rank of honour, whoſe verſes are the delightful channels thro which the beſt precepts of morality are conveyed to the mind; they have generally ſomething in them ſo much above the common ſenſe of mankind, and that delivered with ſuch dignity of expreſſion, and in ſuch harmony of num-

bers, all which put together conſtitute the *os divinum*, that the reader is inſpired with ſentiments of honour and virtue, he thinks with abhorrence of all that is baſe and trifling; I may ſay, while he is reading, he is exalted above himſelf.

You, my Lord, I ſay, have a juſt ſenſe of the benefits ariſing from works of genius, and will therefore pardon the zeal with which I expreſs myſelf concerning them: and great is the bleſſing, that we want not perſons who have hearts equal to their power to cheriſh them: and here I muſt beg leave to pay a debt of gratitude to one, who, I dare ſay, is as highly thought of by all lovers of polite learning as by myſelf, I mean *the Earl of* PEMBROKE; whoſe notes I have uſed in the words in which he gave them to me, and diſtinguiſhed them by a particular mark from the reſt. Much would I ſay

in

in commendation of that great man; but I am checked by the fear of offending that virtue which every one admires. The ſame reaſon makes me dwell leſs on the praiſe of your grace than my heart inclines me to.

The many obligations which I have received from a lady, of whoſe virtues I can never ſay too much, make it a duty in me to mention her in the moſt grateful manner; and particularly before a tranſlation, to the perfecting which I may with propriety ſay ſhe greatly conduced by her kind ſolicitations in my behalf, and her earneſt recommendation of me to ſeveral perſons of diſtinction. I believe your Grace will not charge me with vanity, if I confeſs myſelf ambitious of being in the leaſt degree of favour with ſo excellent a lady as the *Marchioneſs of* ANNANDALE.

I ſhall conclude, without troubling your Grace with any more circumſtances relating to myſelf, ſincerely wiſhing what I offer was more worthy your patronage; and at the ſame time I beg it may be received as proceeding from a juſt ſenſe of your eminence in all that is great and laudable. I am,

My LORD,

with the moſt profound reſpect,

your GRACE's

moſt obedient,

and moſt humble, ſervant

January. 1728.

Thomas Cooke.

TWO

DISCOURSES,

I. On the LIFE,

II. On the WRITINGS,

OF

HESIOD.

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE of *HESIOD.*

Sect. 1. *The introduction.*

THE lives of few perſons are confounded with ſo many incertaintys, and fabulous relations, as thoſe of *Heſiod* and *Homer*; for which reaſon, what may poſſibly be true is ſometimes as much diſputed as the romantic part of their ſtorys. The firſt has been more fortunate than the other, in furniſhing us, from his writings, with ſome circumſtances of himſelf and family, as the condition of his father, the place of his birth, and the extent of his travels; and he has put it out of diſpute, tho he has not fixed the period, that he was one of the earlyeſt writers of whom we have any account.

He

2. *Of his own, and father's, country, from his writings.*

He tells us, in the ſecond book of his *Works* and *Days*, that his father was an inhabitant of *Cuma*, in one of the *Æolian* iſles; from whence he removed to *Aſcra*, a village in *Bœotia*, at the foot of mount *Helicon*; which was doubtleſs the place of our poet's birth, tho *Suidas*, *Lilius Gyraldus*, *Fabricius*, and others, ſay he was of *Cuma*. *Heſiod* himſelf ſeems, and not undeſignedly, to have prevented any miſtake about his country; he tells us poſitively, in the ſame book, he never was but once at ſea, and that in a voyage from *Aulis*, a ſea-port in *Bœotia*, to the iſland *Eubœa*. This, connected with the former paſſage of his father ſailing from *Cuma* to *Bœotia*, will leave us in no doubt concerning his country.

3. *Of his quality from his writings.*

Of what quality his father was we are not very certain; that he was drove from *Cuma* to *Aſcra*, by misfortunes, we have the teſtimony of *Heſiod*. Some tell us he fled to avoid paying a fine; but what reaſon they have to imagine that I know not. It is remarkable that our poet,

poet, in the firſt book of his *Works* and *Days*, calls his brother διον γενος; we are told indeed that the name of his father was *Dios*, of which we are not aſſured from any of his writings now extant; but if it was, I rather believe, had he deſigned to call his brother of the race of *Dios*, he would have uſed διογενης or διος γενος; he muſt therefore by διον γενος intend to call him of *race divine*. *Le Clerc* obſerves, on this paſſage, that the old poets were always proud of the epithet *divine*, and brings an inſtance from *Homer*, who ſtiled the ſwine-herd of *Ulyſſes* ſo; in the ſame remark he ſays, he thinks *Heſiod* debaſes the word in his application of it, having ſpoke of the neceſſitous circumſtances of his father in the following book. I have no doubt but *Le Clerc* is right in the meaning of the word διον, but at the ſame time I think his obſervation on it trifling; becauſe, if his father was reduced to poverty, we are not to infer from thence he was never rich, or, if he was always poor, that is no argument againſt his being of a good family;

mily; nor is the word divine in the leaſt debaſed by being an epithet to the ſwineherd, but a proof of the dignity of that office in thoſe times. We are ſupported in this reading by *Tzetzes:* and *Valla*, and *Friſius*, have took the word in the ſame ſenſe, in their *Latin* tranſlations of the *Works* and *Days:*

—— *Frater ades* (ſays *Valla*) *generoſo e ſanguine* [Perſe.

And *Friſius* calls him, *Perſe divine.*

4. *A judgement of his age and quality from fiction.*

The genealogy likewiſe which the author of the contention betwixt *Homer* and *Heſiod* gives us very much countenances this interpretation: we are told in that *work*, that *Linus* was the ſon of *Apollo* and of *Thooſe* the daughter of *Neptune*; king *Pierus* was the ſon of *Linus*, *Oeagrus* of *Pierus* and the nymph *Methone*, and *Orpheus* of *Oeagrus* and the Muſe *Calliope*; *Orpheus* was the father of *Othrys*, *Othrys* of *Harmonides*, and *Harmonides* of *Philoterpus*; from him ſprung *Euphemus*, the father of *Epiphrades*, who begot *Menalops*, the father

father of *Dios*; *Heſiod* and *Perſes* were the ſons of *Dios* by *Pucamede*, the daughter of *Apollo*; *Perſes* was the father of *Mæon*, whoſe daughter, *Crytheis*, bore *Homer* to the river *Meles*. *Homer* is here made the great grandſon of *Perſes* the brother of *Heſiod*. I do not give this account with a view it ſhould be much depended on; for it is plain, from the poetical etymologys of the names, it is a fictitious generation; yet two uſeful inferences may be made from it; firſt, it is natural to ſuppoſe, the author of this genealogy would not have forged ſuch an honourable deſcent unleſs it was generally believed he was of a great family; nor would he have placed him ſo long before *Homer*, had it not been the prevailing opinion he was firſt.

5. *Of his age, from* Longomontanus, *and the* Arundelian *marble.*

Mr. *Kennet* quotes the *Daniſh* aſtronomer, *Longomontanus*, who undertook to ſettle the age of *Heſiod* from ſome lines in his *Works and Days*; and he made it agree with the *Arundelian* marble, which makes him about thirty years before *Homer*.

Herodotus

6. *From* Herodotus.

Herodotus aſſures us that *Heſiod*, whom he places firſt in his account, and *Homer*, lived four hundred years, and no more, before himſelf; this muſt carry no ſmall weight with it, when we conſider it as delivered down to us by the oldeſt *Greek* hiſtorian we have.

7. *From his writings.*

The pious exclamation againſt the vices of his own times, in the beginning of the iron age, and the manner in which the deſcription of that age is wrote, moſt of the verbs being in the future tenſe, give us room to imagine he lived when the world had but juſt departed from their primitive virtue, juſt as the race of heros was at an end, and men were ſunk into all that is baſe and wicked.

8. *The opinions of* Juſtus Lipſius, *and* Ludolphus Neocorus, *confuted.*

Juſtus Lipſius, in his notes to the firſt book of *Velleïus Paterculus*, ſays, *there is more ſimplicity, and a greater air of antiquity, in the works of* Heſiod *than of* Homer, from which he would infer he is the older writer:

writer: and *Fabricius* gives us theſe words of *Ludolphus Neocorus*, who writ a critical hiſtory of *Homer*; *if a judgement of the two poets is to be made from their works*, Homer *has the advantage, in the greater ſimplicity, and air of antiquity, in his ſtile.* Heſiod *is more finiſhed and elegant.* One of theſe is a flagrant inſtance of the random judgement which the critics, and commentators, often paſs on authors, and how little dependance is to be layed on ſome of them. In ſhort they are both in an error; for had they conſidered thro how many hands the *Iliad* and *Odyſſes* have been, ſince they came from the firſt author, they would not have pretended to determine the queſtion, who was firſt, by their ſtile.

9. *Dr.* Clarke's *and Sir* Iſaac Newton's *opinions conſidered.*

Dr. *Samuel Clarke* (who was indeed a perſon of much more extenſive learning and nicer diſcernment than either *Neocorus* or *Lipſius*) has founded an argument for the antiquity of *Homer* on a quantity of the word καλος: in his note on the 43d verſe of

of the 2d book of the *Iliad* he obſerves that *Homer* has uſed the word καλος in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* above two hundred and ſeventy times, and has in every place made the firſt ſyllable long; whereas *Heſiod* frequently makes it long, and often ſhort: and *Theocritus* uſes it both long and ſhort in the ſame verſe: from which our learned critic infers that *Heſiod* could not be cotemporary with *Homer* (unleſs, ſays he, they ſpoke different languages in different parts of the country) but much later; becauſe he takes it for granted that the liberty of making the firſt ſyllable of καλος ſhort was long after *Homer*; who uſes the word above two hundred and ſeventy times, and never has the firſt ſyllable ſhort. This is a curious piece of criticiſm, but productive of no certainty of the age of *Homer* or *Heſiod*. The *Ionic* poets, Dr. *Clarke* obſerves, had one fixed rule of making the firſt ſyllable in καλος long: the *Attic* poets *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Ariſtophanes*, in innumerable places, he ſays, make it ſhort; the *Doric* poets do the ſame: all therefore that

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can be infered from this is, that *Homer* always uſed it in the *Ionic* manner, and *Heſiod* often in the *Ionic*, and often in the *Doric*. This argument of Dr. *Clarke*'s, founded on a ſingle quantity of a word, is entirely deſtructive of Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s ſyſtem of chronology; who fixes the time of *Troy* being taken but thirty-four years before *Heſiod* flouriſhed. *Troy*, he ſays *, was taken nine hundred and four years before *Chriſt*, and *Heſiod*, he ſays, flouriſhed eight hundred and ſeventy. This ſhews Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s opinion of the age of *Heſiod* in regard to his vicinity to *Homer*: his bringing the chronology of both ſo low as he does is to ſupport his favourite ſcheme of reducing all to Scripture chronology.

After all, it is univerſally agreed he was before, or at leaſt cotemporary with, *Homer*; but I think we have more reaſon to believe him the older; and Mr. *Pope*, after

10. *A thouſand years before* Chriſt.

* *In his Chronology of ancient kingdoms amended.*

all

all the authoritys he could find in behalf of *Homer*, fixes his deciſion on the *Arundelian* marble. To enter into all the diſputes which have been on this head would be endleſs, and unneceſſary; but we may venture to place him a thouſand years before *Chriſt*, without exceeding an hundred, perhaps, on either ſide.

II. *Some circumſtances of his life from his writings.*

Having thus far agreed to his parents, his country, and the time in which he roſe, our next buſyneſs is to trace him in ſuch of his actions as are diſcoverable; and here we have nothing certain but what occurs to us in his works. That he tended his own flocks on mount *Helicon*, and there firſt received his notions of poetry, is very probable from the beginning of his *Theogony*; but what he there ſays of the Muſes appearing to him, and giving him a ſcepter of laurel, I paſs over as a poetical flight. It likewiſe appears, from the firſt book of his *Works* and *Days*, that his father left ſome effects, when he dyed, on the diviſion of which his brother *Perſes* defrauded him,

him, by bribing the judges. He was ſo far from being provoked to any act of reſentment by this injuſtice, that he expreſſed a concern for thoſe poor miſtaken mortals, who placed their happyneſs in riches only, even at the expence of their virtue. He lets us know, in the ſame poem, that he was not only above want, but capable of aſſiſting his brother in time of need; which he often did after the ill uſage he had met with from him. The laſt paſſage, relating to himſelf, is his conqueſt in a poetical contention. *Amphidamas*, king of *Eubœa*, had inſtituted funeral games in honour of his own memory, which his ſons afterwards ſaw performed: *Heſiod* here was competitor for the prize in poetry, a tripod, which he won, and, as he tells us himſelf, conſecrated to the Muſes.

12. *From* Plutarch, *&c.*

Plutarch, in his *Banquet of the ſeven wiſe men*, makes *Periander* give an account of the poetical contention at *Chalcis*; in which *Heſiod* and *Homer* are made antagoniſts; the firſt was conqueror,

queror, who received a tripod for his victory, which he dedicated to the muſes, with this inſcription;

Ησιοδος Μουσαις Ελικωνισι τονδ' ανεθηκεν,
Υμνω νικησας εν χαλκιδι θειον Ομηρον.

This Heſiod *vows to th'* Heliconian *Nine*,
In Chalcis *won from* Homer *the divine.*

This ſtory, as related by *Plutarch*, was doubtleſs occaſioned by what *Heſiod* ſays of himſelf, in the ſecond book of his *Works* and *Days*; which paſſage might poſſibly give birth to that famous treatiſe, Αγων Ομηρου και Ησιοδου, mentioned in the fourth ſection of this diſcourſe. *Barnes*, in his *Præloquium* to the ſame treatiſe, quotes three verſes, two from *Euſtathius*, and the third added by *Lilius Gyraldus*, in his life of our poet, which inform us, that *Heſiod* and *Homer* ſung in *Delos* to the honour of *Apollo*.

Εν Δηλῳ τοτε πρωτον εγω και Ομηρος, αοιδοι,
Μελπομεν, εν νεαροις υμνοις ραψαντες αοιδην,
Φοιβον Απολλωνα χρυσαορον ον τεκε Λητω.

Homer,

Homer, *and I, in* Delos *ſung our lays,*
There firſt we ſung, and to Apollo*'s praiſe;*
New was the verſe in which we then begun
In honour to the god, Latona*'s ſon.*

but theſe, together with the contention betwixt theſe two great poets, are regarded as no other than fables: and *Barnes*, who had certainly read as much on this head as any man, and who ſeems, by ſome expreſſions, willing to believe it if he could, is forced to decline the diſpute, and leave it in the ſame incertainty in which he found it. The ſtory of the two poets meeting in *Delos* is a manifeſt forgery; becauſe, as I obſerved before, *Heſiod* poſitively ſays he never took any voyage but that to *Chalcis*; and theſe verſes make his meeting in *Delos*, which is contrary to his own aſſertion, precede his contention at *Chalcis*. Thus have I collected, and compared together, all that is material of his life; in the latter part of which, we are told, he removed to *Locris*, a town near the ſame diſ-

tance from mount *Parnaſſus* as *Aſcra* from *Helicon*. *Lilius Gyraldus*, and others, tell us he left a ſon, and a daughter; and that his ſon was *Steſichorus* the poet; but this wants better confirmation than we have of it. It is agreed by all that he lived to a very advanced age.

13. *His death.* The ſtory of his death, as told by *Solon*, in *Plutarch*'s *Banquet of the ſeven wiſe men*, is very remarkable. The man, with whom *Heſiod* lived at *Locris*, raviſhed a maid in the ſame houſe. *Heſiod*, tho entirely ignorant of the fact, was maliciouſly accuſed, as an accomplice, to her brothers, who barbarouſly murdered him with his companion, whoſe name was *Troilus*, and throwed their bodys into the ſea. The body of *Troilus* was caſt on a rock, which retains the name of *Troilus* from that accident. The body of *Heſiod* was received by a ſhoal of dolphins as ſoon as it was hurled into the water, and carryed to the city *Molicria*, near the promontory *Rhion*

near

near which place the *Locrians* then held a ſolemn feaſt, the ſame which is at this time celebrated with ſo much pomp. When they ſaw a floating carcaſs they ran with aſtoniſhment to the ſhore, and finding it to be the body of *Heſiod*, newly ſlain, they reſolved, as they thought themſelves obliged, to detect the murderers of a perſon they ſo much eſteemed and honoured. When they had found out the wretches who commited the murder, they plunged them alive into the ſea, and afterwards deſtroyed their houſes. The remains of *Heſiod* were depoſited in *Nemea*; and his tomb is unknown to moſt ſtrangers; the reaſon of it being concealed was becauſe of the *Orchomenians*, who had a deſign, founded on the advice of an oracle, to ſteal his remains from thence, and to bury them in their own country. This account of the oracle, here mentioned by *Plutarch*, is related by *Pauſanias*, in his *Bœotics*. He tells us the *Orchomenians* were adviſed by the oracle to bring the bones of *Heſiod* into their

country, as the only means to drive away a peſtilence which raged among them. They obeyed the oracle, found the bones, and brought them home. *Pauſanias* ſays they erected a tomb over him, with an inſcription to this purpoſe on it;

Heſiod, *thy birth is barren* Aſcra's *boaſt,*
Thy dead remains now grace the Minyan *coaſt;*
Thy honours to meridian glory riſe,
Grateful thy name to all the good and wiſe.

14. *Monuments, &c. of him.*

We have the knowledge of ſome few monuments which were raiſed in honour to this great and antient poet: *Pauſanias*, in his *Bœotics*, informs us, that his countrymen the *Bœotians* erected to his memory an image with a harp in his hand: the ſame author tells us, in another place, there was likewiſe a ſtatue of *Heſiod* in the temple of *Jupiter Olympicus*. *Fulvius Urſinus*, and *Boiſſard*, in his antiquitys, have exhibited a breaſt with a head, a trunc without a head, and a gem, of him: and

Urſinus

Urſinus ſays there is a ſtatue of him, of braſs, in the public college at *Conſtantinople*: the only original monument of him beſides, now remaining, or at leaſt known, is a marble buſto in the *Pembroke* collection at *Wilton*: * *what* Fulvius Urſinus *has publiſhed reſembles that, but is only a baſſo relievo. From the manner of the head being cracked off from the lower part, which has ſome of the hair behind, it appears that both the parts are of the ſame work and date.**

15. *His Character.*

For his character we need go no farther than his *Works* and *Days*: with what a dutyful affection he ſpeaks of his father, when he propoſes him as a pattern to his brother! His behaviour, after the unjuſt treatment from *Perſes* and the judges, proves him both a philoſopher and a good man. His moral precepts, in the firſt book, ſeem to be as much the dictates of his heart as the fruits of his genius; there we behold a man of the chaſteſt manners, and the beſt diſpoſition.

He was undoubtedly a great lover of retirement and contemplation, and ſeems to have had no ambition but that of acting well. I ſhall conclude my character of him with that part of it which *Paterculus* ſo juſtly thought his due: *perelegantis ingenii, et molliſſimâ dulcedine carminum memorabilis; otii quietiſque cupidiſſimus: of a truely elegant genius, and memorable for his moſt eaſy ſweetneſs of verſe; moſt fond of leiſure and quietude.*

A DIS-

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

WRITINGS of *HESIOD*.

Sect. 1. *The introduction.*

OF all the authors who have given any account of the writings of our poet I find none ſo perfect as the learned *Fabricius*, in his *Bibliotheca Græca*; he there ſeems to have left unread no work that might in the leaſt contribute to the compleating his deſign: him I ſhall follow in the ſucceeding diſcourſe, ſo far as relates to the titles of the poems, and the authoritys for them.

2. *The Theogony.*

I ſhall begin with the *Theogony* or *Generation of the gods*, which *Fabricius* puts out of diſpute to be of *Heſiod*:

nor is it doubted, ſays he, that *Pythagoras* took it for his, who feigned he ſaw the ſoul of our poet in hell chained to a braſen pillar; a puniſhment inflicted on him for the ſtorys which he invented of the gods. This doubtleſs is the poem that gave *Herodotus* occaſion to ſay that *Heſiod, with* Homer, *was the firſt who introduced a* Theogony *among the* Greecians; *the firſt who gave names to the gods, aſcribed to them honours and arts, giving particular deſcriptions of their perſons.* The firſt hundred and fifteen lines of this poem have been diſputed; but I am inclined to believe them genuine, becauſe *Pauſanias* takes notice of the ſceptre of laurel, which the poet ſays, in thoſe verſes, was a preſent to him from the Muſes: and *Ovid*, in the beginning of his *Art of love*, alludes to that paſſage of the Muſes appearing to him; and *Heſiod* himſelf, in the ſecond book of his *Works* and *Days*, has an alluſion to theſe verſes.

3. *The* Works *and* Days.

The *Works* and *Days* is the firſt poem of its kind, if we may rely on the teſtimony of *Pliny*; it being very incertain, ſays *Fabricius*, whether

ther the poems attributed to *Orpheus* were older than *Heſiod*; among which the critics and commentators mention one of the ſame title with this of our poet. *Pauſanias*, in his *Bœotics*, tells us he ſaw a copy of this wrote in plates of lead, but without the firſt ten verſes with which it now begins. The only diſpute about this piece has been concerning the title, and the diviſion into books. Some make it two poems; the firſt they call Εργα *Works*, and the ſecond Ημεραι *Days*: others call the firſt Εργα και Ημεραι *Works* and *Days*, and the ſecond Ημεραι only, which part conſiſts of but ſixty-four lines: where I mention the number of verſes, in this diſcourſe, I ſpeak of them as they ſtand in the original. We find, in ſome editions, the diviſion beginning at the end of the moral and religious precepts; but *Grævius* denys ſuch diſtinctions being in any of the old manuſcripts. Whether theſe diviſions were in the firſt copys ſignifys little; for as we find them, in ſeveral late editions, they are very natural, and contribute ſomething to the eaſe of the reader,

without the leaſt detriment to the original text. I am ready to imagine we have not this work delivered down to us ſo perfect as it came from the hands of the poet; which I ſhall endeavour to ſhew in the next ſection. This poem, as *Plutarch*, in his *Sympoſiacs*, aſſures us, was ſung to the harp.

4. *The* Theogony, *and* Works *and* Days, *the only undoubted poems of* Heſiod *now extant.*

The *Theogony*, and *Works* and *Days*, are the only undoubted pieces of our poet now extant; the ασπις Ηρακλεους, *the Shield of Hercules*, is always printed with thoſe two, but has not one convincing argument in its favour, by which we may poſitively declare it a genuine work of *Heſiod*. We have great reaſon to believe thoſe two poems only were remaining in the reign of *Auguſtus*: *Manilius*, who was an author of the *Auguſtan* age, in the ſecond book of his aſtronomy, takes notice, in his commendation of our poet and his writings, of no other than the *Theogony*, and *Works* and *Days*. The verſes of *Manilius* are theſe.

Heſiodus

Heſiodus *memorat divos, div'umque parentes,*
Et chaos enixum terras, orbemque ſub illo
*Infantem, * primum, titubantia ſidera, corpus,*
Titanaſque ſenes, Jovis et cunabula magni,
Et ſub fratre viri nomen, ſine fratre parentis,
Atque iterùm patrio naſcentem corpore Bacchum,
Omniaque immenſo volitantia numina mundo:
Quinetiam ruris cultus, † legeſque rogavit,
Militiamque Soli, quos colles Bacchus amaret,

* Dr. *Bentley*, whoſe *Manilius* was publiſhed ten years after the firſt edition of this diſcourſe, gives *primos titubantia ſidera partus:* the old copys, he ſays, have *primos*; and *partus* is ſupplyed by his own judgement: but *primos partus* for *titubantia ſidera* is not conſiſtent with the genealogy of theſe natural bodys in the *Theogony* of *Heſiod:* an exact genealogical table to which I have given at the end of my notes to that poem. I muſt, with great difference to the ſuperior knowledge of that learned critic, prefer the common reading *primum corpus*: Dr. *Bentley*'s chief objection to this reading is founded on making *primum* to be underſtood *firſt* in point of time; therefore, ſays he, *quomodo vero ſidera primum erant corpus, cum ante illa extiterint* CHAOS, TERRÆ, ORBIS? Very true; but *primum* muſt be taken as I have uſed it in my explanation of it.

† For *legeſque rogavit* Dr. *Bentley* gives *legeſque novandi*, on the authority of no copy, but from a diſlike to the expreſſion of *rogavit cultus* and *rogavit militiam*; but, as the old reading *rogavit* is agreeable to my conſtruction of it, I am for keeping it in.

Quos fœcunda Ceres campos, quod ‖ *Bacchus utrum-*
[que,
Atque arbuſta vagis eſſent quod adultera pomis,
Sylvarumque deos, ſacrataque numina Nymphas;
Pacis opus, magnos naturæ condit in uſus.

Thus tranſlated by Mr. *Creech.*

——*Heſiod* ſings the god's immortal race,
He ſings how chaos bore the earthy maſs,
How light from darkneſs ſtruck did beams
[diſplay,
And infant-ſtars firſt ſtagger'd in their way,
How name of brother veil'd an huſband's love,
And *Juno* bore unaided by her *Jove*,
How twice-born *Bacchus* burs'd the thund'rer's
[thigh,
And all the gods that wander thro the ſky:
Hence he to fields deſcends, manures the ſoil,
Inſtructs the plowman, and rewards his toil;
He ſings how corn in plains, how vine in hills,
Delight, how both with vaſt encreaſe the olive
[fills,

‖ For *Bacchus utrumque* Dr. *Bentley* gives PALLAS *utrumque*; and in that ſenſe Mr. *Creech* has tranſlated it; which would be the more eligible reading, if *Heſiod* had treated of *Olives*. *Bacchus utrumque* is a fooliſh repetition, as Dr. *Bentley* obſerves.

How

How foreign grafts th' adulterous ſtock re-
[ceives,
Bears ſtranger fruit, and wonders at her
[leaves;
An uſeful work when peace and plenty reign,
And art joins nature to improve the plain.

The obſervation which Mr. *Kennet* makes on theſe lines is, that *thoſe fine things which the* Latin *poet recounts about the birth of the gods, and the making the world, are not ſo nearly allyed to any paſſages in the preſent* Theogony *as to juſtify the alluſion.* An author, who was giving an account of an antient poet, ought to have been more careful than this biographer was in his judgement of theſe verſes; becauſe ſuch as read him, and are at the ſame time unlearned in the language of the poet, are to form their notions from his ſentiments. Mr. *Kennet* is ſo very wrong in his remark here, that in all the ſeven lines, which contain the encomium on the *Theogony*, I cannot ſee one expreſſion that has not an alluſion, and a ſtrong one, to ſome particular paſſage in that poem. I am afraid this gentleman's modeſty made him

him diſtruſt himſelf, and too ſervilely follow this tranſlation, which he quotes in his life of *Heſiod*, where he ſeems to lay great ſtreſs on the judgement of the tranſlator. Mr. *Creech* has in theſe few lines ſo unhappyly miſtook his author, that in ſome places he adds what the poet never thought of, leaves whole verſes untranſlated, and in other places gives a ſenſe quite different to what the poet deſigned. I ſhall now proceed to point out thoſe paſſages to which *Manilius* particularly alludes: his firſt line relates to the poem in general, *the generation of the gods*; tho we muſt take notice that he had that part of *Heſiod*'s ſyſtem in view where he makes matter precede all things, and even the gods themſelves; for by *div'um parentes* the *Latin* poet means *Chaos*, *Heaven*, *Earth*, &c. which the *Greek* poet makes the parents of the gods. *Heſiod* tells us, verſe the hundred and ſixteenth, *Chaos* brought forth the earth her firſt offspring; to which the ſecond line here quoted has a plain reference; and *orbemque ſub illo infantem*, which Mr. *Creech* has omited, may either mean the world

world in general, or, by *ſub illo* being annexed, hell, which, according to our poet, was made a ſubterranean world. *Primum, titubantia ſidera, corpus*, which is here rendered, *and infant-ſtars firſt ſtagger'd in their way*, are the ſun and moon; our poet calls them Ηελιον τε μεγαν, λαμπραν τε σεληνην, *the great ſun, and the bright moon*; the *Roman* calls them the wandering planets, the chief bodys in the firmament, not the firſt works of heaven, as is interpreted in the *Dauphine*'s edition of *Manilius:* the fourth verſe, which refers to the birth of *Jove*, and the wars of the giants and the gods, one of the greateſt ſubjects of the *Theogony*, the *Engliſh* tranſlator has left untouched. I am not ignorant of a various reading of this paſſage; *viz.*

Titanaſque juviſſe ſenis cunabula magni,

which has a ſtronger alluſion to the battel of the gods than the other reading, *ſenis cunabula magni* meaning the ſecond childhood, or old age, of *Saturn*. The next verſe, which is beautyfully expreſſed in theſe two lines,

How

How name of brother veil'd an huſband's love,
And Juno *bore unaided by her* Jove,

plainly directs to *Jupiter* taking his ſiſter *Juno* to wife, and *Juno* bearing *Vulcan*, ϰ φιλοτητι μιγεσα, by which *Heſiod* means without the mutual joys of love. The ſucceeding line has a reference to the birth of *Bacchus*, and the ſeventh to the whole poem; ſo that he may be ſayed to begin and end his panegyric on the *Theogony* with a general alluſion to the whole. The *Latin* poet, in his ſix verſes on the *Works* and *Days*, begins, as on the *Theogony*, with a general obſervation on the whole poem: *Heſiod*, ſays he, enquired into the tillage and management of the country, and into the laws, or rules, of agriculture; I do not queſtion but *Manilius*, in *legeſque rogavit*, had his eye on theſe words of our poet Ουτω τοι πεδιων πελεται νομος, *this is the law of the fields*. What the *Roman* there ſays of *Bacchus* loving hills, and of grafting, has no alluſion to any part of the preſent *Works* and *Days*; but we are not to infer from thence that this is not

the

the poem alluded to, but that thoſe paſſages are loſs'd; of which I have not the leaſt doubt, when I conſider of ſome parts of the *Works* and *Days*, which are not ſo well connected as I wiſh they were. I think it is indiſputable that *Heſiod* writ more of the vintage than we have now extant, and that he likewiſe layed down rules for the care of trees: this will appear more clearly, if we obſerve in what manner *Virgil* introduces this line,

Aſcræumque cano, Romana per oppida, carmen.

This is in the ſecond book of the *Georgics*, the chief ſubjects of which book are the different methods of producing trees, of tranſplanting, grafting, of the various kinds of trees, the proper ſoil for each kind, and of the care of vines, and olives; and he has in that book the very expreſſion *Manilius* applys to *Heſiod.* Bacchus *amat colles*, ſays *Virgil*; *rogavit quos colles Bacchus amaret*, ſays the other of our poet, *he enquired after what hills* Bacchus loved.

I ſhould

I ſhould not have uſed Mr. *Creech*, and Mr. *Kennet*, with ſo much freedom as I have, had not the tranſlation of one, and the remark of the other, ſo nearly concerned our poet; but I hope the clearing a difficult and remarkable paſſage in a claſſic will, in ſome meaſure, attone for the libertys I have took with thoſe gentlemen.

5. *The Shield of* Hercules.

We have now, aſcribed to *Heſiod*, a poem under the title of Ασπις Ηρακλεους, *the Shield of* Hercules; which *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian ſuppoſes to be ſpurious, and that it is an imitation of the Shield of *Achilles* in *Homer*. *Lilius Gyraldus*, and *Fabricius*, bring all the teſtimonys they can for it being writ by *Heſiod*; but none of them amount to a proof. *Fabricius* gives us the opinion of *Tanaquil Faber*, in theſe words; *I am much ſurpriſed that this ſhould formerly have been, and is now, a matter of diſpute; thoſe who ſuppoſe the* Shield *not to be of* Heſiod *have a very ſlender knowledge of the* Greek *poetry*. This is only the judgement of one man againſt a number, and that founded on no

no authority. I know not what could induce *Tanaquil Faber* ſo confidently to aſſert this, which looks, if I may uſe the expreſſion, like a ſort of bullying a perſon into his opinion, by forcing him into the dreadful apprehenſion of being thought no judge of *Greek* poetry if he will not come in: I ſay, I know not what could induce him to aſſert this, for there is no manner of ſimilitude to the other works of our poet: and here I muſt call in queſtion the judgement of *Ariſtophanes*, and of ſuch as have followed him, for ſuppoſing it to be an imitation of the Shield of *Achilles*. The whole poem conſiſts of four hundred and fourſcore verſes; of which the deſcription of the ſhield is but one hundred and fourſcore; in this deſcription are ſome ſimilar paſſages to that of *Achilles*, but not ſufficient to juſtify that opinion: there are likewiſe a few lines the ſame in both; but after a ſtrict examination they may poſſibly appear as much to the diſadvantage of *Homer* as to the author of this poem. The other

parts

parts have no affinity to any book in the two poems of *Homer*. The poet begins with a beautyful deſcription of the perſon of *Alcmena*, her love to *Amphitryon*, and her amour with *Jupiter*; from thence he proceeds to the characters of *Hercules*, and *Iphiclus*, and goes on regularly to the death of *Cygnus*, which concludes the poem, with many other particulars, which, as I ſayed before, have no relation to any part of *Homer*. Among the writings of our poet which are loſs'd we have the titles of Γυναικων, or Ηρωιδων, Καταλογος, and of Γυναικων Καταλογος, or Ηοιαι Μεγαλαι: both theſe titles are likely to belong but to one poem, and to that which *Suidas* mentions, *the Catalogue of heroic women*, in five books: that he compoſed ſuch a work is probable from the two laſt verſes of the *Theogony*, and it being often mentioned by antient writers: we have an account of another poem under the title of Ηρωγονια, *the Generation of heros*: the favourers of the *Shield of* Hercules would have that poem received as a fragment of one of

theſe; and all that *Le Clerc* ſays in defence of it is, *ſince* Hercules *was the moſt famous of heros, it is not abſurd to imagine the* Shield *to be a part of the* Ηρωγονια, *tho it is handed down to us as a diſtinct work, and yet is but a fragment of it.* Thus we ſee all their arguments, both for it being genuine, and a fragment of another poem, are but conjectures. I think they ought not to ſuſpect it a part of another work, unleſs they could tell when, where, or by whom, the title was changed. It is certainly a very antient piece, and well worth the notice of men of genius.

6. *Poems which are loſs'd.*

Beſides the pieces juſt mentioned, we find the following catalogue in *Fabricius* attributed to *Heſiod*, but now loſs'd.

Παραινεσις or Υποθηκαι χειρωνος: this was concerning the education of *Achilles* under *Chiron*; which *Ariſtophanes*, in one of his comedys, banters as the work of *Heſiod.*

Μελα-

Μελαμποδια or εις τον Μαντιν Μελαμποδα: a poem on divination: the title is ſuppoſed to be took from *Melampus* an antient phyſician, ſayed to be ſkilled in divination by birds. Part of this work is commended by *Athæneus*, book 13.

Αστρονομια μεγαλη or Αστρικη βιβλος: a treatiſe of *aſtronomy*. *Pliny* ſays, *according to* Heſiod, *in whoſe name we have a book of aſtrology extant, the early ſeting of the* Pleïades *is about the end of the autumn equinox*. Notwithſtanding this quotation, *Fabricius* tells us, that *Athenæus*, and *Pliny*, in ſome other place, have given us reaſon to believe they thought the poem of aſtronomy ſuppoſititious.

Επικηδειος εις Βατραχυν: this is mentioned by *Suidas*, with the addition of τινα ερωμενον αυτυ, *a funeral ſong on* Batrachus, *whom he loved*.

Περι Ιδαιων Δακτυλων: this was of the *Idæi Dactyli*, *who*, ſays *Pliny*, in his ſeventh book, *are recorded, by* Heſiod, *as diſcoverers of iron in* Crete: this is likewiſe in the catalogue of *Suidas*.

Επιθα-

Επιθαλαμιος Πελεως και Θετιδος: *an* epithalamium *on the marriage of* Peleus *and* Thetis; two verſes of which are in the *Prolegomena* of *Iſaac Tzetzes* to *Lycophron.*

Της περιοδος: this book of geography is mentioned by *Strabo.*

Αιγιμιος: a poem on one *Ægimius*; this, *Athenæus* tells us, was writ by *Heſiod*, or *Cercops*; a wretch whoſe name is now remembered only for being to *Heſiod* what *Zoilus* was to *Homer.*

Θησεως εις τον αιδην καταβασις: *the deſcent of* Theſeus *into hell:* this is attributed to *Heſiod* by *Pauſanias*, in his *Bœotics.*

Επη μαντικα και εξηγησεις επι τερασιν: *on prophecys or divination, with an expoſition of prodigys or portents:* this is likewiſe mentioned by *Pauſanias.*

Θειοι λογοι: *divine ſpeeches*; which *Maximus Tyrius* takes notice of in his ſixteenth diſſertation.

Μεγαλα εργα: *great, or remarkable, actions:* we find the title of this work in the eighth book of *Athenæus.*

Κηυκος γαμος : *the marriage of* Ceyx ; we have an account of this poem both by *Athenæus*, and *Plutarch* in his *Sympoſiacs*.

Of all theſe labours of this great poet we ſee nothing but the titles remaining, excepting ſome fragments preſerved by *Pauſanias*, *Plutarch*, *Polybius*, &c. We are told that our poet compoſed ſome other works, of which we have not even the titles. We are aſſured, from diverſe paſſages in *Pliny*, that he wrote of the virtues of herbs ; but here *Fabricius* judiciouſly obſerves, that he might, in other poems, occaſionally treat of various herbs ; as in the beginning of his *Works* and *Days* he ſpeaks of the wholeſomeneſs of mallows, and the daffadil, or *aſphodelos*. *Quintilian*, in his fifth book, denys the fables of *Æſop* to have been written originally by him, but ſays the firſt author of them was *Heſiod* ; and *Plutarch* informs us that *Æſop* was his diſciple : but this opinion, tho countenanced by ſome, is exploded by others.

When

When we reflect on the number of titles, the poems to which are irreparably loſs'd, we ſhould conſider them as ſo many monuments to raiſe our concern for the loſs of ſo much treaſure never to be retrieved. Let us turn our thoughts from that melancholly theme, and view the poet in his living writings; let us read him ourſelves, and incite our countrymen to a taſte of the politeneſs of *Greece*. *Scaliger*, in an epiſtle to *Salmaſius*, divides the ſtate of poetry in *Greece* into four periods of time: in the firſt aroſe *Homer* and *Heſiod*; on which he has the juſt obſervation that concludes my diſcourſe: *this*, ſays he, *you may not improperly call the ſpring of poeſy, but it is rather the bloom than infancy.*

THE

General ARGUMENT

TO THE

WORKS *and* DAYS,

FROM THE

Greek of DANIEL HEINSIUS.

THE poet begins with the difference of the two contentions, and, rejecting that which is attended with disgrace, he advises his brother *Perses* to prefer the other. One is the lover of strife, and the occasion of troubles. The other prompts us

on to procure the neceſſarys of life in a fair and honeſt way. After *Prometheus* had, by ſubtlety, ſtole the fire clandeſtinely from *Jove* (the fire is by the divine *Plato*, in his alluſion to this paſſage, called the neceſſarys, or abundance, of life; and thoſe are called ſubtle who were ſollicitous after the abundance of life) the god created a great evil, which was *Pandora*, that is *Fortune*, who was endowed with all the gifts of the gods, meaning all the benefits of nature: ſo *Fortune* may from thence be ſayed to have the diſpoſal of the comforts of life; and, from that time, care and prudence are required in the management of human affairs. Before *Prometheus* had purloined the fire, all the common neceſſarys of life were near at hand, and eaſyly attained; for *Saturn* had firſt made a golden age of men, to which the earth yielded all her fruits ſpontaneouſly: the mortals of the golden age ſubmited to a ſoft and pleaſant death, and were afterwards made *dæmons*, and honour attended their names. To this ſucceeded

ceeded the ſecond, the ſilver, age, worſe in all things than the firſt, and better than the following; which *Jupiter*, or *Fate*, took from the earth, and made happy in their death. Hence the poet paſſes to the third, the braſen, age, the men of which, he ſays, were fierce and terrible, who ignobly fell by their own folly and civil diſcord; nor was their future fate like to the other, for they deſcended to hell. This generation is followed by a race of heros, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, and the reſt who were in the firſt and oldeſt *Theban* war, and *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, and ſuch as are recorded by the * poet to be in the *Trojan* war, of whom ſome periſhed entirely by death, and ſome now inhabit the iſles of the bleſſed. Next he deſcribes the iron age, and the injuſtice which prevailed in it. He greatly reproves the judges, and taxes them with corruption, in a ſhort and beautyful fable. In the other part of the book, he ſets before

* *I ſuppoſe* Heinſius *means* Homer.

our

our eyes the conſequences of juſtice and injuſtice; and then, in the moſt ſagacious manner, lays down ſome the wiſeſt precepts to *Perſes*. The part which contains the precepts is chiefly writ in an irregular, free, and eaſy, way; and his frequent repetitions, which cuſtom modern writers have quite avoided, bear no ſmall marks of his antiquity. He often digreſſes, that his brother might not be tired with his precepts, becauſe of a too much ſameneſs. Hence he paſſes to rules of œconomy, beginning with agriculture. He points out the proper ſeaſon for the plow, the harveſt, the vintage, and for felling wood; he ſhews the fruits of induſtry, and the ill conſequences of negligence. He deſcribes the different ſeaſons, and tells us what works are proper to each. Theſe are the ſubjects of the firſt part of his œconomy. In proceſs of time, and the thirſt of gain increaſing in men, every method was tryed to the procuring riches; men begun to extend their commerce over the ſeas; for which reaſon the poet layed down

precepts

precepts for navigation. He next proceeds to a recommendation of divine worſhip, the adoration due to the immortal gods, and the various ways of paying our homage to them. He concludes with a ſhort obſervation on days, dividing them into the good, bad, and indifferent.

E R-

ERRATA.

Works and *Days*, book 2, note to ℣ 128, line 5, for *fort he* read *for the*. In the *View of the Works and Days*, page 101, line the 3d, blot out the comma after *propoſe*. In the Index to the *Works* and *Days*, in the letter *A*, line 9, for 210, read 218. In the letter *M*, line 1, for 486, read 488. *Theog.* ℣ 269, for *patients* read *patient*. *Theog.* ℣ 865, for *breaſts* read *beaſts*.

WORKS

WORKS AND DAYS.

BOOK I.

WORKS *and* DAYS.

BOOK I.

The *ARGUMENT.*

THis book contains the invocation to the whole, the general propoſition, the ſtory of Prometheus, Epimetheus, *and* Pandora, *a deſcription of the golden age, ſilver age, braſen age, the age of heros, and the iron age, a recommendation of virtue, from the temporal bleſſings with which good men are attended, and the condition of the wicked, and ſeveral moral precepts proper to be obſerved thro the courſe of our lives.*

*WORKS *and* DAYS.

BOOK I.

SING, Muſes, ſing, from the *Pierian* grove;
Begin the ſong, and let the theme be *Jove*;
From him ye ſprung, and him ye firſt ſhould praiſe;
From your immortal ſire deduce your lays;

To

* THE ſcholiaſt *Tzetzes* tells us, this poem was firſt called the *Works and Days of* HESIOD, to diſtinguiſh it from another, on the ſame ſubject, and of the ſame title, wrote by *Orpheus*. How much this may be depended on I cannot ſay; but *Fabricius* aſſures us, from *Pliny*, book 18, chap. 25, that *Heſiod* was the firſt who layed down rules for agriculture. It is certain that, of all the pieces of this nature which were before *Virgil*, and extant in his days, this was moſt eſteemed by him, otherwiſe he would not have ſhewed that reſpect to our author which he does quite thro his *Georgic*. In one place he propoſes him as a pattern in that great work, where, addreſſing to his country, he ſays,

——— *tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes;
Aſcræumque cano, Romana per oppida, carmen.

Lib. 2.

To him alone, to his great will, we owe,
That we exiſt, and what we are, below.

Whether

For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſclos'd in antient days,
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcræan *verſe, in* Roman *citys, ſing.*

Dryden.

He begins the *Georgic* with an explanation of the title of the *Works* and *Days*.

Quid faciat lætas ſegetes, quo ſidere terram
Vertere, &c.

What makes a plenteous harveſt, when to turn
The fruitly ſoil, and when to ſow the corn;

Dryden.

fer by *Works* is mean'd the art of agriculture, and by *Days* the proper ſeaſons for works. See farther in my *diſcourſe on the Writings of* Heſiod.

℣ 1. *Sing, Muſes, ſing* &c] *Ariſtarchus*, and ſome others, are for having this exordium left out, as not a part of the poem. *Praxiphanes*, a ſcholar of *Theophraſtus*, ſays he had a copy which begun from this verſe,

As here on earth we tread the maze of life.

The reaſon which *Proclus* aſſigns for it not being writ by *Heſiod* is, that he who begun his *Theogony* with an Invocation to the muſes from *Helicon*, and who was himſelf brought up at the foot of that mountain, would never call on the *Pierian* muſes. A weak objection, and unworthy a critic! the diſtinction is as follows. The Muſes are ſayed to be the daughters of *Jove*, that is, of that Power by which we are enabled to perform. *Pieria* is ſayed to be the birth-place of the Muſes, and the ſeat of *Jove*, that is, the mind, whence all our conceptions ariſe. *Helicon* is a place of reſidence to the Muſes, where they celebrate the praiſes of their father, and ſearch into the know-

Whether we blaze among the ſons of fame,
Or live obſcurely, and without a name,
Or noble, or ignoble, ſtill we prove
Our lot determin'd by the will of *Jove.*
With eaſe he lifts the peaſant to a crown,
With the ſame eaſe he caſts the monarch down;
With eaſe he clouds the brighteſt name in night,
And calls the meaneſt to the faireſt light;
At will he varys life thro ev'ry ſtate,
Unnerves the ſtrong, and makes the crooked ſtrait.
Such *Jove*, who thunders terrible from high,
Who dwells in manſions far above the ſky.

knowledge of antiquity. In this work *Heſiod* inſtructs his brother in the art of tillage, and morality, all which doctrines proceed from his own experience, his own natural ſentiments, and therefore he invokes the Muſes from *Pieria*; his account of the *generation of the Gods*, being received, partly from books, and partly from oral tradition, he invokes them from *Helicon*. *Tzetz.* Here the ſcholiaſt talks as if he did not doubt theſe lines being genuine.

ỳ 13. *With eaſe he clouds* &c.] This exordium was certainly admired by *Horace*, who, in one of his odes, has elegantly tranſlated this part of it.

Valet ima ſummis
Mutare, et inſignem attenuat, deus,
Obſcura promens.

I muſt acknowledge after all, what *Pauſanias* ſays, in his *Bœotics*, that this beginning was not in the copy which he ſaw in lead, is a great argument againſt thoſe who think it of *Heſiod*: and *Plutarch* likewiſe, in his *Sympoſiacs*, begins this poem according to *Pauſanias*.

Look down, thou Pow'r ſupreme, vouchſafe thine aid,
And let my judgement be by juſtice ſway'd;
O! hear my vows, and thine aſſiſtance bring,
While truths undoubted I to *Perſes* ſing.
As here on earth we tread the maze of life,
The mind's divided in a double ſtrife;
One, by the wiſe, is thought deſerving fame,
And this attended by the greateſt ſhame,
The diſmal ſource whence ſpring pernicious jars,
The baneful fountain of deſtructive wars,
Which, by the laws of arbitrary fate,
We follow, tho by nature taught to hate;

ỳ 23. *As here on earth we tread* &c.] The words of *Heſiod* are theſe; *there is not one kind of contention only on earth, but there are two, which divide the mind.* In the *Theogony* he makes but one *contention*, and that ſprung from *Night*, ſoon after the birth of the Fates, and other evil deitys, which are of the ſame parent. From *contention* ſprung all that is hurtful to gods and men, as *plagues, wars, ſecret bloodſhed, ſlander*, &c. The ſecond *contention*, *emulation*, which was *planted in the womb of earth by* Jove, muſt be after the invention of arts, for before was no room for *emulation*. The *contention* firſt mentioned was before the wars of the giants. Of that ſee farther in the notes to the *Theogony*.

ỳ 29. *Which, by the laws* &c]. The truth of this will plainly appear, when we conſider the neceſſity of many of our actions, which, tho involuntary, are rendered neceſſary by the cauſe; by involuntary, I do not mean without the conſent of the will, becauſe it is certain that muſt precede the action, but what we had rather we had no occaſion to do.

From

From night's black realms this took its odious birth
And one *Jove* planted in the womb of earth,
The better ſtrife; by this the ſoul is fir'd
To arduous toils, nor with thoſe toils is tir'd;
One ſees his neighbour, with laborious hand,
Planting his orchard, or manuring land;
He ſees another, with induſtrious care,
Materials for the building art prepare;
Idle himſelf he ſees them haſte to riſe,
Obſerves their growing wealth with envious eyes,
With emulation fir'd, beholds their ſtore,
And toils with joy, who never toil'd before:
The artiſt envys what the artiſt gains,
The bard the rival bard's ſucceſsful ſtrains.

ỳ 43. *The artiſt envys* &c.] Hear *Plato* on this paſſage: his words are theſe: *And ſo it is neceſſary, ſays* Heſiod, *or according to* Heſiod, *it ſhould be among all of the ſame profeſſion, that they may be filled with envy, and contention.* *Plato* certainly miſtakes the poet in this, when he imagines that *Heſiod* thinks it abſolutely neceſſary for the better government of the world. All that he means is, he finds it ſo in nature; and, from our appetites natural to us, we cannot avoid it. The reſt of the note by Mr. *Theobald*. *Ariſtotle* in his ſecond book of rhetoric, in the chapter on envy, quotes this paſſage of *Heſiod*, tho he does not name the author, with this introduction, *becauſe men contend, for honour's ſake, with their rivals, and with all who have paſſions and deſires like themſelves, there is a neceſſity that they muſt envy ſuch; hence it has been ſayed,* και κεραμευς κεραμει κοτεει.

Perſes attend, my juſt decrees obſerve,
Nor from thy honeſt labour idly ſwerve;
The love of ſtrife, that joys in evils, ſhun,
Nor to the *forum*, from thy duty, run.
How vain the wranglings of the bar to mind,
While *Ceres*, yellow goddeſs, is unkind!
But when propitious ſhe has heap'd your ſtore,
For others you may plead, and not before;
But let with juſtice your contentions prove,
And be your counſels ſuch as come from *Jove*;
Not as of late, when we divided lands,
You graſp'd at all with avaritious hands;
When the corrupted bench, for bribes well known,
Unjuſtly granted more than was your own.
Fools, blind to truth! nor knows their erring ſoul
How much the half is better than the whole,

How

ỳ 55. *Not as of late* &c.] The ſin of *Perſes* was reckoned, by the antients, one of the moſt heinous. *Seneca* begs he may know to divide with his brother, as if he eſteemed it one of the moſt neceſſary dutys of man. This cuſtom of dividing the father's patrimony, by lot, among all the children, is, likewiſe, alluded to in the *Odyſſes* of *Homer*, book 14.

ỳ 59. *Fools, blind to truth*! &c.] What a noble triumph is this over the avarice, and injuſtice, of his brother, and the partiality of the judges! How much like a philoſopher is this greatneſs of ſoul, in his contempt of ill-got riches! What a conqueſt has he gained, tho he loſs'd the cauſe, and ſuffered by the wickedneſs of his adverſary! He not only ſhews himſelf a happy man, but teaches

How great the pleaſure wholeſome herbs afford,
How bleſs'd the frugal, and an honeſt, board!
Would the immortal gods on men beſtow
A mind, how few the wants of life to know,
They all the year, from labour free, might live
On what the bounty of a day would give,
They ſoon the rudder o'er the ſmoke would lay,
And let the mule, and ox, at leiſure ſtray:

This

teaches him by whom he is moſt injured to be ſo too. I have taken the liberty to add this line, which is not in the original, as an explanation of this famous paſſage of our poet, which, and no other, I am certain muſt be his meaning;

How bleſs'd the frugal, and an honeſt, board.

The μαλαχη and ασφοδελος, the firſt of which we generally render, in *Engliſh*, the mallows, and the latter the daffodil, the names of which I have not tranſlated, being of no conſequence to the beauty of this paſſage, *Plutarch*, in his *Banquet of the ſeven wiſe men*, commends as the wholeſomeſt of herbs; he mentions the ανθερικος, which *Le Clerc* tells us is a part of the ασφοδελος: the ſame critic alſo obſerves, from *Scaliger*, that it appears from this verſe that the antients did eat the daffodil, or ασφοδελος.

℣ 67. *They ſoon the rudder* &c.] What the poet means by this, and the preceding lines, is, if we knew how few things are neceſſary for the ſupport of life, we ſhould not be ſo ſollicitous about it as we are, we ſhould not ſpend ſo much time in agriculture, and navigation, as we do. This expreſſion of laying the rudder over the ſmoke alludes to the cuſtom of laying it to harden over the ſmoke at thoſe times in which they did not uſe it. Says *Grævius*, on this verſe, it was cuſtomary to hang

This ſenſe to man the king of gods denys,
In wrath to him who daring rob'd the ſkys;
Dread ills the god prepar'd, unknown before,
And the ſtol'n fire back to his heav'n he bore;

But

the rudders in the ſmoke, when the ſeaſon for ſailing was paſſed; by which they believed they were preſerved from roting, and kep'd ſolid till the next ſeaſon. This we find likewiſe among the precepts in the ſecond book of this poem:

And o'er the ſmoke the well made rudder lay.

℣ 327.

Which rule alſo *Virgil* has layed down in his *Georgic*, in his direction for tools of huſbandry:

Et ſuſpenſa focis exploret robora fumus.

Lib. 1.

℣ 69. *This ſenſe to man* &c.] Hear the ſcholiaſt on this paſſage, on the invention of arts: men, ſays he, were at firſt ſimple and unexperienced; the art of agriculture, and all other, were entirely unknown; they knew not diſeaſes, nor the pangs of death; when they dyed, they expired on the ground as if they knew not what they ſuffered. They enjoyed the fruits of the earth in common among them. Then were no rulers: for all were lords of themſelves: but when men grew προμηθεςεροι, which is the ſignification of PROMETHEUS, *more cunning, more apt to contrive*, they departed from their primitive temperance, and conſequently their ſerenity. Then the uſe of fire was diſcovered, which was the ſource of all mechanical arts. *Tzetz.*

℣ 71. *Dread ills the god prepar'd* &c.] It is beyond diſpute, that with the invention and improvement of arts the luxury of men increaſed, and that diſeaſes were the effects of luxury.

And the ſtol'n fire back to the ſkys he bore.

This

But from *Prometheus* 'twas conceal'd in vain,
Which for the uſe of man he ſtole again,
And, artful in his fraud, brought from above,
Clos'd in a hollow cane, deceiving *Jove:*

Again

This paſſage of the fable moſt of the commentators have left untouched, as not knowing what to make of it. I think it muſt allude to the decay of arts and ſciences; which the ſucceeding verſe will farther explain.

ỳ 73. *But from* Prometheus *&c.*] By *Prometheus* is ſurely mean'd, as before, προμηθεσεροι, *wiſer men*, who were as forward to recover, or revive, loſs'd arts, as to invent new.

ỳ 76. *Clos'd in a hollow cane* &c.] The original is εν κοιλω ναρθηκι; which expreſſion is uſed again in the *Theogony*, verſe 567 of the original, and 847 of my tranſlation: there is a curious comment on this paſſage in *Tournefort*'s account of the iſland of *Skinoſa* in his voyage into the *Levant*; which I ſhall here give as near a tranſlation of as I can. "This iſland abounds with "the *Ferula* of the antients; the old name of which "is preſerved by the modern *Greeks*, who call it *Nar-*"*theca* from Νάρθηξ: it has a ſtalk five feet in heighth, "and three inches thick: every ten inches it has a knot, "that is branchy, and covered with a hard bark: the "hollow of the ſtalk is full of white marrow; which, "when dry, takes fire like a match; which fire con-"tinues a long while, and conſumes the marrow by ſlow "degrees, without doing any damage to the bark; for "which reaſon this plant is uſed for carrying fire from "one place to another: our ſailors layed in a large "ſtore of it: this uſe of it is derived from early an-"tiquity, and may contribute to the explanation of a "paſſage in *Heſiod*, who, ſpeaking of the fire which "*Prometheus* ſtole from heaven, ſays, that he brought "it in ναρθηκι, i. e. in *Latin ferula*; this fable doubt-

Again defrauded of celeſtial fire,
Thus ſpoke the cloud-compelling god in ire:
Son of *Iäpetus*, o'er-ſubtle, go,
And glory in thy artful theft below;
Now of the fire you boaſt by ſtealth retriev'd,
And triumph in almighty *Jove* deceiv'd;
But thou too late ſhall find the triumph vain,
And read thy folly in ſucceeding pain;
Poſterity the ſad effect ſhall know,
When, in purſuit of joy, they graſp their woe.
He ſpoke, and told to *Mulciber* his will,
And, ſmiling, bade him his commands fulfil,
To uſe his greateſt art, his niceſt care,
To frame a creature exquiſitely fair,
To temper well the clay with water, then
To add the vigour, and the voice, of men,
To let her firſt in virgin luſtre ſhine,
In form a goddeſs, with a bloom divine:
And next the fire demands *Minerva*'s aid,
In all her various ſkill to train the maid,
Bids her the ſecrets of the loom impart,
To caſt a curious thread with happy art:

" leſs ariſes from *Prometheus* diſcovering the uſe of ſteel " in ſtriking fire from the flint: and *Prometheus* moſt " probably made uſe of the marrow of the *ferula*, and " inſtructed men how to preſerve fire in the ſtalk of this " plant."

And

And golden *Venus* was to teach the fair,
The wiles of love, and to improve her air,
And then, in aweful majeſty, to ſhed
A thouſand graceful charms around her head:
Next *Hermes*, artful god, muſt form her mind,
One day to torture, and the next be kind,
With manners all deceitful, and her tongue
Fraught with abuſe, and with detraction hung.
Jove gave the mandate; and the gods obey'd.
Firſt *Vulcan* form'd of earth the bluſhing maid;
Minerva next perform'd the taſk aſſign'd,
With ev'ry female art adorn'd her mind.
To dreſs her *Suada*, and the *Graces*, join;
Around her perſon, lo! the di'monds ſhine.

℣ 112. *Around her perſon* &c.] * *The original is* ορμους χρυσειους εθεσαν χροϊ. *They placed about her body ornaments of gold. A ſtrict regard ought always to be payed to the original meaning of an antient author; if a liberty is took, by the tranſlator, for the better embelliſhing the poem, it is proper to have a remark on that occaſion. The danger ariſing from ſuch an omiſſion is, that the reader who depends on the tranſlation may be miſled in facts; as from this paſſage he would take it for granted diamonds were in the days of* Heſiod, *which does not appear from* ορμους χρυσειους. *This obſervation will be good in greater points.* * How far I may be indulged in the liberty I have taken with this paſſage I know not; but I am ſure this part of her dreſs contributes more towards the beauty of the whole than a golden necklace, which *Valla* has given her in his following tranſlation;

Aurea candenti poſuere monilia collo.

To

To deck her brows the fair-treſs'd *Seaſons* bring
A garland breathing all the ſweets of ſpring.
Each preſent *Pallas* gives it proper place,
And adds to ev'ry ornament a grace.
Next *Hermes* taught the fair the heart to move,
With all the falſe alluring arts of love,
Her manners all deceitful, and her tongue
With falſehoods fruitful, and detraction hung.
The finiſh'd maid the gods *Pandora* call,
Becauſe a tribute ſhe receiv'd from all:
And thus, 'twas *Jove*'s command, the ſex began,
A lovely miſchief to the ſoul of man.
When the great ſire of gods beheld the fair,
The fatal guile, th' inevitable ſnare,
Hermes he bids to *Epimetheus* bear.

Prometheus,

ỳ 121. *The finiſh'd maid* &c.] To paſs over the poetical beauty of this allegory, let us come to the explication of it. To puniſh the crime of *Prometheus*, *Jupiter* ſends a woman on earth. How agreeable in the whole is the ſtory conducted! *Vulcan* firſt molds her to form; that is after the uſe of fire was found out, of which *Vulcan* is called the god, by art men begun to embelliſh the works of nature: then all the inferior arts, which are mean'd by the other deitys, conſpire to render the beautys of nature ſtill more charming. By theſe means the deſires of men grow'd ſtronger and impetuous, and plunged them on to ſuch exceſſive indulgence of their ſenſes, as brought on them the miſerys which the poet afterwards mentions.

ỳ 125. *When the great ſire of gods* &c.] How admirable is the fable continued! Here is a virgin made of all

Prometheus, mindful of his theft above,
Had warn'd his brother to beware of *Jove*,
To take no preſent that the god ſhould ſend,
Leſt the fair bribe ſhould ill to man portend;
But he, forgetful, takes his evil fate,
Accepts the miſchief, and repents too late.
Mortals at firſt a bliſsful earth enjoy'd,
With ills untainted, nor with cares anoy'd;
To them the world was no laborious ſtage,
Nor fear'd they then the miſerys of age;
But ſoon the ſad reverſion they behold,
Alas! they grow in their afflictions old;
For in her hand the nymph a caſket bears,
Full of diſeaſes, and corroding cares,
Which open'd, they to taint the world begin,
And *Hope* alone remains entire within.

all the charms of art and nature, to captivate the eyes, and endow'd with all the cunning of the ſex to gain on the heart, for that is the meaning of her being ſent by *Hermes*. Thus formed, πᾶν δῶρον, *having received a tribute from all the gods* to compleat her, well may the poet call her δόλον ἀμηχανον, *a temptation that no art can withſtand*. Here *Prometheus*, that is the wiſe man, who foreſees the event of things, warns his brother *Epimetheus*, that is the man who is wiſe too late, to avoid the ſight of ſuch an aſſemblage of graces. Of *Iäpetus*, *Prometheus*, &c. and the deitys here mentioned, ſee farther in the *Theogony*.

℣ 140. —— *in her hand* &c.] *Pandora*'s box may properly be took in the ſame myſtical ſenſe with the apple in the book of *Geneſis*; and in that light the moral will appear without any difficulty.

Such

Such was the fatal preſent from above,
And ſuch the will of cloud-compelling *Jove:*
And now unnumber'd woes o'er mortals reign,
Alike infected is the land, and main,
O'er human race diſtempers ſilent ſtray,
And multiply their ſtrength by night and day;
'Twas *Jove*'s decree they ſhould in ſilence rove;
For who is able to contend with *Jove!*
And now the ſubject of my verſe I change;
To tales of profit and delight I range;
Whence you may pleaſure and advantage gain,
If in your mind you lay the uſeful ſtrain.

Soon as the deathleſs gods were born, and man,
A mortal race, with voice endow'd, began,
The heav'nly pow'rs from high their work behold,
And the firſt age they ſtile an age of gold.

℣ 146. *And now unnumber'd woes* &c.] With what a ſorrowful ſolemnity theſe lines run, anſwerable to the ſenſe contained in them!

Αλλα δ' μυρια λυγρα κατ' ανθρωπους αλαλησι·
Πλειη μεν γαρ γαια κακων, πλειη δε θαλασσα.

Some think the ſtory of *Pandora*, and the account we have from *Moſes* of the fall of man, were took from the ſame tradition. The curſe indeed pronounced againſt *Adam*, in the third chapter of *Geneſis*, is the ſame with this in the effect; but what weight this imagination may carry with it I ſhall not undertake to determine. This ſtory is imitated, and in ſeveral lines tranſlated, by *Quillet* in his *Callipædia*, and by the late Dr. *Parnell*, in his poem called *The riſe of women*.

Men

Men ſpent a life like gods in *Saturn*'s reign,
Nor felt their mind a care, nor body pain;
From labour free they ev'ry ſenſe enjoy;
Nor could the ills of time their peace deſtroy;
In banquets they delight, remov'd from care;
Nor troubleſome old age intruded there:
They dy, or rather ſeem to dy, they ſeem
From hence tranſported in a pleaſing dream.
The fields, as yet untill'd, their fruits afford,
And fill a ſumptuous, and unenvy'd board:
Thus, crown'd with happyneſs their ev'ry day,
Serene, and joyful, paſs'd their lives away.
When in the grave this race of men was lay'd,
Soon was a world of holy dæmons made,

Aërial

ỳ 160. *Men ſpent a life* &c.] It is certain from this paſſage that, according to the ſyſtem of our author, in this poem, the golden age preceded the creation of woman, ſhe being ſent by *Jupiter*, who had then the government of heaven. And agreeable to this is the deſcription of the felicity of human ſtate, before *Epimetheus* had knowledge of *Pandora*. We muſt obſerve that this does not coincide with his account, in the *Theogony*, where, after *Saturn*'s revenge on his father, the *Furys*, *Contention*, and all the conſequences of it, immediately appear.

ỳ 173. *Soon was a world* &c.] The notion of guardian angels has prevailed, among many, in almoſt all ages, and all countrys. Paſſages of the like nature are frequent in both the Old and New Teſtament; and in *Homer* alſo; and, as Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves, *Milton* doubtleſs

Aërial ſpirits, by great *Jove* deſign'd,
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Inviſible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good, or bad, below;
Th' immortal ſpys with watchful care preſide,
And thrice ten thouſand round their charges glide:
They can reward with glory, or with gold;
A pow'r they by divine permiſſion hold.
Worſe than the firſt, a ſecond age appears,
Which the celeſtials call the ſilver years.

doubtleſs had an eye on this part of *Heſiod*, where he ſays,

Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we awake, and when we ſleep.
Paradiſe loſt.

I cannot help taking particular notice of the beauty, and uſe, of our author's doctrine of guardian angels; he makes them παντη φοιτωντες επ' αιαν, *wandering all over the earth*; φυλακασσι τε δικας, και εργα, *they keep an account of actions both juſt and unjuſt*. Theſe ſentiments grafted in the minds of the people, and received as a point of faith by them, would make them always on their guard; and their being πλουτοδοται, *the diſpoſers of riches*, would be ſufficient to induce them to good actions. The making them the inſtruments of providence, to reward men according to their merits to each other, in this life, is a doctrine ſo amiable, that, if the truth of it cannot be proved, it ought never to be publickly argued againſt. Here the poet endeavours to deter his brother from any future injuſtice, by telling him all his actions are recorded, and that according to their merits he ſhall be rewarded.

The

The golden age's virtues are no more;
Nature grows weaker than ſhe was before;
In ſtrength of body mortals much decay;
And human wiſdom ſeems to fade away.
An hundred years the careful dames employ,
Before they form'd to man th' unpoliſh'd boy;
Who when he reach'd his bloom, his age's prime,
Found, meaſur'd by his joys, but ſhort his time.
Men, prone to ill, deny'd the gods their due,
And, by their follys, made their days but few.
The altars of the bleſs'd neglected ſtand,
Without the off'rings which the laws demand;
But angry *Jove* in duſt this people lay'd,
Becauſe no honours to the gods they pay'd.
This ſecond race, when clos'd their life's ſhort ſpan,
Was happy deem'd beyond the ſtate of man;
Their names were grateful to their children made;
Each pay'd a rev'rence to his father's ſhade.
And now a third, a braſen, people riſe,
Unlike the former, men of monſtrous ſize:

℣ 185. *Nature grows weaker* &c.] Men of the former age were made of the earth, and the firſt elements, therefore more ſtrong of body than theſe of a mixed ſeed. The word φυη, here made uſe of for *Nature*, is a metaphor taken from trees and plants. The verb is φυω, *to plant*, &c. *Tzetz.* Not much unlike this is the account we have from *Moſes* of the different generations of man in earlyer times.

Strong

Strong arms extenſive from their ſhoulders grow,
Their limbs of equal magnitude below;
Potent in arms, and dreadful at the ſpear,
They live injurious, and devoid of fear:

On

℣ 206. *Potent in arms* &c.] All the commentators which I ever ſaw ſeem to have entirely miſtook the ſenſe of this line; nor have *Valla* and *Friſius* entered into the meaning of the poet in their tranſlations: the firſt tranſlates εκ μελιᾶν

——————————*Dryadumque creata*
Sanguine ——————————

ſprung from the blood of the *Dryads*, or wood nymphs: and *Friſius* has it *quercubus ex duris*, from hard oaks. I ſhall uſe the comment which Mr. *Theobald* has furniſhed me with on this occaſion, and in the ſame words in which he gave it to me.

Ζευς δε πατηρ τριτον αλλο γενος μεροπων ανθρωπων
Καλκειον ποιησ', ουκ αργυρῳ ουδεν ομοιον,
Εκ μελιᾶν, δεινον τε και ομβριμον οσσιν αρηος
Εργ' εμελε συοεντα και υβριες.

I think I may venture to affirm, from the comments they have given of it, that none of all the *Greek* commentators rightly underſtood this paſſage. I believe I may ſay the ſame of the *Latin* critics: *Grævius*, *Le Clerc*, and *Heinſius*, have paſſed the difficulty over in ſilence. *Screvelius* falls into the interpretation of the *Greek* ſcholiaſts; and *Guietus*, it is plain, ſaw nothing of what I apprehend to be the meaning of the poet; becauſe he makes an alteration of the text itſelf, changing εκ μελιᾶν into εκ τε μελες, *abſonum*, *inordinatum*; this too he borrows from one of the conjectures of *Tzetzes*, who firſt, together with *Moſcopylus*, and *Proclus*, tells us that by εκμελιαν, for they all make but one word of it,

the

On the crude fleſh of beaſts, they feed, alone,
Savage their nature, and their hearts of ſtone;

Their

the poet intends to inform us, that this race was made out of aſhen-trees; that is to ſay, of a firm and unperiſhable make: but was the ſame generation *braſen* and *wooden* too? It might much more reaſonably been called the wooden age, if *Jupiter* had formed the people out of trees. *Heſiod*, I am perſuaded, had no thought of obtruding ſuch a generation on us: beſides, as neither in the deſcription of the golden, or ſilver age, the poet has given us any account of what materials the men were formed, why ſhould he do it here? In ſhort, let us rectify the pointing of the whole paſſage, and take the context along with us, and a very little ſagacity, I hope, will reſtore us the author's true meaning. I have a great ſuſpicion the verſes ought to be pointed thus;

Ζευς δε πατηρ τριτον αλλο γενος μεροπων ανθρωπων
Καλκειον ποιησ', ουκ αργυρῳ ουδεν ομοιον,
Εκ μελιαων δεινον τε και ομβριμον, οισιν αρηος
Εργ' εμελε συοεντα και υβριες.

So εκ μελιαων δεινον τε και ομβριμον will be *potent and dreadful at the ſpear*. Εκ μελιαων is the doric genitive, inſtead of εκμελιων. Μελια is not only the *aſhtree*, but is metaphorically uſed, by *Homer*, and other poets, for the ſpear: ſo *Iliad* 2. in the deſcription of the *Abantes*.

Τωδ' αμ αβαντες εποντο θοοι οπιθεν κομοωντες,
Αιχμηται, μεμαωτες ορεκτησι μελιησι
Θωρηκας ρηξειν δηϊων αμφι στηθεσσι.

Down their broad ſhoulders falls a length of hair,
Their hands diſmiſs not the long lance in air,
But with protended ſpears, in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corſlets, and the braſen ſhields.

Pope.

The

Their houſes braſs, of braſs the warlike blade,
Iron was yet unknown, in braſs they trade:
Furious,

The ſcholiaſt on the place explains μηλιῃσι by the words δοϱασιν απο μελιας ζυλε γενομενοις· *Spears made out of the aſhtree:* ſo, in our poet, εκ μελιᾶν δεινον I take to be no more than δια των μελιων, or ταις μελιαις δεινον, *terrible with ſpears.* Both the prepoſitions are indifferently uſed, in the ſame manner, by the beſt proſe writers, as well as the poets: ſo in *Thucydides* we have εκ των οπλων for δια των οπλων, *by* force of *arms.* It may not be unworthy a remark, and to ſtrengthen this conjecture, that *Ovid*, who had an eye on *Heſiod*, in the deſcription of the four ages, ſoon as he names the braſen age, likewiſe diſtinguiſhes it by this propenſity to arms.

Tertia poſt illas ſucceſſit aënea proles,
Sævior ingeniis, et ad horrida promptior arma.

℣ 208. *On the crude fleſh of beaſts*, &c.] Here the poet, ſpeaking of the giant race, ſays ουδε τι σιτον ηδιον, of which *Schrevelius*, *Tzetzes*, and other commentators, ſay, they fed not on bread, or meat dreſſed, but tore and eat the limbs of beaſts.

℣ 210. *Their houſes braſs*, &c.] That there was a time when braſen arms were uſed we may learn from *Plutarch*, who tells us, when *Cimon*, the ſon of *Miltiades*, carryed the bones of *Theſeus*, from the iſle of *Scyros*, to *Athens*, he found intered with him a ſword, and the head of a ſpear, made of braſs.

Pauſanias, who mentions this fact, tells us, that iron was then begun to be uſed in war; but for braſen arms in heroical times he gives the inſtances of *Pyſander*'s ax, and the dart of *Meriones*, both from *Homer*. He likewiſe alledges the authority of the ſpear of *Achilles* preſerved in the temple of *Minerva* at *Phaſelis*, and the ſword of *Memnon*, all of braſs, in the temple of *Æſculapius*

Furious, robuſt, impatient for the fight,
War is their only care, and ſole delight.
To the dark ſhades of death this race deſcend,
By civil diſcords, an ignoble end!
Strong tho they were, death quell'd their boaſted might,
And forc'd their ſtubborn ſouls to leave the light.
To theſe a fourth, a better, race ſucceeds,
Of godlike heros, fam'd for martial deeds;
Them demigods, at firſt, their matchleſs worth
Proclaim aloud, all thro the boundleſs earth.
Theſe, horrid wars, their love of arms, deſtroy,
Some at the gates of *Thebes*, and ſome at *Troy*.
Theſe for the brothers fell, deteſted ſtrife!
For beauty thoſe, the lovely *Greecian* wife!

lapius in *Nicomedia*. *Lucretius* is a voucher, almoſt in the words of our author, for the antiquity and uſe of braſs before that of iron.

Poſteriùs ferri vis eſt æriſque reperta,
Sed priùs æris erat, quam ferri, cognitus uſus.

The remarks from *Pauſanias*, and *Lucretius*, are by Mr. *Theobald*. See farther in the obſervation on line 253 of the *Theogony*.

℣ 218. *To theſe a fourth*, &c.] Exactly the ſame is the diſtinction *Moſes* makes in *Geneſis*: ſays he, *there were giants in the earth in thoſe days*; and alſo after that, *when the ſons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the ſame became mighty men, which were, of old, men of renown.*

Chap. vi. ver. 4.

Here are plainly the age of giants, and the age of heros.

To

To theſe does *Jove* a ſecond life ordain,
Some happy ſoil far in the diſtant main,
Where live the hero-ſhades in rich repaſt,
Remote from mortals of a vulgar caſt:
There in the iſlands of the bleſs'd they find,
Where *Saturn* reigns, an endleſs calm of mind;

℣ 230. *There in the iſlands* &c.] The *fortunate iſlands*, by the *Greeks* thought to be the ſeats of good men, *Homer*, *Lycophron*, *Plutarch*, *Philoſtratus*, and *Dion*, as well as *Heſiod*, have mentioned, and unanimouſly agree, that they are fragrant fruitful fields, and meadows, as lovely to the eye as the mind of man can imagine. *Tzetz.* Agreeable to this is the beginning of that beautyful deſcription of *Elizium* in the *Æneis* of *Virgil.*

Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas. Lib. 6.

——————— *They took their way,*
Where long extended plains of pleaſure lay,
The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below. Dryden.

Pindar, in his ſecond *Olympic*, comes nearer to our poet, in his deſcription of thoſe ſeats of the happy:

——— εν δα μακαρων
Νασον ωκεανιδες
Αυραι περιπνεουσιν.

Where the gales, from the ocean, breathe thro the iſland of the bleſſed. I muſt here obſerve that *Homer*, in his account of *Elizium*, judged very wrong, when he made *Achilles* ſay to *Ulyſſes*, *he would rather ſerve the pooreſt on earth, than rule over the departed.* Od. B. 11. Speaking thus dreadfully of a future ſtate, and of the happyeſt condition of it, is no encouragement to the living.

℣ 231. *Where* Saturn *reigns.*] The original of this is omited in many editions, but *Grævius* is for reſtoring it from a manuſcript which he had ſeen.

And

And there the choiceſt fruits adorn the fields,
And thrice the fertile year a harveſt yields.
O! would I had my hours of life began
Before this fifth, this ſinful, race of man;
Or had I not been call'd to breathe the day,
Till the rough iron age had paſs'd away!
For now, the times are ſuch, the gods ordain,
That ev'ry moment ſhall be wing'd with pain;
Condemn'd to ſorrows, and to toil, we live;
Reſt to our labour death alone can give;
And yet, amid the cares our lives anoy,
The gods will grant ſome intervals of joy:
But how degen'rate is the human ſtate!
Virtue no more diſtinguiſhes the great;
No ſafe reception ſhall the ſtranger find;
Nor ſhall the tys of blood, or friendſhip, bind;
Nor ſhall the parent, when his ſons are nigh,
Look with the fondneſs of a parent's eye,

℣ 234. *O would I had* &c.] Here he cannot mention the vices of his age without ſhewing the utmoſt deteſtation to them. We ſee the ſame purity of manners, the ſame air of piety, runing thro all his works. See the *Life*.

℣ 246. *No ſafe reception* &c.] This paſſage *Ovid* has beautyfully tranſlated in his *Metamorphoſes*; and indeed ſeveral parts of *Heſiod* are well improved by that fine poet. In the diviſion of the ages he differs from our author, and of five makes but four. * *It is the Opinion of ſome, that it would have been better, if* Ovid *had payed as great a regard to the hiſtorical relations, as to the poetical beautys, of thoſe whom he imitates.* *

Nor to the ſire the ſon obedience pay,
Nor look with rev'rence on the locks of grey,
But, o! regardleſs of the pow'rs divine,
With bitter taunts ſhall load his life's decline.
Revenge and rapine ſhall reſpect command,
The pious, juſt, and good, neglected ſtand.
The wicked ſhall the better man diſtreſs,
The righteous ſuffer, and without redreſs;
Strict honeſty, and naked truth, ſhall fail,
The perjur'd villain, in his arts, prevail.
Hoarſe envy ſhall, unſeen, exert her voice,
Attend the wretched, and in ill rejoice.
At laſt fair *Modeſty* and *Juſtice* fly,
Rob'd their pure limbs in white, and gain the ſky;
From the wide earth they reach the bleſs'd abodes,
And join the grand aſſembly of the gods,
While mortal men, abandon'd to their grief,
Sink in their ſorrows, hopeleſs of relief.
While now my fable from the birds I bring,
To the great rulers of the earth I ſing.
High in the clouds a mighty bird of prey
Bore a melodious nightingale away;

℣ 268. *While now my fable* &c.] Here the poet likens himſelf to the nightingale, and the judges to the birds of prey. *Tzetz.* This tranſition, from the five ages to the fable of the hawk and the nightingale, is a little abrupt. The remaining part of this book contains a beautyful, tho ſmall, body of moral philoſophy.

And

And to the captive, ſhiv'ring in deſpair,
Thus, cruel, ſpoke the tyrant of the air.
Why mourns the wretch in my ſuperior pow'r?
Thy voice avails not in the raviſh'd hour;
Vain are thy crys; at my deſpotic will,
Or I can ſet thee free, or I can kill.
Unwiſely who provokes his abler foe,
Conqueſt ſtill flys him, and he ſtrives for woe.
Thus ſpoke th' enſlaver with inſulting pride.
O! *Perſes*, Juſtice ever be thy guide;
May malice never gain upon thy will;
Malice that makes the wretch more wretched ſtill.
The good man, injur'd, to revenge is ſlow,
To him the vengeance is the greater woe.
Ever will all injurious courſes fail,
And juſtice ever over wrongs prevail;
Right will take place at laſt, by fit degrees;
This truth the fool by ſad experience ſees.
When ſuits commence, diſhoneſt ſtrife the cauſe,
Faith violated, and the breach of laws,
Enſue; the crys of juſtice haunt the judge,
Of bribes the glutton, and of ſin the drudge.
Thro citys then the holy dæmon runs,
Unſeen, and mourns the manners of their ſons,
Diſperſing evils, to reward the crimes
Of thoſe who baniſh juſtice from the times.
Is there a man whom incorrupt we call,
Who ſits alike unprejudic'd to all,

By him the city flouriſhes in peace,
Her borders lengthen, and her ſons increaſe;
From him far-ſeeing *Jove* will drive afar
All civil diſcord, and the rage of war.
No days of famine to the righteous fall,
But all is plenty, and delightful all;
Nature indulgent o'er their land is ſeen,
With oaks high tow'ring are their mountains green,
With heavy maſt their arms diffuſive bow,
While from their truncs rich ſtreams of honey flow;
Of flocks untainted are their paſtures full,
Which ſlowly ſtrut beneath their weight of wool;
And ſons are born the likeneſs of their ſire,
The fruits of virtue, and a chaſt deſire:
O'er the wide ſeas for wealth they need not roam,
Many, and laſting, are their joys at home.
Not thus the wicked, who in ill delight,
Whoſe dayly acts pervert the rules of right;
To theſe the wiſe diſpoſer, *Jove*, ordains
Repeated loſſes, and a world of pains:
Famines and plagues are, unexpected, nigh;
Their wives are barren, and their kindred dy;

ỳ 316. *Not thus the wicked* &c.] By this antitheſis how lively is the ſtate of the righteous repreſented! This it is gives ſuch a beauty to the firſt and thirty-ſeventh *Pſalms*, where the natural ſtate of the juſt and unjuſt is truly deſcribed, and in many circumſtances like this of our poet.

Numbers of theſe at once are ſweep'd away;
And ſhips of wealth become the ocean's prey.
One ſinner oft' provokes th' avenger's hand;
And often one man's crimes deſtroy a land.
Exactly mark, ye rulers of mankind,
The ways of truth, nor be to juſtice blind;
Conſider, all ye do, and all ye ſay,
The holy dæmons to their god convey,
Aërial ſpirits, by great *Jove* deſign'd,
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;

℣ 325. *And often one man's crimes* &c.] Examples of this may be found in hiſtory. When a vengeance of this kind happens, the execution of it depends on the degree of the perſon guilty, and the nature of the crime commited, and againſt whom, as that of *Paris*, who was the ſon of a powerful prince, and who, in breaking the laws of hoſpitality, offended a pow'rful people, by which he involved his country in ruin.

℣ 326. *Exactly mark* &c.] He now turns the diſcourſe from his brother to the judges, by whom likewiſe he had been injured. He exhorts them to the purſuit of juſtice, on theſe two conſiderations; firſt, becauſe the wicked man, who plots the deſtruction of another, at the ſame time works his own unhappyneſs; and ſecondly, becauſe the gods are not only conſcious of all our actions, but our very thoughts.

℣ 330. *Aërial ſpirits* &c.] This repetition of the circumſpection of the guardian angels, and the puniſhment of the unrighteous, is to keep the crime, of which they were guilty, freſh in the memory of his brother and the judges. Repetitions of this nature are frequent in the *Greek* poets, and more particularly in *Homer* than any other.

Inviſible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good, or bad, below;
Th' immortal ſpys with watchful care preſide,
And thrice ten thouſand round their charges glide.
Juſtice, unſpoted maid, deriv'd from *Jove*,
Renown'd, and reverenc'd by the gods above,
When mortals violate her ſacred laws,
When judges hear the bribe, and not the cauſe,
Cloſe by her parent god behold her ſtand,
And urge the puniſhment their ſins demand.

Look

℣ 341. *And urge the puniſhment* &c.] The original has it, that *Juſtice* reminds *Jove* of human wickedneſs, and ſollicits him *that the people may be puniſhed for the offences of their rulers.*

——————————— ὀφρ' ἀποτίσῃ
Δῆμος ἀτασθαλίας βασιλήων———— ——

The *Greek* commentators are all ſatisfyed with this ſenſe. Monſieur *Le Clerc* indeed reaſonably objects, that if the goddeſs, who preſides over juſtice, obtains, that the public ſhould ſuffer for the crimes of their rulers, which they diſlike and condemn, where is the juſtice of it? and he quotes the well known axiom of HORACE, *Delirant reges, plectuntur achivi*, and refers us to a foregoing paſſage of our own author, in which he ſays, *a whole city is often deſtroyed for the guilt of a ſingle perſon:* but it is not obvious to me that this is the poet's meaning. Let us examine the ſentiment with the context, and that will beſt determine us in the meaning here. *Juſtice*, ſays he, *ſiting by her father* Jove, *when any one wrongs her, complains of the iniquity of man, that the people may ſuffer for the offences of their governours; therefore, ye governours, take heed of*

pronouncing

Look in your Breaſts, and there ſurvey your crimes,
Think, o! ye judges, and reform betimes,
Forget the paſs'd, nor more falſe judgements give,
Turn from your ways betimes, o! turn and live.
Who, full of wiles, his neighbour's harm contrives,
Falſe to himſelf, againſt himſelf he ſtrives;
For he that harbours evil in his mind
Will from his evil thoughts but evil find;
And lo! the eye of *Jove*, that all things knows,
Can, when he will, the heart of man diſcloſe;
Open the guilty boſom all within,
And trace the infant thoughts of future ſin.

O!

pronouncing unjuſt judgements, for every man's evil machinations fall on his own head. If a man's own ill devices fall on himſelf, it is moſt abſurd for *Juſtice* to ſollicit that the vulgar ſhould be puniſhed for the crimes of their rulers. In ſhort, tho all the copys agree to ſupport this argument, the alteration of a ſingle letter will give it a turn of plain reaſon, and make all the parts conſonant to each other. I propoſe this change only as a private ſuſpicion, becauſe as it ſtands at preſent I am at a loſs how to ſatisfy myſelf in the ſenſe. I would ſuppoſe that the author might have wrote it;

Και ρ' οποτ' αν τις μιν βλαπτη, σκολιως ονοταζων,
Αυτικα, παρ δϊι πατρι καθεζομενη κρονιωνι,
Γηρυετ' ανθρωπων αδικον νοον, οφρ' αποτισῃ
Τημος αταθαλιας βασιληων.

The only change that is made in the text is of δημος into τημος, but the change from thence in the ſenſe is very ſtrong and ſignal: *When Juſtice is injured, ſhe, ſitting*

O! when I hear the upright man complain,
And, by his injurys, the judge arraign,
If

ting by Jove, *immediately exclaims againſt human iniquity, that he might then, or at that inſtant, puniſh the enormitys of the judges: therefore, ye judges, take heed to be more righteous, for the iniquity of every one falls upon his own head.* The words, ſo altered, certainly bear ſuch a ſenſe; and the *Greek*, I think, without any ſtrain of the language, admits it. Τημος, *then*, is an adverb of time, which anſwers to ημος, *when*, the want of which is ſupplyed by οποτε, which is the ſame ſenſe with ημος, and by οφρα, and αυτικα, by which the connection is entirely grammatical: and then αποτιω does not only ſignify *luo, pœnas do*, but likewiſe *punio, ulciſcor*, and governs an accuſative caſe, as *Stephens*, and other Lexicon writers, take notice, and prove by authoritys: but, as I ſayed before, I only ſubmit it to judgement. I will conclude this remark with an obſervation that will not a little ſtrengthen it; which is, that the ſenſe I would give this paſſage is exactly conformable to what our poet ſays, but few verſes before, which are, in your tranſlation, theſe;

When ſuits commence, diſhoneſt ſtrife the cauſe,
Faith violated, and the breach of laws,
Enſue; the crys of juſtice haunt the judge.

This whole note by Mr. *Theobald.*

℣ 354. *O! when I hear* &c.] *Plutarch* would have theſe lines left out as blaſphemy, and unworthy *Heſiod*. I muſt beg leave to diſſent from him. The poet here ſays, with the greateſt ſolemnity, *may I nor mine be juſt, if to be ſo is to be unfortunate, and if to be wicked is to be ſucceſsful*, as we ſee in life it often happens. I think he takes a bold ſcope, and well ſolves the objection of *Plutarch* in this line,

Αλλα

If to be wicked is to find ſucceſs,
I cry, and to be juſt to meet diſtreſs,
May I nor mine the righteous path purſue,
But int'reſt only ever keep in view:
But, by reflection better taught, I find
We ſee the preſent, to the future blind.
Truſt to the will of *Jove*, and wait the end,
And good ſhall always your good acts attend.
Theſe doctrines, *Perſes*, treaſure in thy heart,
And never from the paths of juſtice part:
Never by brutal violence be ſway'd;
But be the will of *Jove* in theſe obey'd.
In theſe the brute creation men exceed,
They, void of reaſon, by each other bleed,
While man by juſtice ſhould be keep'd in awe,
Juſtice of nature, well ordain'd, the law.
Who right eſpouſes thro a righteous love,
Shall meet the bounty of the hands of *Jove*;

Αλλα ταγ' ϗπω εολπα τελειν δια τερπικεραυνον.

But this is my comfort, *I hope it is not by the conſent of* JOVE. *Tzetz.*

ℌ 372. *Who right eſpouſes* &c.] Here the Poet has a regard to real merit, wiſely conſidering that a good act is ſometimes done, and the author of it ignorant of the good he does, therefore conſequently void of the merit of it; as on the contrary, a man may commit a crime without the conſent of his will, and is therefore guiltleſs.

But he that will not be by laws confin'd,
Whom not the ſacrament of oaths can bind,
Who, with a willing ſoul, can juſtice leave,
A wound immortal ſhall that man receive;
His houſe's honour dayly ſhall decline:
Fair flouriſh ſhall the juſt from line to line.
O! *Perſes*, fooliſh *Perſes*, bow thine ear
To the good counſels of a ſoul ſincere.
To wickedneſs the road is quickly found,
Short is the way, and on an eaſy ground.
The paths of virtue muſt be reach'd by toil,
Arduous, and long, and on a rugged ſoil,
Thorny the gate, but when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the proſpect plain.
Far does the man all other men excel,
Who, from his wiſdom, thinks in all things well,
Wiſely conſid'ring, to himſelf a friend,
All for the preſent beſt, and for the end;

ỳ 382. *To wickedneſs the road* &c.] The beauty of this paſſage is admirable; and it will appear the more ſo, when we conſider the truth of the doctrine in this poetical dreſs. The road to what he here calls wickedneſs is ſoon found; that is, our appetites are no ſooner capable of enjoying their proper objects, but ſuch objects are every day preſenting themſelves to us; the way to what he calls virtue, and which is really ſo, is truly rugged, becauſe we muſt reſiſt the dictates of nature, if we conſider ourſelves as mere ſenſual beings, and reject thoſe things which would give us immediate pleaſure.

Nor

Nor is the man without his ſhare of praiſe,
Who well the dictates of the wiſe obeys;
But he that is not wiſe himſelf, nor can
Harken to wiſdom, is a uſeleſs man.
Ever obſerve, *Perſes*, of birth divine,
My precepts, and the profit ſhall be thine;
Then famine always ſhall avoid thy door,
And *Ceres*, fair-wreath'd goddeſs, bleſs thy ſtore.
The ſlothful wretch, who lives from labour free,
Like drones, the robbers of the painful bee,
Has always men, and gods, alike his foes;
Him famine follows with her train of woes.
With chearful zeal your mod'rate toils purſue,
That your full barns you may in ſeaſon view.
The man induſtrious ſtranger is to need,
A thouſand flocks his fertile paſtures feed;
As with the drone with him it will not prove,
Him men and gods behold with eyes of love.
To care and labour think it no diſgrace,
Falſe pride! the portion of the ſluggard race:
The ſlothful man, who never work'd before,
Shall gaze with envy on thy growing ſtore,

℣ 396. ——————Perſes, *of birth divine,*] After the poet has endeavoured to excite his brother to acts of juſtice, by moral precepts, he reminds him of his birth, intimating that by acts of virtue the honour of a family is ſupported. *Tzetz.* See farther in *the Life.*

Like thee to flouriſh, he will ſpare no pains;
For lo! the rich virtue and glory gains.
Strictly obſerve the wholeſome rules I give,
And, bleſs'd in all, thou like a god ſhalt live.
Ne'er to thy neighbour's goods extend thy cares,
Nor be neglectful of thine own affairs.
Let no degen'rate ſhame debaſe thy mind,
Shame that is never to the needy kind;
The man that has it will continue poor;
He muſt be bold that would enlarge his ſtore:
But raviſh not, depending on thy might,
Injurious to thy-ſelf, another's right.
Who, or by open force, or ſecret ſtealth,
Or perjur'd wiles, amaſſes heaps of wealth,
Such many are, whom thirſt of gain betrays,
The gods, all ſeeing, ſhall o'ercloud his days;
His wife, his children, and his friends, ſhall dy,
And, like a dream, his ill-got riches fly:
Nor leſs, or to inſult the ſupplyant's crys,
The guilt, or break thro hoſpitable tys.
Is there who, by inceſtuous paſſion led,
Pollutes with joys unclean his brother's bed,

ỳ 424. *But raviſh not* &c.] How proper is this, after he had recommended boldneſs to his brother, leſt he ſhould miſtake that which he deſigned as an honeſt reſolution boldly purſued, and convert the beſt advice to the prejudice of others!

Or

Or who, regardleſs of his tender truſt,
To the poor helpleſs orphan proves unjuſt,
Or, when the father's fatal day appears,
His body bending thro the weight of years,
A ſon who views him with unduteous eyes,
And words of comfort to his age denys,
Great *Jove* vindictive ſees the impious train,
And, equal to their crimes, inflicts a pain.

Theſe precepts be thy guide thro life to ſteer:
Next learn the gods immortal to revere:
With unpolluted hands, and heart ſincere,
Let from your herd, or flock, an off'ring riſe;
Of the pure victim burn the white fat thighs;
And to your wealth confine the ſacrifice.

Let

ŷ 448. *Of the pure victim* &c.] The thighs were offered to the gods, becauſe of the honour due to them, thoſe parts being of greateſt ſervice to animals in walking; and generating; and thereby, ſays *Tzetzes*, they commended themſelves, and their undertakings, to divine protection.

We find the ſame offerings ordained by the *Levitical* laws, tho perhaps not juſt on the ſame occaſion. How near the ceremonys agreed is uncertain; for here our author is deficient. We find the ſame ſtrict command in *Leviticus*, that the victim ſhould be pure. *And if his offering, for a ſacrifice of peace offering, unto the Lord, be of the flock male or female, he ſhall offer it without blemiſh.* Chap. 3. Ver. 6. There likewiſe the fat, and thoſe parts which contribute moſt to generation, are more particularly appropriated to that uſe. *And he ſhall offer*

an

Let the rich fumes of od'rous incenſe fly,
A grateful ſavour, to the pow'rs on high;
The due libation nor neglect to pay,
When ev'ning cloſes, or when dawns the day:
Then ſhall thy work, the gods thy friends, ſucceed;
Then may you purchaſe farms, nor ſell thro need.
Enjoy thy riches with a lib'ral ſoul,
Plenteous the feaſt, and ſmiling be the bowl;
No friend forget, nor entertain thy foe,
Nor let thy neighbour uninvited go.
Happy the man with peace his days are crown'd,
Whoſe houſe an honeſt neighbourhood ſurround;
Of foreign harms he never ſleeps afraid,
They, always ready, bring their willing aid;
Chearful, ſhould he ſome buſy preſſure feel,
They lend an aid beyond a kindred's zeal;

an offering made by fire unto the Lord; the fat thereof, and the whole rump, it ſhall he take off hard by the backbone; and the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is on the inwards. And the two kidneys, and the fat that is on them, which is by the flanks, and the caul above the liver, with the kidneys, it ſhall he take away. And the prieſt ſhall burn them on the altar; it is the food of the offering made by fire, for a ſweet ſavour. All the fat is the Lord's. Ver. 9, 15, 16. And in the ſame book are the offerings of frankincence, and drink offerings, inſtituted. In the *Iliad* of *Homer*, book 1, the thighs are offered to *Apollo*, as likewiſe in the *Odyſſes*, book 21, and in ſeveral other parts of thoſe two poems.

They

They never will conſpire to blaſt his fame;
Secure he walks, unſully'd his good name:
Unhappy man, whom neighbours ill ſurround,
His oxen dy oft' by a treach'rous wound.
Whate'er you borrow of your neighbour's ſtore,
Return the ſame in weight, if able, more;
So to your ſelf will you ſecure a friend;
He never after will refuſe to lend.
Whatever by diſhoneſt means you gain,
You purchaſe an equivalent of pain.

℣ 470. *Whate'er you borrow* &c] Our author in his rules of morality does not recommend an obſervation of the laws only, but all that may conduce to the true enjoyment of life, to ourſelves, our friends, and our neighbours, as liberality, a particular regard to good men, in our payments to return more than we borrow; none of which we are obliged to by any laws: all this therefore muſt proceed from a generous ſoul, from a knowledge of the world, and a juſt and prudent way of thinking. He likewiſe ſhews, that to be honeſt, to be liberal, is not only to indulge a noble paſſion, but to be friends to ourſelves; and the rule he lays down in one line is enforced by the reaſon in the next. What an elegant praiſe is that *Tully* gives our poet, when, to commend this paſſage, he uſes the ſame words, as near as he can, which he ſo much admires.

Illud Heſiodeum *laudatur a doctis quod eâdem menſurâ reddere jubet, quâ acciperis, aut etiam cumulatiore, ſi poſſis.*

That paſſage of Heſiod *is commended by men of learning, becauſe he commands you never to return leſs than you borrow, but more, if you are able.*

To all a love for love return: contend
In virtuous acts to emulate your friend.
Be to the good thy favours unconfin'd;
Neglect a ſordid, and ingrateful, mind.
From all the gen'rous a reſpect command,
While none regard the baſe ungiving hand:
The man who gives from an unbounded breaſt,
Tho large the bounty, in himſelf is bleſs'd:
Who raviſhes another's right ſhall find,
Tho ſmall the prey, a deadly ſting behind.
Content, and honeſtly, enjoy your lot,
And often add to that already got;
From little oft' repeated much will riſe,
And, of thy toil the fruits, ſalute thine eyes.
How ſweet at home to have what life demands,
The juſt reward of our induſtrious hands,
To view our neighbour's bliſs without deſire,
To dread not famine, with her aſpect dire!
Be theſe thy thoughts, to theſe thy heart incline,
And lo! theſe bleſſings ſhall be ſurely thine.
When at your board your faithful friend you greet,
Without reſerve, and lib'ral, be the treat:
To ſtint the wine a frugal huſband ſhows,
When from the middle of the caſk it flows.

Do

ℌ 498. *To ſtint the wine* &c.] The reaſon *Tzetzes*, and ſome other commentators, give for this advice is, that

Do not, by mirth betray'd, your brother truſt,
Without a witneſs, he may prove unjuſt:
Alike it is unſafe for men to be,
With ſome too diffident, with ſome too free.
  Let not a woman ſteal your heart away,
By tender looks, and her apparel gay;
When your abode ſhe languiſhing enquires,
Command your heart, and quench the kindling fires;
If love ſhe vows, 'tis madneſs to believe,
Turn from the thief, ſhe charms but to deceive:
Who does too raſhly in a woman truſt,
Too late will find the wanton prove unjuſt.
Take a chaſt matron, partner of your breaſt,
Contented live, of her alone poſſeſs'd;
Then ſhall you number many days in peace,
And with your children ſee your wealth increaſe;

that wine, when the caſk is firſt pierced, is ſmall, being next the air, and when low, troubled with dregs; at both which times, they ſay, *Heſiod* adviſes not to be ſparing, the wine not being of much value; but when it is about half out it draws more pure; then is the time to be frugal. A poor compliment this to his gueſts! If ſo, all his former rules of liberality are deſtroyed; but theſe gentlemen muſt certainly miſtake his meaning. All that he would recommend is, not to let our liberality run to profuſeneſs; and, when the wine is ſtrong, not to drink to exceſs, by which we become enemys to our-ſelves and friends.

Then

Then ſhall a duteous careful heir ſurvive,
To keep the honour of the houſe alive.
If large poſſeſſions are, in life, thy view,
Theſe precepts, with aſſiduous care, purſue.

The end of the firſt BOOK.

WORKS

WORKS

AND

DAYS.

BOOK II.

WORKS *and* DAYS.

BOOK II.

The *ARGUMENT.*

IN this book the poet inſtructs his countrymen in the arts of agriculture, and navigation, and in the management of the vintage: he illuſtrates the work with rural deſcriptions, and concludes with ſeveral religious precepts, founded on the cuſtom and manners of his age.

WORKS *and* DAYS.

BOOK II.

WHEN the *Pleïades*, of *Atlas* born,
Before the ſun's ariſe illume the morn,
Apply the ſickle to the ripen'd corn;
And when, attendant on the ſun's decline,
They in the ev'ning æther only ſhine,
Then

ỳ 1. *When the* Pleïades *&c.*] I ſhall firſt obſerve that the poet, very judiciouſly, begins his inſtructions with a general direction when to ſow and to reap; which rule is contained in the two firſt lines, but lengthened, in the tranſlation, into ſeven. This firſt main precept is *to reap when the* Pleïades *riſe, and to plow when they ſet.*

After this he informs his countrymen in their ſeveral dutys, at home, and in the fields. For the poetical and allegorical meaning of the *Pleïades*, I ſhall uſe the words of the Scholiaſt on this paſſage.

Pleïone bore to *Atlas* ſeven daughters; the names of which we find in the *Phænomena* of *Aratus*. *Alcyone*, *Merope*, *Celæno*, *Electre*, *Sterope*, *Taygete*, and *Maia*; but ſix of which, ſays he, are ſeen. Theſe being purſued by *Orion*, who was in love with them, were changed into doves, and afterwards placed by *Jupiter*, in the *Zodiac*. Thus much for the fabulous. By *Atlas*, who is fayed to ſupport the heavens on his ſhoulders, is mean'd the

Then is the ſeaſon to begin to plow,
To yoke the oxen, and prepare to ſow:
There is a time when forty days they ly,
And forty nights, conceal'd from human eye,
But in the courſe of the revolving year,
When the ſwain ſharps the ſcythe, again appear.
This is the rule to the laborious ſwain,
Who dwells or near, or diſtant from, the main,
Whether the ſhady vale receives his toil,
And he manures the fat, the inland, ſoil.

Would you the fruits of all your labours ſee,
Or plow, or ſow, or reap, ſtill naked be;
Then ſhall thy barns, by *Ceres* bleſs'd, appear
Full of the various produce of the year;

the pole, which divides, and determinates, the hemiſpheres; of whom the *Pleïades*, or ſeven ſtars, and all other ſtars, are fayed to be born; becauſe, after the ſeparation of the hemiſpheres, they appeared. The riſing of the *Pleïades* is from the ninth of *May*, to the three and twentyeth day of *June*; the ſeting of them from the eighth of *October* to the ninth of *December*. *Tzetz.* What our author means by their riſing and ſeting I have endeavoured to explain in my tranſlation.

℣ 8. *There is a time* &c.] This is, ſays *Tzetzes*, partly in *April*, and partly in *May*; which is occaſioned by the vicinity of the ſun to the *Pleïades* at that time. In *April* he paſſes thro *Aries*, and in *May* thro *Taurus*; in the middle of which ſign theſe ſtars are placed. Some, contrary to *Tzetzes*, date the riſing of theſe from the beginning of *June*; to which month quite thro *May*, ſay they, the ſun paſſes thro *Taurus* and *Gemini*.

Nor

Nor ſhall the ſeaſons then behold thee poor,
A mean dependant on another's ſtore.
Tho, fooliſh *Perſes*, bending to thy pray'rs,
I lately hear'd thy plaints, and eas'd thy cares,
On me no longer for ſupplys depend,
For I no more ſhall give, no more ſhall lend.
Labour induſtrious, if you would ſucceed;
That men ſhould labour have the gods decreed,
That with our wives and children we may live,
Without th' aſſiſtance that our neighbours give,
That we may never know the pain of mind,
To aſk for ſuccour, and no ſuccour find:
Twice, thrice, perhaps, they may your wants ſupply;
But conſtant beggars teach them to deny;
Then wretched may you beg, and beg again,
And uſe the moving force of words in vain.
Such ills to ſhun, my counſels lay to heart;
Nor dread the debtor's chain, nor hunger's ſmart.
A houſe, and yoke of oxen, firſt provide,
A maid to guard your herds, and then a bride;

℣ 22. *Tho, fooliſh* Perſes, *&c.*] It is evident from theſe, and other, lines, that tho *Perſes* had defrauded his brother of his right, he was ſoon reduced to want his aſſiſtance. It may not be impertinent here to obſerve, that *Heſiod*, in ſeveral of his moral precepts, had his eye on the preſent circumſtances of his brother; as in the firſt book, ℣ 431, ſpeaking of the wicked,

——— *like a dream his ill got riches fly.*

The

The houſe be furniſh'd as thy need demands,
Nor want to borrow from a neighbour's hands.
While to ſupport your wants abroad you roam,
Time glides away, and work ſtands ſtill at home.
Your bus'neſs ne'er defer from day to day,
Sorrows and poverty attend delay;
But lo! the careful man ſhall always find
Encreaſe of wealth according to his mind.
When the hot ſeaſon of the year is o'er
That draws the toilſome ſweat from ev'ry pore,
When o'er our heads th' abated planet rolls
A ſhorter courſe, and viſits diſtant poles,
When *Jove* deſcends in ſhow'rs upon the plains,
And the parch'd earth is cheer'd with plenteous rains,
When human bodys feel the grateful change,
And leſs a burden to themſelves they range,
When the tall foreſt ſheds her foliage round,
And with autumnal verdure ſtrews the ground,
The bole is incorrupt, the timber good;
Then whet the ſounding ax to fell the wood.

ℽ 59. *Then whet the ſounding ax* &c.] The wood that is felled at this time of the year may be preſerved imputrid, the moiſture having been dryed away by the heat of the weather; which renders it firm and durable; but if felled with the moiſture in the trunc, or bole, it rots. *Tzetz.*

Provide

Provide a mortar three feet deep, and ſtrong;
And let the piſtil be three cubits long.
One foot in length next let the mallet be,
Ten ſpans the wain, ſeven feet her axeltree;
Of wood four crooked bits the wheel compoſe,
And give the length three ſpans to each of thoſe.
From hill or field the hardeſt holm prepare,
To cut the part in which you place the ſhare;
Thence your advantage will be largely found,
With that your oxen long may tear the ground;
And next, the ſkilful huſbandman to ſhow,
Faſt pin the handle to the beam below:
Let the draught-beam of ſturdy oak be made,
And for the handle rob the laurel ſhade;
Or, if the laurel you refuſe to fell,
Seek out the elm, the elm will ſerve as well.
Two plows are needful; one let art beſtow,
And one let nature to the ſervice bow;

If

ỳ 60. *Provide a mortar* &c.] Some think this was for the ſame uſe of a mill: if ſo, an argument may be brought, from the invention of mills, for the antiquity of *Heſiod*, who does not mention one in any of his writings.

ỳ 76. *Two plows are needful*; &c.] On the plows here mentioned, αυλογυον και πηκλον, *Grævius* has a learned note, from the ſcholiaſt of *Apollonius Rhodius*; the firſt he and other commentators interpret a plow made of a wood that inclines, by nature, to a plow-tail: ſays

If uſe, or accident, the firſt deſtroy,
Its fellow in the furrow'd field employ.
Yoke from the herd two ſturdy males, whoſe age
Mature ſecures them from each other's rage;
For if too young they will unruly grow,
Unfiniſh'd leave the work, and break the plow:
Theſe, and your labour ſhall the better thrive,
Let a good plowman, year'd to forty, drive;
And ſee the careful huſbandman be fed
With plenteous morſels, and of wholeſome bread:
The ſlave, who numbers fewer days, you'll find
Careleſs of work, and of a rambling mind;
Perhaps, neglectful to direct the plow,
He in one furrow twice the ſeed will ſow.
Obſerve the crane's departing flight in time,
Who yearly ſoars to ſeek a ſouthern clime,
Conſcious of cold; when the ſhrill voice you hear,
Know the fit ſeaſon for the plow is near;
Then he for whom no oxen graze the plains,
With aking heart, beholds the winter rains;

one, *aratrum quod habet dentale ſolidum et adnatum, non affixum*. *Tzetzes* takes no notice of this paſſage. See *the View*.

ỳ 94. *When her ſhrill voice* &c.] The crane is a very fearful and tender bird, and ſoon ſenſible of cold and heat, and, thro the weight of its body, eaſyly feels the quality of the upper air, while flying; which occaſions her ſcreaming in cold weather, leſt ſhe ſhould fall. *Tzetz.*

Be

Be mindful then the ſturdy ox to feed,
And careful keep within the uſeful breed.
You ſay, perhaps, you will intreat a friend
A yoke of oxen, and a plow, to lend:
He your requeſt, if wiſe, will thus refuſe,
I have but two, and thoſe I want to uſe;
To make a plow great is th' expence and care;
All theſe you ſhould, in proper time, prepare.
Reproofs like theſe avoid; and, to behold
Your fields bright waving with their ears of gold,
Let unimprov'd no hour, in ſeaſon, fly,
But with your ſervants plow, or wet, or dry;
And in the ſpring again to turn the ſoil
Obſerve; the ſummer ſhall reward your toil.
While light and freſh the glebe inſert the grain;
Then ſhall your children ſmile, nor you complain.
Prefer with zeal, when you begin to plow,
To *Jove* terrene, and *Ceres* chaſt, the vow;

Then

℣ 114. *Prefer with zeal*, &c.] *Heſiod* keeps up an air of piety quite thro his poem, which, as Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves in his *Eſſay on the Georgic*, ſhould be always maintained. *Tzetzes* tells us Ζευς χθονιος is *Bacchus*; and the reaſon for his being joined with *Ceres*, is, becauſe they were in *Ægypt* together, where they inſtructed men in the art of tillage, and planting. It is not unreaſonable to imagine the poet ſhould invoke *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, who are the two deitys which preſide over the harveſt and the vintage, two great ſubjects of this book: but the

Then will the rural deitys regard
Your welfare, and your piety reward.
Forget not, when you ſow the grain, to mind
That a boy follows with a rake behind;
And ſtrictly charge him, as you drive, with care,
The ſeed to cover, and the birds to ſcare.
Thro ev'ry taſk, with diligence, employ
Your ſtrength; and in that duty be your joy;

learned *Grævius* has put it out of diſpute that it is *Pluto*. Ζευς χθονιος, ſays he, is the infernal *Jupiter*; by χθονια the *Greeks* mean'd κατ᾽αχθονια, *what is under ground*. This he illuſtrates by many authoritys, and proves χθονιοι θεοι to be *infernal gods*. We find many inſcriptions, continues he, ΧΘΟΝΙΟΙΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ, in other places θεοις κατ᾽αχθονιοις. We ſee in antient monuments χθονιος Ερμης *infernal Mercury*, becauſe he drives the ſouls of the departed to the ſhades below. *Æſchylus* calls *Pluto* Ζευς νεκρικοτων, *the* Jupiter *of the dead*; and *Heſiod*, likewiſe, in his *Theogony*, ſtiles him θεος χθονιος; and the Furys are called, by *Euripides*, χθονιαι θεαι *infernal goddeſſes*. Now let us examine why *Pluto* is invoked by the husbandmen; he was believed to be author of all the riches which come out of the earth. This we have in a hymn to *Pluto* aſcribed to *Orpheus*:

Πλουτοδοτων γενεην βροτεην καρποις ενιαυτων.

The giver of riches to human race in annual fruits: and CICERO, *de naturâ deorum*, thus accounts for it, *quod recidant omnia in terras, & oriuntur è terris*, becauſe all things muſt be reduced to, and ariſe from, the earth. Thus far *Grævius*; and *Valla*, in his tranſlation, has took it iu the ſame ſenſe: *Plutonem, in primis, venerare.*

And,

And, to avoid of life the greateſt ill,
Never may ſloth prevail upon thy will:
(Bleſs'd who with order their affairs diſpoſe!
But rude confuſion is the ſource of woes!)
Then ſhall you ſee, Olympian *Jove* your friend,
With pond'rous grain the yellow harveſt bend;
Then of *Arachne*'s web the veſſels clear,
To hoard the produce of the fertile year.
Think then, o! think, how pleaſant will it be,
At home an annual ſupport to ſee,
To view with friendly eyes your neighbour's ſtore,
And to be able to relieve the poor.

Learn now what ſeaſons for the plow to ſhun:
Beneath the tropic of the winter's ſun

Be

℣ 128. *Then ſhall you ſee*, &c.] Ει τελος αυτος οπιδεν Ολυμπιος εσθλον οπαζοι, is one line in the original; the conſtruction of which is, *if heaven ſhall afterwards grant you a good end*. The natural interpretation of which is, that proper pains may be taken fort he tillage, but, if an unlucky ſeaſon ſhould happen, the labour of the huſbandman is fruſtrated.

℣ 137. *Beneath the tropic* &c.] After the poet has taught his countrymen what ſeaſons to plow and ſow in, he teaches them what to avoid; which are all the days in the winter tropic, or what the *Latins* call ſolſtice. From the ſeting of *Sagitta*, and the riſing of *Equus*, to the riſing of the *Pleïades*, which is from the eighth degree of *Aries* to the ſeventh of *Cancer*, the vernal *æquinox* begins and ends. From the riſing of the *Pleïades*, which is from the eighth degree of *Cancer*, to the riſing

Be well obſervant not to turn the ground,
For ſmall advantage will from thence be found:
How will you ſigh when thin your crop appears,
And the ſhort ſtalks ſupport the duſty ears!
Your ſcanty harveſt then, in baſkets preſs'd,
Will, by your folly, be your neighbour's jeſt:
Sometimes indeed it otherwiſe may be;
But who th' effect of a bad cauſe can ſee?
If late you to the plowman's taſk accede,
The ſymptoms theſe the later plow muſt ſpeed.
When firſt the cuckoo from the oak you hear,
In welcome ſounds, foretel the ſpring-time near,
If *Jove*, the plowman's friend, upon the plains,
Three days and nights, deſcends in conſtant rains,
Till on the ſurface of the glebe the tide
Riſe to that height the ox's hoof may hide,
Then may you hope your ſtore of golden grain
Shall equal his who earlyer turn'd the plain.
Obſerve, with care, the precepts I impart,
And may they never wander from thy heart;

of *Arcturus* and *Capricorn*, is the ſummer ſolſtice, of one hundred and twenty four days. From the riſing of *Arcturus* and *Capricorn*, to the ſeting of the *Pleïades* and *Orion*, is the autumn *æquinox*, of fifty ſix days. From the ſeting of the *Pleïades* and *Orion*, to the ſeting of *Sagitta*, and the riſing of *Equus*, is the winter ſolſtice of an hundred days. *Tzetz.*

Then

Then ſhall you know the ſhow'rs what ſeaſons bring,
And what the buſ'neſs of the painted ſpring.
In that bleak, and dead, ſeaſon of the year,
When naked all the woods, and fields, appear,
When nature lazy for a while remains,
And the blood almoſt freezes in the veins,
Avoid the public forge where wretches fly
Th' inclement rigour of the winter ſky:

Thither

§ 164. *Avoid the public forge &c.*] *Grævius* changes the common *Latin* tranſlation of this paſſage, *Aneam ſedem*, into *officinam æreariam*, or, *ferrariam*, which is apparently right to all who underſtand the author. Theſe forges, with the λεσχαι, were places always open to poor people, where they uſed to ſleep. *Proclus*, in his remarks on this verſe, ſays, at one time, in *Athens*, were three hundred and ſixty of theſe public places. Θωκος is the ſame with δομος; in this ſenſe our poet uſes it in another place: Φευγειν δε σκιερες θωκας, *fly the open houſes*, or *ſhady places*; hence θωκειν ſignifys *to loiter*, or *goſſip in any place*; and hence θωκει, καθηſθαι, and ομιλεῖ, become ſynonimous. *Dicæarchus* gives this character of the *Athenians*, a people, ſays he, much inclined to vain prating, a lurking, ſycophantic, crew, very inquiſitive after the affairs of other people. Thus much from *Grævius*. Theſe places, in one ſenſe, are not unlike the *tonſtrinæ*, or barbers-ſhops, of the *Romans*, where all the idle people aſſembled; which were once remarkable, and are now in ſeveral places, among us, for being the rendezvous of idle folks. In this ſenſe *Friſius* ſeems to take this paſſage: *fabrorum vitato focos, nugaſque calentes*, &c. This ſame cuſtom of loitering, and goſſiping, at a barber's ſhop, was notorious too at *Athens*, as we may learn from the *Plutus* of *Ariſtophanes*.

Thither behold the ſlothful vermin ſtray,
And there in idle talk conſume the day;
Half-ſtarv'd they ſit, in evil conſult join'd,
And, indolent, with hope buoy up their mind;
Hope that is never to the hungry kind!
Labour in ſeaſon to encreaſe thy ſtore,
And never let the winter find thee poor:
Thy ſervants all employ till ſummer's paſs'd,
For tell them ſummer will not always laſt.
The month all hurtful to the lab'ring kine,
In part devoted to the god of wine,

Demands

Οὐ πεισομαι
Και τοι λογος γ' ην, νη τ' Ηρακλεα, πολυς
Επι τοισι κουρειοισι των καθημενων.

By Hercules, *I would not believe it, if it was the common talk among the idle fellows, in the barbers-ſhops.*

The laſt part of this note, from *Ariſtophanes*, by Mr. *Theobald*.

ỳ 175. *The month all hurtful* &c.] Here begins a lively and poetical deſcription. The coming of the north wind, the effect it has on the land, water, woods, man, and beaſt, is naturally, and beautyfully, painted. The incidents of the ſheep, and the virgin, are ridiculed, by Mr. *Addiſon*, in his eſſay on the *Georgic*, as mean. I muſt beg leave to diſſent from that great writer. The repreſentation of their comfortable condition ſerves to enliven the picture of the diſtreſs of the other creatures, who are more expoſed to the inclemency of the weather. All this is carryed on with great judgement; the poet goes not out of the country for images; he tells us not of the havoc that is made in towns by ſtorms. That of

Demands your utmoſt care; when raging forth,
O'er the wide ſeas, the tyrant of the north,
Bellowing thro *Thrace*, tears up the lofty woods,
Hardens the earth, and binds the rapid floods.
The mountain oak, high tow'ring to the ſkys,,
Torn from his root acroſs the valley lys;
Wide ſpreading ruin threatens all the ſhore,
Loud groans the earth, and all the foreſts roar:
And now the beaſt amaz'd, from him that reigns
Lord of the woods to thoſe which graze the plains,
Shiv'ring the piercing blaſt, affrighted, flys,
And guards his tender tail betwixt his thighs.
Now nought avails the roughneſs of the bear,
The ox's hide, nor the goat's length of hair,
Rich in their fleece, alone the well cloath'd fold
Dread not the bluſt'ring wind, nor fear the cold.
The man, who could erect ſupport his age,
Now bends reluctant to the north-wind's rage:
From accidents like theſe the tender maid,
Free and ſecure, of ſtorms nor winds afraid,

of the *Polypus* is a very proper circumſtance, and not foreign to a rural deſcription. *Valla* and *Friſius* differ in their names of this month; one will have it to be *December*, and the other *January*: be it either of which, it is plain from hence it was the month in which the *Greeks* celebrated the feaſt of *Bacchus*, HESIOD calls it Ληναιων, from one of the names of that deity.

Lives, nurtur'd chaſt beneath her mother's Eye,
Unhurt, unſully'd, by the winter's ſky;
Or now to bathe her lovely limbs ſhe goes,
Now round the fair the fragrant ointment flows;
Beneath the virtuous roof ſhe ſpends the nights,
Stranger to golden *Venus*, and her rites.
Now does the boneleſs *Polypus*, in rage,
Feed on his feet, his hunger to aſſwage;
The ſun no more, bright ſhining in the day,
Directs him in the flood to find his prey;
O'er ſwarthy nations while he fiercely gleams,
Greece feels the pow'r but of his fainter beams.
Now all things have a diff'rent face below;
The beaſts now ſhiver at the falling ſnow;
Thro woods, and thro the ſhady vale, they run
To various haunts, the pinching cold to ſhun;
Some to the thicket of the foreſt flock,
And ſome, for ſhelter, ſeek the hollow rock.

℣ 203. *Now does the boneleſs* &c.] The original, which I have tranſlated *Polypus* from the example of every *Latin* verſion, and commentator, is ἀνοστος, which ſignifys any thing that is *boneleſs*. The Scholiaſt tells us, from *Pliny* book 9, the *Polypus* in the ſevere winter ſeaſons keeps in his cave, and gnaws his feet, thro hunger; and *Tzetzes* ſays many of them have been found with maimed feet. From theſe accounts we may reaſonably conclude what *Heſiod* calls ἀνοστος to be the ſame fiſh.

A winter

A winter garment now demands your care,
To guard the body from th' inclement air;
Soft be the inward veſt, the outward ſtrong,
And large to wrap you warm, down reaching long:
Thin lay your warf, when you the loom prepare,
And cloſe to weave the woof no labour ſpare.
The rigour of the day a man defys,
Thus cloath'd; nor ſees his hairs like briſtles riſe.
Next for your feet the well hair'd ſhoes provide,
Hairy within, of a ſound ox's hide.
A kid's ſoft ſkin over your ſhoulders throw,
Unhurt to keep you from the rain or ſnow;
And for your head a well made cov'ring get,
To keep your ears ſafe from the cold and wet.

ỳ 215. *A winter garment* &c.] Here is a deſcription of the old *Greecian* habit for men in winter. The ſoft tunic is an under garment, the other a ſort of a looſe coat to wrap round the body, which he informs you how to make. The warf is that part of the loom, when ſet, which the ſhuttle goes thro; the woof is the thread which comes from the ſhuttle in weaving. To keep the neck warm he adviſes to throw the ſkin of ſome beaſt croſs the ſhoulders. The covering for the head was a thick cap, which came quite over the ears. From his mentioning nothing elſe in particular, we may imagine the ſhoes compleated the dreſs. *Le Clerc*, on this place, merryly obſerves, that the earneſt directions for making the winter dreſs favour very much of old age in the poet: but I muſt beg leave to remark that ſome allowance is to be made for the bad clime of his country, of which we find himſelf giving a wretched character.

When o'er the plains the north exerts his ſway,
From his ſharp blaſts piercing begins the day;
Then from the ſky the morning dews deſcend,
And fruitful o'er the happy lands extend.
The waters by the winds convey'd on high,
From living ſtreams, in early dew-drops ly
Bright on the graſs; but if the north-wind ſwells,
With rage, and thick and ſable clouds compels,
They fall in ev'ning ſtorms upon the plain:
And now from ev'ry part, the lab'ring ſwain
Foreſees the danger of the coming rain;
Leaving his work, panting behold him ſcow'r
Homeward, inceſſant to outrun the ſhow'r.
This month commands your care, of all the year,
Alike to man and beaſt, the moſt ſevere:
The ox's provender be ſtinted now;
But plenteous meals the huſbandman allow;
For

℣ 233. *The waters by the winds* &c.] Hence we may learn the opinion of the antients concerning the dew. Says *Tzetzes*, a cloud contracted from humid vapours extenuates into wind: if the vapours are thin they deſcend in dew; but, if thick, they condenſe, and fall in rain.

I ſhall recommend to thoſe who would inform themſelves better in the nature of theſe bodys, and how they act on each other, Dr. WOODWARD's *Natural Hiſtory of the Earth*, in the third part of which theſe ſubjects are judiciouſly treated of.

℣ 244. *The ox's provender* &c.] The reaſon the Scholiaſt gives for ſtinting the provender of the oxen, at this

For the long nights but tedious paſs away.
Theſe rules obſerve while night ſucceeds the day,
Long as our common parent, earth ſhall bring
Her various offſprings forth to grace the ſpring.
When, from the tropic of the winter's ſun,
Thrice twenty days and nights their courſe have run,
And when *Arcturus* leaves the main to riſe
A ſtar, bright ſhining in the ev'ning ſkys,
Then prune the vine: 'tis dang'rous to delay
Till with complaints the ſwallow breaks the day.

this time, is becauſe the days are at the ſhorteſt; therefore they are not kep'd ſo much to labour as in ſome other parts of the year, but they ſleep moſt of their time away, and therefore are recruited by reſt. The caſe is not the ſame with the huſbandmen; their labour is not leſſened, and they require the more food, the more rigorous the weather.

℣ 250. *When, from the tropic* &c.] The ſeting of the *Pleïades* is from the eighth of *October* to the ninth of *December*. The winter ſolſtice continues an hundred days after; and, according to the poet, *Arcturus* riſes ſixty days after the winter ſolſtice. The uſe of pruning the vines, at this time, muſt be to cut off the leaves which ſhade the grapes from the ſun.

℣ 255. *Till with complaints* &c.] The poet calls it πανδιονις χελιδων, alluding to the ſtory of *Progne*, and *Philomela*, the daughters of *Pandion* king of *Athens*; the latter of which was marryed to *Tereus* king of *Thrace*, who was in love with her ſiſter *Progne*, whom he debauched, and afterwards cut out her tongue. She was turned into a ſwallow. The ſtory is told at large by *Ovid*, in his *Metamorphoſes*, book 6.

When

When with their domes the ſlow-pac'd ſnails retreat,
Beneath ſome foliage, from the burning heat
Of the *Pleïades*, your tools prepare;
The ripen'd harveſt then demands your care.
Now fly the jocund ſhades, your morning ſleep,
And conſtant to their work your ſervants keep;
All other pleaſures to your duty yield;
The harveſt calls, haſte early to the field.
The morning workman always beſt ſucceeds;
The morn the reaper, and the trav'ler, ſpeeds:
But when the thiſtle wide begins to ſpread,
And rears in triumph his offenſive head,

When

℣ 256. *When with their domes* &c.] The *Greek* word, which I have tranſlated *ſnails*, is φερεοικος, which literally ſignifys any animal that carrys its houſe about with it. The poet here ſays it is time to begin the harveſt, when the ground is ſo exceſſive hot that the ſnail, or φερεοικος, cannot bear it.

℣ 269. *The graſshopper* &c.] It is remarkable that *Virgil*, and other *Latin* poets, generally uſe the epithet *rauca* to *Cicada*; whereas the *Greeks* deſcribe the τεττιξ as a muſical creature, — Τεττιγος επει τογε φερτερον αδεις.

Theoc. Idyl. 1.

You ſing ſweeter than a graſshopper.

Μακαριζομεν σε, τεττιξ,
Οτι δενδρεων επ' ακρων,
Ολιγην δροσον πεπωκως,
Βασιλευς οπως, αειδεις. Anacreon.

Graſshopper, we hail thee bleſs'd,
In thy loſty ſhady neſt,

Happy

When in the ſhady boughs, with quiv'ring wings,
The graſhopper all day continual ſings,

The

Happy, merry, as a king,
Siping dew, you ſip and ſing.

We have a fuller deſcription of this creature in the *ſhield of* HERCULES:

The ſeaſon when the graſshopper begun
To welcome with his ſong the ſummer ſun;
With his black wings he flys the melting day
Beneath the ſhade, his ſeat a verdant ſpray;
He early with the morn exerts his voice,
Him mortals hear, and as they hear rejoice;
All day they hear him from his cool retreat;
The tender dew his drink, the dew his meat.

I muſt here take notice that the graſshopper, in the original, is ηχετα τετλιξ.

* *The greek poets, agreeing thus in their deſcription of this creature, give me reaſon to believe the common tranſlation of this word into* Cicada *is falſe.* Henry Stephens, *and others, give us an account of the* Cicada, *and* Acheta, *the latter of which, ſay they, is the ſinger* *. The following collection, concerning this creature, by Mr. *Theobald.* The ηχετα τετλιξ, or male ſinging graſshopper, has ſuch propertys aſcribed to it, by the antients, as ought to leave us greatly in doubt whether it could be the ſame animal which we now call by that name. I will ſubjoin what I have met with in authors concerning it, and think the contents of ſuch extracts may ſtand for reaſons. *Heſiod*, *Anacreon*, *Theocritus*, *Ariſtophanes*, &c. all concur to celebrate the ſweetneſs of its note: and the old Scholiaſt upon *Ariſtophanes* particularly acquaints us that the *Athenians*, of the moſt early times, wore golden graſshoppers in their hair; becauſe, being a muſical animal, it was ſacred to *Apollo* who was one of their tutelar deitys. I can remember but a ſingle paſſage, that contains any

The ſeaſon when the dog reſumes his reign, 270
Weakens the nerves of man and burns the brain,
Then

thing ſpoken in derogation of the melody of the τεττιξ, and that is from *Simonides*, as quoted by *Athenæus*. Ταν αμελγοι τεττιγες. Lib. 15. cap. 8. *Caſaubon* renders it, *Quam cicadæ modorum neſciæ*, and tells us that the τεττιγες here ſtand for *bad poets*, or *bad ſingers*. The utmoſt talent, I think, of our graſshoppers now known, is an acute, but not over grateful, chirping.

Ælian, in particular, *de animal.* inſtances, among the preferences that nature gives to the male ſex in animals, the ſinging of the male graſshoppers: and, in another place, he ſeems to rank them with birds; for all the other birds that are vocal, ſays he, expreſs their ſound, like man, with the mouth; but the tone of the τεττιξ is by the verberation of a little membrane about the loins.

Ariſtotle does not give us much light upon the queſtion: he ſays, περι ζωων, lib. 5. there are two ſorts of τεττιγες, a larger, and a ſmaller ſort, that the large and vocal ſpecies were called αχεται, but the ſmall τεττιγονια, and ſubjoins, that no τεττιγες are to be found, where no trees are; a point that will preſently fall under conſideration.

But we learn ſomething farther from *Ælian*, *de animal.* lib. 12. that theſe τεττιγες were not only more vocal than what are now met with, but of a ſize big enough to be ſold for food; that there was likewiſe a ſea-graſshopper, if we are to call it ſo, of the bigneſs of a ſmall crab or cray-fiſh, which made ſome noiſe when ever it was taken. *Ib.* 13. Theſe, indeed, were ſeldom made uſe of for food, by reaſon of a ſingular ſuperſtition: for the *Serephians* payed them ſuch uncommon homage, as to bury, and weep over, any of them which dyed, becauſe they eſteemed them ſacred to *Perſeus* the ſon of *Jupiter*: there is another circumſtance, aſſerted by a number of authors, in which the τεττιγες differed from our

graſs-

Then the fat fleſh of goats is wholeſome food,
And to the heart the gen'rous wine is good;

Then

graſshoppers, and that is, of their ſiting and ſinging in trees. It is evident, ſays *Euſtathius, ad Iliad.* 3. that the τεττιγες ſing aloft; for a great part of their ſongs come from the branches of trees, and not from the ground. This neceſſaryly brings me to remember, ſays he, that ſymbolical threatning, which a certain prince ſent to his enemys, that he would make their τεττιγες ſing on the ground; meaning, that he would cut down their trees, and lay their country waſte: *Ariſtotle* περι ρητορικης, and *Demetrius* περι ερμηνειας, both record this expreſſion, but aſcribe it to different perſons: and that may be the reaſon *Euſtathius* names no particular perſon for it: nor did theſe τεττιγες ſing only upon ſhrubs and buſhes, but on the tops of the moſt lofty trees. *Archias*, in his epigram, *vid. Anthol. Græc.* mentions the τεττιξ ſiting upon the green boughs of the flouriſhing pitchtree; and *Leonidas*, in another which immediately follows, gives an epithet alluding to its neſting in the oak, δρυοκοιτᾳ τεττιγι.

Laſtly, another circumſtance, in which the τεττιγες alſo differed from our graſshoppers, is, that our only hop and ſkip lightly, the other ſeem to have had a power of flying like birds. *Ælian, de animal. lib.* 5, gives us more than a ſuſpicion of this, or tells us a very ridiculous ſtory, if he did not believe it. He begins with informing us, that the τεττιγες both of *Rhegium* and *Locri*, if they were removed out of their own confines into the other, became entirely mute; a change, that nature only could account for. He ſubjoins to this, that as *Rhegium* and *Locri* are ſeparated by a ſmall river, tho the diſtance from bank to bank was not, at moſt, above an acre's breadth, theſe τεττιγες never fly over [ȣ διαπετονται] to the oppoſite bank. *Pauſanias*, Ηλιακων 2, (who gives us the name of this river, *Caecinus*,) puts a different turn upon the ſtory

Then nature thro the ſofter ſex does move,
And ſtimulates the fair to acts of love:
Then in the ſhade avoid the mid-day ſun,
Where zephyrs breathe, and living fountains run;
There paſs the ſultry hours, with friends, away,
And frolic out, in harmleſs mirth, the day;
With country cates your homely table ſpread,
The goat's new milk, and cakes of milk your bread;
The fleſh of beeves, which brouſe the trees, your meat;
Nor ſpare the tender fleſh of kids to eat;
With *Byblian* wine the rural feaſt be crown'd;
Three parts of water, let the bowl go round.

Forget

ſtory of theſe memorable τέτλιγες, that thoſe on the ſide of *Locri* were as ſhrill as any whatever, but that none of thoſe within the territorys of *Rhegium* were ever vocal. So much for graſshoppers; I thought what is mentioned by our poet, concerning the ſweetneſs of their voice, and their perching on trees, might make this note neceſſary.

ỳ 284. Byblian *wine* &c.] The Scholiaſt tells us this wine took its name from a country in *Thrace* abounding with fine wines. *Armenidas* is of the ſame opinion; and *Epicharmus* ſays it is ſo called from the *Byblian* hills. This is mentioned in the catalogue of wines which *Philinus* gives us; *viz.* the *Leſbian*, *Chian*, *Thaſian*, *Byblian*, and *Mendæan*. *Theocritus*, in his fourteenth *Idyllium*, calls it *the fine flavoured* Byblian. *Le Clerc.*

ỳ 285. *Three parts of water*, &c.] The *Greeks* never accuſtomed themſelves to drink their wine unmixed. When *Ulyſſes* parted from *Calypſo*, HOMER tells us, he took with him *one veſſel of wine, and another large one of*

Forget not, when *Orion* firſt appears,
To make your ſervants threſh the ſacred ears;
Upon the level floor the harveſt lay,
Where a ſoft gale may blow the chaff away;
Then, of your labour to compute the gain,
Before you fill the veſſels, mete the grain.
Sweep up the chaff, to make your work compleat;
The chaff, and ſtraw, the ox and mule will eat.
When in the year's proviſion you have lay'd,
Take home a ſingle man, and ſervant-maid;
Among your workmen let this care be ſhown
To one who has no manſion of his own.
Be ſure a ſharp-tooth'd cur well fed to keep,
Your houſe's guard, while you in ſafety ſleep.
The harveſt paſs'd, and thus by *Ceres* bleſs'd,
Unyoke the beaſt, and give your ſervants reſt.

of water. MENANDER ſays; τρεις ὑδατος· οἰνου δ' ἑνα μονον, *three of water; and but one of wine.* BARNES's HOMER. In the fourth book of the Iliad we find *Agamemnon* complimenting *Idomeneus* in this manner:

Tho all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.

POPE.

℣ 292. *Sweep up the chaff*, &c.] This at firſt ſeems abſurd, to adviſe to ſweep up the chaff, after they had threſhed in a place where the wind blowed it away; but we are to take notice, that the time for threſhing is when a ſoft gale blows, ſufficient only to ſeparate the chaff from the corn.

Orion

Orion and the *Dog*, each other nigh,
Together mounted to the midmoſt ſky,
When in the roſy morn *Arcturus* ſhines,
Then pluck the cluſters from the parent vines;
Forget not next the ripen'd grapes to lay
Ten nights in air, nor take them in by day;
Five more remember, 'e're the wine is made,
To let them ly, to mellow in the ſhade;
And in the ſixth briſkly yourſelf employ,
To caſk the gift of *Bacchus*, ſire of joy.
Next, in the round, do not to plow forget,
When *the ſeven virgins*, and *Orion*, ſet:
Thus an advantage always ſhall appear,
In ev'ry labour of the various year.
If o'er your mind prevails the love of gain,
And tempts you to the dangers of the main,

Yet

ℋ 302. Orion, *and the* Dog *&c.*] As the buſyneſs of agriculture is to be minded from the riſing and ſeting of the *Pleïades*, that of the vintage is from the appearance of *Arcturus*; when it appears in the evening the vines are to be pruned, and when in the morning the grapes are to be gathered. This, according to the Scholiaſt, is ſome time after the ninth of *Auguſt*.

ℋ 312. *Next, in the round*, &c.] Here the poet ends the labours of the year, ſo far as relates to the harveſt and the vintage, concluding with his firſt inſtruction founded on the ſeting of the *Pleïades*. For the ſtory of *Orion*, who was changed into a conſtellation, and the *Pleïades*, look on the note to the firſt line of this book.

ℋ 316. *If o'er your mind* &c.] The directions for the management of the veſſels, to haul them on ſhore, to block

Yet in her harbour ſafe the veſſel keep,
When ſtrong *Orion* chaces to the deep
The *virgin ſtars*; then the winds war aloud,
And veil the ocean with a ſable cloud:
Then round the bark, already haul'd on ſhore,
Lay ſtones, to fix her when the tempeſts roar;
But firſt forget not well the keel to drain;
And draw the pin to ſave her from the rain.
Furl the ſhip's wings, her tackling home convey,
And o'er the ſmoke the well made rudder lay.
With patience wait for a propitious gale,
And a calm ſeaſon to unfurl the ſail;
Then launch the ſwift wing'd veſſel on the main,
With a fit burden to return with gain.
So our poor father toil'd his hours away,
Careful to live in the unhappy day;
He, fooliſh *Perſes*, ſpent no time in vain,
But fled misfortunes thro the wat'ry plain;
He, from *Æolian Cuma*, th' ocean paſs'd,
Here, in his ſable bark, arriv'd at laſt.

Not

block them round with ſtones, to keep them ſteady, to drain the keel, *&c.* and the particular inſtructions for the voyage, ſhew their ſhips not to have been very large, nor their commerce very extenſive. The largeſt man of war, mentioned by *Homer*, in the *Greecian* fleet, carryed but one hundred and twenty men.

ỳ 336. Æolian Cuma, *&c.*] The *Æolian iſles* took their name from *Æolus* their king, who was a great mathematician,

Not far from *Helicon* he fix'd his race,
In *Aſcra*'s village, miſerable place!
How comfortleſs the winter ſeaſon there!
And cheerleſs, *Aſcra*, is thy ſummer air.
O! *Perſes*, may'ſt thou ne'er forget thy ſire,
But let thy breaſt his good example fire:
The proper bus'neſs of each ſeaſon mind;
And o! be cautious when you truſt the wind.
If large the veſſel, and her lading large,
And if the ſeas prove faithful to their charge,
Great are your gains; but, by one evil blaſt,
Away your hopes are with your venture caſt.
If diligent to live, from debtors free,
You raſhly are reſolv'd to trade by ſea,
To my inſtructions an attention pay,
And learn the courſes of the liquid way;
Tho nor to build, nor guide, a ſhip I know,
I'll teach you when the ſounding main to plow.

thematician, for his time, and ſkillful in marine affairs; for which he was afterwards called *god of the winds*. TZETZ. It is not unlikely that *Heſiod* uſed this epithet *Æolian* to diſtinguiſh this city where his father lived, from *Cuma* in *Italy*, famous for the birth of the ſybil of that name.

℣ 339. Aſcra's *village*; &c.] *Aſcra* is mountainous and windy; where the ſnow, that is on the mountains, often melts, and overflows the country. *Tzetz.*

Once

Once I have croſs'd the deep, and not before,
Nor ſince, from *Aulis* to *Eubœa*'s ſhore,
From *Aulis*, where th' aſſembled *Greeks* lay bound,
All arm'd, for *Troy*, for beauteous dames renown'd:
At *Chalcis*, there, the youth of noble mind,
For ſo their great forefather had injoin'd,
The games decreed, all ſacred to the grave
Of king *Amphidamas*, the wiſe and brave;
A victor there in ſong the prize I bore,
A well ear'd tripod, to my native ſhore;

ỳ 356. *Once I have croſs'd the deep*, &c.] When we conſider this poſitive declaration of his travels, which ſeems, as I obſerv'd before, as if he deſigned to prevent miſtakes, and that *Bœotia* and *Eubœa* are both iſlands, we cannot in the leaſt diſpute his being a *Bœotian* born.

ỳ 365. *A well ear'd tripod* &c.] The honour here payed to poetry is very great; for we find the tripod the reward only of great and conſiderable actions. *Agamemnon*, in the eighth book of the *Iliad*, ſeeing the gallant and wonderful exploits of *Teucer*, promiſes, if they take *Troy*, to give him a tripod, as the meed of his valour: and, among other things, the tripod is offer'd to *Achilles*, to regain his friendſhip, when he had left the field. * *Pauſanias, book* 5, *gives us an account of the funeral games in honour to* Pelias, *viz. the chariot-race, the quoiting the* diſcus, *the boxing with the* cœſtus, &c. *where* Jaſon, Peleus, *and other heros of the age, contended, and the victor in each had a tripod for his reward**. Tripods were for various uſes; ſome were conſecrated to the ſervice of religion, ſome uſed as ſeats, ſome as tables, and ſome as ornaments; they were ſupported on three feet, with handles to their ſides.

Which

Which to the ſacred *Heliconian* nine
I offer'd grateful for their gift divine,
Where with the love of verſe I firſt was fir'd,
Where by the heav'nly maids I was inſpir'd;
To them I owe, to them alone I owe,
What of the ſeas, or of the ſtars, I know;
Mine is the pow'r to tell, by them reveal'd,
The will of *Jove*, tremendous with his ſhield;
To them, who taught me firſt, to them belong
The blooming honours of th' immortal ſong.

When, from the tropic of the ſummer's ſun,
Full fifty days and nights their courſe have run,
Fearleſs of danger, for the voy'ge prepare,
Smooth is the ocean, and ſerene the air:
Then you the bark, ſafe with her freight, may view,
And gladſome as the day the joyful crew,
Unleſs great *Jove*, the king of gods, or he,
Neptune, that ſhakes the earth, and rules the ſea,
The two immortal pow'rs on whom the end
Of mortals, good and bad, alike depend,

✻ 383. Neptune, *that ſhakes the earth*, &c.] *Neptune* is called *earth-ſhaker*, becauſe water, according to the opinion of the antients, is the cauſe of earthquakes. *Tzetz.* Here the names of *Jupiter*, and *Neptune*, can be uſed with no other but a phyſical meaning, that is, for the air, and the ſea; ſo the end of mariners are juſtly ſayed to be in the hands of *Jupiter* and *Neptune*.

Should

Should jointly, or alone, their force employ,
And, in a luckleſs hour, the ſhip deſtroy:
If, free from ſuch miſchance, the veſſel flys,
O'er a calm ſea, beneath indulgent ſkys,
Let nothing long thee from thy home detain,
But meaſure, quickly, meaſure back the main.
Haſte your return before the vintage paſs'd,
Prevent th' autumnal ſhow'rs, and ſouthern blaſt,
Or you, too late a penitent, will find
A ruffel'd ocean, and unfriendly wind.
Others there are who chuſe to hoiſt the ſail,
And plow the ſea, before a ſpring-tide gale,
When firſt the footſteps of the crow are ſeen,
Clearly as on the trees the buding green:
But then, may my advice prevail, you'll keep
Your veſſel ſafe at land, nor truſt the deep;
Many, ſurpriſing weakneſs of the mind,
Tempt all the perils of the ſea and wind,
Face death in all the terrors of the main,
Seeking, the ſoul of wretched mortals, gain.
Would'ſt thou be ſafe, my cautions be thy guide;
'Tis ſad to periſh in the boyſtrous tide.
When for the voy'ge your veſſel leaves the ſhore,
Truſt in her hollow ſides not half your ſtore;
The leſs your loſs ſhould ſhe return no more:
With all your ſtock how diſmal would it be
To have the cargo periſh in the ſea!

A load, you know, too pond'rous for the wain,
Will cruſh the axeltree, and ſpoil the grain.
Let ev'ry action prove a mean confeſs'd;
A moderation is, in all, the beſt.

Next to my counſels an attention pay,
To form your judgement for the nuptial day.
When you have number'd thrice ten years in time,
The age mature when manhood dates his prime,
With caution chooſe the partner of your bed:
Whom fifteen ſprings have crown'd, a virgin wed.
Let prudence now direct your choice; a wife
Is or a bleſſing, or a curſe, in life;
Her father, mother, know, relations, friends,
For on her education much depends:
If all are good accept the maiden bride;
Then form her manners, and her actions guide:

℣ 419. *When you have number'd* &c.] The reaſon the *Spartan* lawgiver gave for adviſing men not to marry till ſuch an age, was becauſe the children ſhould be ſtrong and vigorous. *Heſiod*'s advice, both for the age of the man and the woman, ſeems to be reaſonably grounded. A man at thirty is certainly as ſtrong in his underſtanding as ever he can be; ſo far at leaſt as will ſerve him to conduct his family affairs. A maid of fifteen comes freſh from the care of her parents, without any tincture of the temper of another man; a prudent huſband therefore may form her mind according to his own: for this reaſon he would have her a virgin, knowing likewiſe that the impreſſion a woman receives from a firſt love is not eaſyly eraſed.

A life of bliſs ſucceeds the happy choice;
Nor ſhall your friends lament, nor foes rejoice.
Wretched the man condemn'd to drag the chain,
What reſtleſs ev'nings his, what days of pain!
Of a luxurious mate, a wanton dame,
That ever burns with an inſatiate flame,
A wife who ſeeks to revel out the nights
In ſumptuous banquets, and in ſtol'n delights:
Ah! wretched mortal! tho in body ſtrong,
Thy conſtitution cannot ſerve thee long;
Old age vexatious ſhall o'ertake thee ſoon;
Thine is the ev'n of life before the noon.

Obſerve in all you do, and all you ſay,
Regard to the immortal gods to pay.

Firſt in your friendſhip let your brother ſtand,
So nearly join'd in blood, the ſtricteſt band;
Or ſhould another be your heart's ally,
Let not a fault of thine diſſolve the ty;
Nor e'er debaſe the friendſhip with a ly.
Should he, offenſive, or in deed, or ſpeech,
Firſt in the ſacred union make the breach,
To puniſh him may your reſentments tend;
For who more guilty than a faithleſs friend!
But if, repentant of his breach of truſt,
The ſelf-accuſer thinks your vengeance juſt,
And humbly begs you would no more complain,
Sink your reſentments, and be friends again;

Or the poor wretch, all ſorrowful to part,
Sighs for another friend to eaſe his heart.
Whatever rage your boiling heart ſuſtains,
Let not the face diſcloſe your inward pains.
Be your companions o'er the ſocial bowl
The few ſelected, each a virtuous ſoul.
Never a friend among the wicked go,
Nor ever join to be the good man's foe.
When you behold a man by fortune poor,
Let him not leave with ſharp rebukes the door:
The treaſure of the tongue, in ev'ry cauſe,
With moderation us'd, obtains applauſe:
What of another you ſeverely ſay
May amply be return'd another day.
When you are ſummon'd to the public feaſt,
Go with a willing mind a ready gueſt;
Grudge not the charge, the burden is but ſmall;
Good is the cuſtom, and it pleaſes all.
When the libation of black wine you bring,
A morning off'ring to the heav'nly king,

With

℣ 474. *When the libation* &c.] *Hector* uſes almoſt the ſame words in which this precept is layed down;

Χερσι δ' ανιπτοισιν δι λειβειν αιθοπα οινον
Αζομαι. Il. z.

I am afraid to pour the libation of black wine to JOVE *with unwaſhed hands.*

I quote

With hands unclean if you prefer the pray'r,
Jove is incens'd, your vows are loſs'd in air;
So all th' immortal pow'rs on whom we call,
If with polluted hands, are deaf to all.

When you would have your urine paſs away,
Stand not upright before the eye of day;
And ſcatter not your water as you go;
Nor let it, when you're naked, from you flow:
In either caſe 'tis an unſeemly ſight:
The gods obſerve alike by day and night:
The man that we devout and wiſe may call
Sits in that act, or ſtreams againſt a wall.

Whate'er you do in amorous delight,
Be all tranſacted in the veil of night;
And when, tranſported, to your wife's embrace
You haſte, pollute no conſecrated place;

Nor

I quote this, as I have other paſſages with the ſame view, only to ſhew that the ſame cuſtom was held ſacred in the time of the *Trojan* wars, according to *Homer*, as in the days of *Heſiod*.

℣ 480. *When you would* &c.] Some of the commentators, and *Tzetzes* among the reſt, would perſuade us, that the poet had a ſecret meaning in each of theſe ſuperſtitious precepts, and that they are not to be took literally, but as ſo many allegorys. In anſwer to them, we may as well imagine all the *Talmud*, and *Levitical* laws, to be the ſame. They might as well have ſayed, that the poet would not have us piſs towards the ſun for fear we ſhould hurt our eyes. I know not whether theſe and the

Nor ſeek to taſte her beautys when you part
From a ſad fun'ral with a heavy heart:
When from the joyous feaſt you come all gay,
In her fair arms revel the night away.
When to the rivulet to bathe you go,
Whoſe lucid currents, never ceaſing, flow,
'E're, to deface the ſtream, you leave the land,
With the pure limpid waters cleanſe each hand;
Then on the lovely ſurface fix your look,
And ſupplicate the guardians of the brook:
Who in the river thinks himſelf ſecure,
With malice at his heart, and hands impure,
Too late a penitent, ſhall find, 'e're-long,
By what the gods inflict, his raſhneſs wrong.
When to the gods your ſolemn vows you pay,
Strictly attend while at the feaſt you ſtay;
Nor the black iron to your hands apply,
From the freſh parts to pare the uſeleſs dry.

following precepts favour moſt of the age of the poet, or of the poet's old age.

ỳ 492. *Nor ſeek to taſte* &c. This doubtleſs is a part of the ſuperſtition of the age, tho the Scholiaſt would give us a phyſical reaſon for abſtinence at that time; which is, leſt the melancholy of the mind ſhould affect the fruit of the enjoyment. Indeed the next lines ſeem to favour this conjecture; and perhaps the poet endeavoured, while he was laying down a religious precept, to ſtrengthen it by philoſophy.

The bowl, from which you the libation pour
To heav'n, profane not in the ſocial hour:
Who things devote to vulgar uſe employ,
Thoſe men ſome dreadful vengeance ſhall deſtroy.
Never begin to build a manſion ſeat,
Unleſs you're ſure to make the work compleat;
Leſt, on th' unfiniſh'd roof high perch'd, the crow
Croak horrid, and foretel approaching woe.
'Tis hurtful in the footed jar to eat,
Till purify'd: nor in it bathe your feet.
Who in a ſlothful way his children rears,
Will ſee them feeble in their riper years.
Never by acts effeminate diſgrace
Yourſelf, nor bathe your body in the place
Where women bathe; for time and cuſtom can
Soften your heart to acts beneath a man.
When on the ſacred rites you fix your eyes,
Deride not, in your breaſt, the ſacrifice;
For know, the god, to whom the flames aſpire,
May puniſh you ſeverely in his ire.
Sacred the fountains, and the ſeas, eſteem,
Nor by indecent acts pollute their ſtream.
Theſe precepts keep, fond of a virtuous name,
And ſhun the loud reports of evil fame:

ỳ 530. *Sacred the fountains*, &c. Theſe verſes are rejected by *Plutarch*, whoſe authority *Proclus* makes uſe of, as not of our poet. *Guietus*.

Fame is an ill you may with eaſe obtain,
A ſad oppreſſion to be borne with pain;
And when you would the noiſy clamours drown,
You'll find it hard to lay your burden down:
Fame, of whatever kind, not wholly dys,
A goddeſs ſhe, and ſtrengthens as ſhe flys.

The end of the ſecond BOOK.

WORKS

WORKS

AND

DAYS.

BOOK III.

WORKS *and* DAYS.

BOOK III.

The *ARGUMENT.*

THE poet here diſtinguiſhes holy days from other, and what are propitious, and what not, for different works, and concludes with a ſhort recommendation of religion and morality.

WORKS *and* DAYS.

*BOOK III.

YOUR ſervants to a juſt obſervance train
Of days, as Heav'n and human rites ordain;
Great *Jove*, with wiſdom, o'er the year preſides,
Directs the ſeaſons, and the moments guides.

Of

* The precepts layed down in this book, concerning the difference of days, from the motion of the moon, ſeem to be founded partly on nature, and partly on the ſuperſtition of the times in which they were writ. The whole is but a ſort of an almanac in verſe, and affords little room for poetry. Our author, I think, has jumbled his days too negligently together; which confuſion *Valla*, in his tranſlation, has prevented, by ranging the days in proper ſucceſſion; a liberty I was fearful to take, as a tranſlator, becauſe almoſt every line muſt have been tranſpoſed from the original diſpoſition: I have therefore, at the end of the notes, drawn a table of days, in their ſucceſſive order.

ỳ 1. *Your ſervants* &c.] That is, teach them how to diſtinguiſh lucky days from other. It was cuſtomary, among the *Romans*, to hang up tables wherein the fortunate and unfortunate days were marked, as appears from *Petronius*, Chap. 30. *Le Clerc.*

ỳ 3. *Great* Jove, *with wiſdom*, &c.] *Jove* may be ſayed to preſide over the year naturally from the motion

Of ev'ry month, the moſt propitious day,
The thirtyth chooſe, your labours to ſurvey;
And the due wages to your ſervants pay.
The firſt of ev'ry moon we ſacred deem,
Alike the fourth throughout the year eſteem;
And in the ſeventh *Apollo* we adore,
In which the golden god *Latona* bore;
Two days ſucceeding theſe extend your cares,
Uninterrupted, in your own affairs;

of the celeſtial bodys in the heavens, or religiouſly from his divine adminiſtration.

ỳ 10. —— *in the ſeventh* &c.] *Tzetzes* endeavours to account for *Apollo* being born in the ſeventh day by arguments from nature, making him the ſame with the ſun; which error *Valla* has run into in his tranſlation. The miſtake is very plain if we have recourſe to the *Theogony*; where the poet makes *Latona* bring forth *Apollo*, and *Artemis* or *Diana*, to *Jove*, and in the ſame poem makes the *Sun* and *Moon* ſpring from *Thia* and *Hyperion*: HESIOD therefore mean'd it no otherwiſe than the birth-day of one of their imaginary gods. He tells us alſo the firſt, fourth, and twentyeth, of ev'ry month are holy days; but he gives us no reaſon for their being ſo. If a conjecture may be allowed, I think it not unlikely but the firſt may be the feaſt of the new moon; which day was always held ſacred by the *Jews*; in which the people ceaſed from buſyneſs. *When will the new moon be gone, that we may ſell corn.* AMOS chap. 8. ver 5: but *Le Clerc* will not allow ιερον ημαρ here to be a feſtival: yet the ſame critic tells us, from *Dionyſius Petavius*, that the *Orientals*, as well as the moſt antient *Greeks*, went by the lunar month, which they cloſed with the thirtyeth day.

Nor in the next two days, but one, delay
The work in hand, the bus'neſs of the day,
Of which th' eleventh we propitious hold
To reap the corn, the twelfth to ſheer the fold;
And then behold, with her induſtrious train,
The ant, wiſe reptile, gather in the grain;
Then you may ſee, ſuſpended in the air,
The careful ſpider his domain prepare,
And while the artiſt ſpins the cobweb dome
The matron chearful plys the loom at home.
Forget not in the thirteenth to refrain
From ſowing, leſt your work ſhould prove in vain;
Tho then the grain may find a barren ſoil,
The day is grateful to the planter's toil:
Not ſo the ſixteenth to the planter's care;
A day unlucky to the new-born fair,
Alike unhappy to the marry'd then;
A day propitious to the birth of men:

℣ 18. ——*behold, with her* &c.] The poet here makes the ant, and the ſpider, ſenſible of the days; and indeed *Tzetzes* is of opinion that the ant is a creature capable of diſtinction from a ſenſe of the winds, and the influence of the moon; he likewiſe tells us, from *Pliny*, that the ants employ themſelves all the time of the full of the moon, and ceaſe at the change.

℣ 24. *Forget not in the* &c.] *Melanthon* and *Friſius* tell us it is wrong to ſow at this time of the lunar month, becauſe of the exceſſive moiſture, which is hurtful to the corn-ſeed, and advantageous to plants juſt planted.

The

The ſixth the ſame both to the man and maid;
Then ſecret vows are made and nymphs betray'd;
The fair by ſoothing words are captives led;
The goſſip's tale is told, detraction ſpread;
The kid to caſtrate, and the ram, we hold
Propitious now; alike to pen the fold.
Geld in the eighth the goat, and lowing ſteer;
Nor in the twelfth to geld the mule-colt fear.
The offspring male born in the twenty'th prize,
'Tis a great day, he ſhall be early wiſe.
Happy the man-child in the tenth day born;
Happy the virgin in the fourteenth morn;
Then train the mule obedient to your hand,
And teach the ſnarling cur his lord's command;
Then make the bleating flocks their maſter know,
And bend the horned oxen to the plow.
What in the twenty-fourth you do beware;
And the fourth day requires an equal care;
Then, then, be circumſpect in all your ways,
Woes, complicated woes, attend the days.
When, reſolute to change a ſingle life,
You wed, on the fourth day lead home your wife;
But firſt obſerve the feather'd race that fly,
Remarking well the happy augury.

The

† 54. *Obſerve the feather'd race* &c.] I tranſlate it, *the feather'd race that fly*, to diſtinguiſh what kind of augury

The fifths of ev'ry month your care require,
Days full of trouble, and afflictions dire;
For then the furys take their round, 'tis ſay'd,
And heap their vengeance on the perjur'd head.
In the ſev'nteenth prepare the level floor;
And then of *Ceres* threſh the ſacred ſtore;
In the ſame day, and when the timber's good,
Fell, for the bedpoſt, and the ſhip, the wood.
The veſſel, ſuff'ring by the ſea and air,
Survey all o'er, and in the fourth repair.
In the nineteenth 'tis better to delay,
Till afternoon, the bus'neſs of the day.
Uninterrupted in the ninth purſue
The work in hand, a day propitious thro;

augury the poet means. *Tzetzes* tells us, two crows, the halcyon or king-fiſher, the dark coloured hern, a ſingle turtle, and a ſwallow, *&c.* are inauſpicious; the peacock, and ſuch birds as do no miſchief, auſpicious. I ſuppoſe he does not place the turtle as one of the miſchievous kind, but would have the misfortune be in ſeeing but one.

℣ 60. *In the ſev'nteenth prepare* &c.] He adviſes to threſh the corn at the time of the full of the moon, becauſe the air is dryer than at other times; and the corn that is ſacked, or put up in veſſels, while dry, will keep the longer, but if the grain is moiſt it will ſoon grow mouldy and uſeleſs.

In the preceding book the poet tells us the proper month to fell wood in, and in this the proper day of the month. *Melanchon* and *Friſius.*

Them-

Themſelves the planters proſp'rous then employ;
To either ſex, in birth, a day of joy.
The twentyninth is beſt, obſerve the rule,
Known but to few, to yoke the ox and mule;
'Tis proper then to yoke the flying ſteed;
But few, alas! theſe wholeſome truths can read;
Then you may fill the caſk, nor fill in vain;
Then draw the ſwift ſhip to the ſable main.
To pierce the caſk till the fourteenth delay,
Of all moſt ſacred next the twenty'th day;
After the twenty'th day few of the reſt
We ſacred deem, of that the morn is beſt.
Theſe are the days of which th' obſervance can
Bring great advantage to the race of man;
The reſt unnam'd indiff'rent paſs away,
And nought important marks the vulgar day:
Some one commend, and ſome another praiſe,
But moſt by gueſs, for few are wiſe in days:
One cruel as a ſtepmother we find,
And one as an indulgent mother kind.
O! happy mortal, happy he, and bleſs'd,
Whoſe wiſdom here is by his acts confeſs'd;

ℽ 92. *Who lives all blameleſs* &c.] It is worth obſerving that the poet begins and ends his poem with piety towards the gods; the only way to make ourſelves acceptable to whom, ſays he, is by adhering to religion, and, to uſe the phraſe of ſcripture, by eſchewing evil.

Who

Who lives all blameleſs to immortal eyes,
Who prudently conſults the augurys,
Nor, by tranſgreſſion, works his neighbour pain,
Nor ever gives him reaſon to complain.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

On the antient

GREEK MONTH.

I Believe it will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the following table, to ſet in a clear light the antient *Greek* month, as we may reaſonably conclude it ſtood in the days of *Heſiod*, confining ourſelves to the laſt book of his *Works* and *Days*.

The poet makes the month contain thirty days, which thirty days he divides into three parts: the firſt he calls ἱσαμενε, or ἱσαμενε μηνος, in the genitive caſe, becauſe of ſome other word which is commonly joined requiring it to be of that caſe; the root of which, ἱστημι or ἱσαω, ſignifys *I erect*, *I ſet up*, *I ſettle*, &c. and *Henry Stephens* interprets the words ἱσαμενε μηνος *ineunte menſe*, the entrance of the month, in which ſenſe the poet uſes them; which entrance is the firſt decade, or firſt ten days. The ſecond he calls μεσσυντος, which is from μησσω, *I am in the midſt*, meaning the middle decade of the month. The third part he calls φθινοντος, from φθινω, which is from φθιω, or φθεω, *I waſte away*, meaning the decline, or laſt decade, of the month. Sometimes theſe words are uſed in the nominative caſe.

Before I leave theſe remarks I ſhall ſhew the manner of expreſſion, of one day, in each decade, from the laſt book of our poet, which will give a clear idea of all.

Εκ]η δ' η μεση μαλ' ασυμφορος εστι φυτοισιν.

Ver. 18.

The middle ſixth is unprofitable to plants.

That is the ſixth day of the middle decade.

περφυλαξο δε θυμῳ

Τετ]ρας δ' αλευασθαι φθινον]ος θ' ισαμενῳ τε.

Ver. 33.

Keep in your mind to ſhun the fourth of the entrance, and end, of the month. That is the fourth of the entrance, or firſt decade, and the fourth of the end, or laſt decade.

It is proper to obſerve that thoſe days which are blanks are, by our poet, called indifferent days, days of no importance, either good or bad. It is likewiſe remarkable, that he makes ſome days both holy days and working days, as the fourth, fourteenth, and twentyeth: but, to clear this, *Le Clerc* tells us, from our learned countryman *Selden*, that ιερον ημαρ, tho literally a *holy day*, does not always ſignify a feſtival, but often a day propitious to us in our undertakings.

A

TABLE

Of the antient

GREEK MONTH,

As in the laſt BOOK of the *Works* and *Days* of HESIOD.

DECADE I.

1. Day of decade I. Holy day.
2.
3.
4. Holy day. Propitious for marriage, and for repairing ſhips. A day of troubles.
5. In which the furys take their round.
6. Unhappy for the birth of women. Propitious for the birth of men, for gelding the kid, and the ram, and for pening the ſheep.
7. The birthday of *Apollo*. A holy day.
8. Geld the goat, and the ſteer.
9. Propitious quite thro. Happy for the birth of both ſexes. A day to plant in.
10. Propitious to the birth of men.

DECADE II.

1. Day of decade II, or 11th of the month. To reap.
2. For women to ply the loom, for the men to ſheer the ſheep, and geld the mule.
3. A day to plant in, and not to ſow.
4. Propitious for the birth of women. Break the mule, and the ox. Teach your dog, and your ſheep, to know you. Pierce the caſk. A holy day.
5.
6. A day unlucky for the marriage, and birth, of women. Propitious for the birth of men, and to plant.
7. Threſh the corn, and fell the wood.
8.
9. Luckyeſt in the afternoon.
10. Happy for the birth of men. Moſt propitious in the morning. A holy day.

DECADE III.

1. Day of decade III, or 21ſt of the month.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9. Yoke the ox, the mule, and the horſe. Fill the veſſels. Launch the ſhip.
10. Look over the buſyneſs of the whole month; and pay the ſervants their wages.

Thoſe days which are called holy days *in the Table are, in the original,* ιερον ημαρ.

The end of the third BOOK.

A

VIEW

OF THE

WORKS *and* DAYS.

Sect. I. *The introduction.*

NOW we have gone thro the *Works* and *Days*, it may poſſibly contribute, in ſome degree, to the profit and delight of the reader to take a view of the poem as we have it delivered down to us. I ſhall firſt conſider it as an antient piece, and, in that light, enter into the merit, and eſteem, that it reaſonably obtained among the antients: the authors who have been laviſh in their commendations of it are many; the greateſt of the *Roman* writers in proſe, *Cicero*, has more

more than once expreſſed his admiration for the ſyſtem of morality contained in it; and the difference the greateſt *Latin* poet has payed to it I ſhall ſhew in my compariſon of the *Works* and *Days* with the *Latin Georgic*: nor is the encomium payed by *Ovid*, to our poet, to be paſſed over.

Vivet et Aſcræus, *dum muſtis uva tumebit*,
Dum cadet incurvâ falce reſecta Ceres.

While ſwelling cluſters ſhall the vintage ſtain,
And *Ceres* with rich crops ſhall bleſs the plain,
Th' *Aſcræan* bard ſhall in his verſe remain.

Eleg. 15. Book I.

And *Juſtin Martyr* *, one of the moſt learned fathers in the Chriſtian church, extols the *Works* and *Days* of our poet, while he expreſſes his diſlike to the *Theogony*.

Sect. 2. *Of the firſt book.*

The reaſon why our poet addreſſes to *Perſes* I have ſhewed in my notes: while he directs himſelf to his brother, he inſtructs his countrymen in all that is uſeful to know for the regulating

* In his ſecond *diſcourſe* or *cohortation* to the *Greeks*.

gulating their conduct, both in the buſyneſs of agriculture, and in their behaviour to each other. He gives us an account of the firſt ages, according to the common received notion among the *Gentiles*. The ſtory of *Pandora* has all the embelliſhments of poetry which we can find in *Ovid*, with a clearer moral than is generally in the fables of that poet. His ſyſtem of morality is calculated ſo perfectly for the good of ſociety, that there is ſcarcely any precept omited that could be properly thought of on that occaſion. There is not one of the ten commandments of *Moſes*, which relates to our moral duty to each other, that is not ſtrongly recommended by our poet; nor is it enough, he thinks, to be obſervant of what the civil government would oblige you to, but, to prove yourſelf a good man, you muſt have ſuch virtues as no human laws require of you, as thoſe of temperance, generoſity, *&c.* theſe rules are layed down in a moſt proper manner to captivate the reader; here the beautys of poetry and the force of reaſon combine to

make him in love with morality. The poet tells us what effect we are reaſonably to expect from ſuch virtues and vices as he mentions; which doctrines are not always to be took in a poſitive ſenſe: if we ſhould ſay a continuance of intemperance in drinking, and in our commerce with women, would carry us early to the grave, it is morally true, according to the natural courſe of things; but a man of a ſtrong and uncommon conſtitution may wanton thro an age of pleaſure, and ſo be an exception to this rule, yet not contradict the moral truth of it. Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* has judiciouſly told us in what ſenſe we are to take all doctrines of morality; ARISTOTLE, ſays that great divine, *obſerved, long ſince, that moral and proverbial ſayings are underſtood to be true generally, and for the moſt part; and that is all the truth is to be expected in them; as when SOLOMON ſays, train up a child in the way wherein he ſhall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it: this is not to be taken, as if no child that is piouſly educated did ever miſ-*

carry afterwards, but that the good education of children is the beſt way to make good men.

Sect. 3. *Of the ſecond book,* &c.

The ſecond book, which comes next under our view, will appear with more dignity when we conſider in what eſteem the art of agriculture was held in thoſe days in which it was writ: the *Georgic* did not then concern the ordinary and midling ſort of people only, but our poet writ for the inſtruction of princes likewiſe, who thought it no diſgrace to till the ground which they perhaps had conquered. *Homer* makes *Laertes* not only plant but dung his own lands; the beſt employment he could find for his health, and conſolation, in the abſence of his ſon. The latter part of this book, together with all the third, tho too mean for poetry, are not unjuſtyfyable in our author. Had he made thoſe religious and ſuperſtitious precepts one entire ſubject of verſe, it would have been a ridiculous fancy, but, as they are only a part, and the ſmalleſt part, of a regular poem, they are introduced with a laudable intent. After the poet had layed

layed down proper rules for morality, huſbandry, navigation, and the vintage, he knew that religion towards the gods, and a due obſervance of what was held ſacred in his age, were yet wanted to compleat the work. Theſe were ſubjects, he was ſenſible, incapable of the embelliſhments of poetry; but as they were neceſſary to his purpoſe he would not omit them. Poetry was not then deſigned as the empty amuſement only of an idle hour, conſiſting of wanton thoughts, or long and tedious deſcriptions of nothing, but, by the force of harmony and good ſenſe, to purge the mind of its dregs, to give it a great and virtuous turn of thinking: in ſhort, verſe was then but the lure to what was uſeful; which indeed has been, and ever will be, the end purſued by all good poets: with this view *Heſiod* ſeems to have writ, and muſt be allowed, by all true judges, to have wonderfully ſucceeded in the age in which he roſe.

This advantage more ariſes to us from the writings of ſo old an author; we are pleaſed with thoſe monuments of antiquity, ſuch

parts of the antient *Greecian* hiſtory, as we find in them.

Sect. 4. *A compariſon betwixt* Heſiod *and* Virgil, *&c.*

I ſhall now endeavour to ſhew how far *Virgil* may properly be ſayed to imitate our poet in his *Georgic*, and to point out ſome of thoſe paſſages in which he has either paraphraſed, or literally tranſlated, from the *Works* and *Days*. It is plain he was a ſincere admirer of our poet, and of this poem in particular, of which he twice makes honourable mention, and where it could be only to expreſs the veneration that he bore to the author. The firſt is in his third paſtoral.

In medio duo ſigna, Conon, *& quis fuit alter*,
Deſcripſit, *radio*, *totum qui gentibus orbem*,
Tempora quæ meſſor, *quæ curvus arator*, *haberet?*

Two figures on the ſides emboſs'd appear,
Conon, and what's his name who made the ſphere,
And ſhew'd the ſeaſons of the ſliding year?
Dryden.

Notwithſtanding the commentators have all diſputed whom this interrogation ſhould mean,

I am

I am convinced that *Virgil* had none but *Heſiod* in his eye. In the next paſſage I propoſe, to quote, the greateſt honour that was ever payed by one poet to another is payed to our. *Virgil*, in his ſixth paſtoral, makes *Silenus*, among other things, relate how *Gallus* was conducted by a Muſe to *Helicon*, where *Apollo*, and all the Muſes, aroſe to welcome him; and *Linus*, approaching him, addreſſed him in this manner:

——*hos tibi dant calamos, en, accipe, Muſæ,*
Aſcræo *quos antè* Seni; *quibus ille ſolebat*
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

Receive this preſent by the muſes made,
The pipe on which th' *Aſcræan* paſtor play'd;
With which, of old, he charm'd the ſavage [train,
And call'd the mountain aſhes to the plain.
Dryden.

The greateſt compliment which *Virgil* thought he could pay his friend and patron, *Gallus*, was, after all that pompous introduction to the choir of *Apollo*, to make the Muſes

preſent him, from the hands of *Linus*, with the pipe, or *calamos*, Aſcræo *quos antè ſeni, which they had formerly preſented to* HESIOD; which part of the compliment to our poet *Dryden* has omited in his tranſlation.

To return to the *Georgic*. *Virgil* can be ſayed to imitate *Heſiod* in his firſt and ſecond books only; in the firſt is ſcarcely any thing relative to the *Georgic* itſelf, the hint of which is not took from the *Works* and *Days*; nay more, in ſome places, whole lines are paraphraſed, and ſome literally tranſlated. It muſt indeed be acknowledged, that the *Latin* poet has ſometimes explained, in his tranſlation, what was difficult in the *Greek*, as where our poet gives directions for two plows:

Δοια δε θεσθαι αροτρα ποιησαμενος κατα οικον
Αυτογυον και πηκτον.

by αυτογυον he means that which grows naturally into the ſhape of a plow, and by πηκτον that made by art. *Virgil*, in his advice to have two plows always at hand, has this explanation of αυτογυον;

Continuò

Continuò in ſylvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.

Georg. 1.

Young elms, with early force, in copſes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plow.

Dryden.

Thus we find him imitating the *Greek* poet in the moſt minute precepts. *Heſiod* gives directions for the making a plow; *Virgil* does the ſame. Even that which has been the ſubject of ridicule to many of the critics, *viz. plow and ſow naked*, is tranſlated in the Georgic; *nudus ara, ſere nudus.* Before I proceed any farther, I ſhall endeavour to obviate the objection which has been frequently made againſt this precept. *Heſiod* means to inſinuate, that plowing and ſowing are labours which require much induſtry, and application; and he had doubtleſs this phyſical reaſon for his advice, that where ſuch toil is required it is unhealthful, as well as impoſſible, to go thro with the ſame quantity of cloaths as in works of leſs fatigue. *Virgil*

doubtleſs ſaw this reaſon, or one of equal force, in this rule, or he would not have tranſlated it. In ſhort, we may find him a ſtrict follower of our poet in moſt of the precepts of huſbandry in the *Works* and *Days*. I ſhall give but one inſtance more, and that in his ſuperſtitious obſervance of days:

——*quintum fuge*; *pallidus* Orcus,
Eumenideſque ſatæ: &c.

——the fifths be ſure to ſhun,
That gave the Furys, and pale *Pluto*, birth.
Dryden.

If the judgement I have paſſed from the verſes of *Manilius*, and the ſecond book of the *Georgic*, in my *Diſcourſe on the writings of* HESIOD, be allowed to have any force, *Virgil* has doubtleſs been as much obliged to our poet in the ſecond book of his *Georgic*, as in the firſt; nor has he imitated him in his precepts only, but in ſome of his fineſt deſcriptions, as in the firſt book deſcribing the effects of a ſtorm:

——————*quo*, *maxima*, *motu*,
Terra tremit, *fugere feræ*; &c.

and

and a little lower in the ſame deſcription:

Nunc nemora, ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt:

which is almoſt literal from *Heſiod*, on the pow'r of the northwind:

——— μεμυκε δε γαια και υλη, &c.

Loud groans the earth, and all the foreſts roar.

I cannot leave this head, without injuſtice to the *Roman* poet, before I take notice of the manner in which he uſes that ſuperſtitious precept πεμπας δ' εξαλεασθαι, &c. what in the *Greek* is languid, is by him made brilliant:

——— *quintum fuge*; *pallidus* Orcus,
Eumenideſque ſatæ: tum partu, terra, nefando,
Cœumq; Japetumq; *creat, ſævumq;* Typhœum,
Et conjuratos cælum reſcindere fratres:
Ter ſunt conati, &c.

——— the fifths be ſure to ſhun,
That gave the furys, and pale *Pluto*, birth,
And arm'd againſt the ſkys the ſons of earth:
With mountains pil'd on mountains thrice they [ſtrove
To ſcale the ſteepy battlements of *Jove*;

And thrice his light'ning, and red thunder,
[play'd,
And their demoliſh'd works in ruin lay'd.
Dryden.

As I have ſhewed where the *Roman* has followed the *Greek*, I may be thought partial to my author, if I do not ſhew in what he has excelled him: and firſt, he has contributed to the *Georgic* moſt of the ſubjects in his two laſt books; as, in the third, the management of horſes, dogs, *&c.* and, in the fourth, the management of the bees. His ſtile, thro the whole, is more poetical, more abounding with epithets, which are often of themſelves moſt beautyful metaphors. His invocation on the deitys concerned in rural affairs, his addreſs to *Auguſtus*, his account of the prodigys before the death of *Julius Cæſar*, in the firſt book, his praiſe of a country life, at the end of the ſecond, and the force of love in beaſts, in the third, are what were never excelled, and ſome parts of them never equaled, in any language.

Allowing

Allowing all the beautys in the *Georgic*, theſe two poems interfere in the merit of each other ſo little, that the *Works* and *Days* may be read with as much pleaſure as if the *Georgic* had never been written. This leads me into an examination of part of Mr. ADDISON's *Eſſay on the* GEORGIC: in which that great writer, in ſome places, ſeems to ſpeak ſo much at venture, that I am afraid he did not remember enough of the two poems to enter on ſuch a taſk. *Precepts*, ſays he, *of morality, beſides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from ideas of ſenſe, that they ſeldom give an opportunity for thoſe beautyful deſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life of poetry.* Had he that part of *Heſiod* in his eye, where he mentions the temporal bleſſings of the righteous, and the puniſhment of the wicked, he would have ſeen that our poet took an opportunity, from his precepts of morality, to give us *thoſe beautyful deſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life of poetry.* How lovely is the flouriſhing ſtate of the land

of the juſt there deſcribed, the encreaſe of his flocks, and his own progeny! The reaſon which Mr. *Addiſon* gives againſt rules of morality in verſe is to me a reaſon for them; for if our tempers are naturally ſo corrupt as to make us averſe to them, we ought to try all the ways which we can to reconcile them, and verſe among the reſt; in which, as I have obſerved before, our poet has wonderfully ſucceeded.

The ſame author, ſpeaking of *Heſiod*, ſays, *the precepts he has given us are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the poem too much.* The poet, to prevent this, quite thro his *Works* and *Days*, has ſtayed ſo ſhort a while on every head, that it is impoſſible to grow tireſome in either; the diviſion of the work I have given at the beginning of this *View*, therefore, ſhall not repeat it. Agriculture is but one ſubject, in many, of the work, and the reader is there relieved with ſeveral rural deſcriptions, as of the northwind, autumn, the country repaſt in the ſhades, *&c.* The rules for navigation are diſpatched with the utmoſt brevity, in which

which the digreſſion concerning his victory at the funeral games of *Amphidamas* is natural, and gives a grace to the poem.

I ſhall mention but one overſight more which Mr. *Addiſon* has made, in his eſſay, and conclude this head: when he condemned that circumſtance of the virgin being at home in the winter ſeaſon free from the inclemency of the weather, I believe he had forgot that his own author had uſed almoſt the ſame image, and on almoſt the ſame occaſion, tho in other words:

Nec nocturna quidem carpentes penſa puellæ
Neſcivere hyemem; &c.

Georg. 1.

The difference of the manner in which the two poets uſe the image is this. *Heſiod* makes her with her mother at home, either bathing, or doing what moſt pleaſes her; and *Virgil* ſays, *as the young women are plying their evening taſks, they are ſenſible of the winter ſeaſon, from the oil ſparkling in the lamp, and the ſnuff hardening*. How properly it is introduced by

our

our poet I have ſhewed in my note to the paſſage.

The only apology I can make for the liberty I have taken with the writings of ſo fine an author as Mr. *Addiſon*, is that I thought it a part of my duty to our poet, to endeavour to free the reader from ſuch errors as he might poſſibly imbibe, when delivered under the ſanction of ſo great a name.

Sect. 5. *Of the fourth* Eclogue *of* Virgil.

I muſt not end this *View* without ſome obſervations on the fourth Eclogue of *Virgil*, ſince *Probus*, *Grævius*, *Fabricius*, and other men of great learning, have thought fit to apply what has there been generally ſayed to allude to the *Cumæan ſybil* to our poet:

Ultima Cumæi *venit jam carminis ætas.*

This line, ſay they, has an alluſion to the golden age of *Heſiod*; *Virgil* therefore is ſuppoſed to ſay, *the laſt age of the* Cumæan *poet now approaches*. By laſt he means the moſt remote from his time; which *Fabricius* explains by *antiquiſſima*, and quotes an expreſſion

on from *Cornelius Severus* in which he uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe, *ultima certamina* for *antiquiſſima certamina*. The only method by which we can add any weight to this reading is by comparing the Eclogue of *Virgil* with ſome ſimilar paſſages in *Heſiod*. To begin, let us therefore read the line before quoted with the two following:

Ultima Cumœi *venit jam carminis etas*;
Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo;
Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.

which will bear this paraphraſe. *The remoteſt age mentioned in the verſe of the* Cumœan *poet now approaches*; *the great order, or round, of ages, as deſcribed in the ſayed poet, revolves*; *now returns the virgin* JUSTICE, *which, in his iron age, he tells us, left the earth*; *and now the reign of* SATURN, *which is deſcribed in his golden age, is come again*. If we turn to the golden, and iron, ages, in the *Works* and *Days*, we ſhall find this alluſion very natural.

Let us proceed in our connection, and compariſon, of the verſes. *Virgil* goes on in his

his compliment to *Pollio* on his new-born ſon:

Ille deûm vitam accipiet.

He ſhall receive, or lead, the life of gods, as the ſame poet tells us they did in the reign of SATURN.

Ως τε θεοι δ' εζωον. ——— ———
Νοσφιν ατερ τε πονων. ——— ———

They liv'd like gods, and entirely without labour.

——— *feret omnia tellus;*
Non raſtros patietur humus, non vinea falcem:
Robuſtus quoque jam tauris juga ſolvet arator.

The earth ſhall bear all things; there ſhall be no occaſion for inſtruments of huſbandry, to rake the ground, or prune the vine; the ſturdy plowman ſhall unyoke his oxen, and live in eaſe; as they did in the reign of Saturn, *as we are told by the ſame* Cumœan *poet.*

——— καρπον δ' εφερε ζειδωρος αρουρα
Αυτομαλη, πολλον τε και αφθονον.

The fertile earth bore its fruit ſpontaneouſly, and in abundance.

Here

Here we ſee ſeveral natural alluſions to our poet, whence it is not unreaſonable, for ſuch as miſtake the country of *Heſiod*, to imagine, that all *Virgil* would ſay to compliment *Pollio*, on the birth of his ſon, is, that now ſuch a ſon is born, the golden age, as deſcribed by *Heſiod*, ſhall return; and granting the word *Cumæi* to carry this ſenſe with it, there is nothing of a prophecy mentioned, or hinted at, in the whole Eclogue, any more than *Virgil*'s own, by poetical licenſe.

A learned prelate of our own church aſſerts ſomething ſo very extraordinary on this head, that I cannot avoid quoting it, and making ſome few remarks upon it: his words are theſe, "*Virgil* could not have *Heſiod* in "his eye in ſpeaking of the four ages of "the world, becauſe *Heſiod* makes five ages "before the commencement of the golden." And ſoon after, continues he, "the predic-"tions in the prophet (meaning *Daniel*) of "four ſucceſſive empires, that ſhould ariſe in "different ages of the world, gave occaſion "to the poets, who had the knowledge of

"theſe

" theſe things only by report, to apply them " to the ſtate of the world in ſo many ages, " and to deſcribe the renovation of the " golden age in the expreſſions of the pro- " phet concerning the future age of the " *Meſſias*, which in *Daniel* is the fifth king- " dom." Bp. *Chandler* towards the concluſion of his *Vindication of his Defence of Chriſtianity*. What this learned parade was introduced for I am at a loſs to conceive! Firſt, in that beautyful Eclogue, *Virgil ſpeaks not of the four ages of the world:* ſecondly, *Heſiod*, ſo far from *making five ages before the commencement of the golden*, makes the golden age the firſt: thirdly, *Heſiod* could not be one of the poets who *applyed the predictions in the prophet* DANIEL *to the ſtate of the world in ſo many ages*, becauſe he happened to live ſome hundred years before the time of *Daniel*.

This great objection to their interpretation of *Cumæi* ſtill remains, which cannot very eaſyly be conquered, that *Cuma* was not the country of *Heſiod*, as I have proved in my diſcourſe

diſcourſe on the life of our poet, but of his father; and, what will be a ſtrong argument againſt it, all the antient poets, who have uſed an epithet taken from his country, have choſe that of *Aſcræus*. OVID, who mentions him as often as any poet, never uſes any other; and, what is the moſt remarkable, VIRGIL himſelf makes uſe of it in every paſſage in which he names him; and thoſe monuments of him, exhibited by *Urſinus* and *Boiſſard*, have this inſcription;

ΙΣΙΟΔΟΣ
ΔΙΟΥ
ΑΣΚΡΑΙΟΣ.

Aſcræan HESIOD, the ſon of *Dios*.

AN

AN

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THE
THEOGONY.

To the moſt honourable

GEORGE

* Marqueſs of ANNANDALE.

My LORD,

THE reverence I bear to the memory of your late grandfather, with whom I had the honour to be particularly acquainted, and the obligations I have received from the incomparable lady your mother, would make it a duty in me to continue my regard to their heir; but ſtronger than thoſe are the motives of this addreſs: ſince I have had the happyneſs to know you, which has been as long as you have been capable of diſtinguiſhing perſons, I have often diſcovered ſomething in you that ſurpaſſes your years, and which gives fair promiſes of an early great man; this has converted what would otherwiſe be but gratitude to them to a real eſteem for yourſelf. Pro-

* Lord *George Johnſton* when this was firſt publiſhed in the year 1728.

ceed, my Lord, to make glad the heart of an indulgent mother with your dayly progreſs in learning, wiſdom, and virtue. Your friends, in their different ſpheres, are all ſollicitous to form you; and among them permit me to offer my tribute which may be no ſmall means to the bringing you more readyly to an underſtanding of the Claſſics; for on the theology of the moſt antient *Greeks*, which is the ſubject of the following poem, much of ſucceeding authors depends. Few are the writers, either *Greek* or *Roman*, who have not made uſe of the fables of antiquity; hiſtorians have frequent alluſions to them; and they are ſometimes the very ſoul of poetry: for theſe reaſons let me admoniſh you to become ſoon familiar with *Homer* and *Heſiod*, by tranſlations of them: you will perceive the advantage in your future ſtudys, nor will you repent of it when you read the great originals. I have, in my notes, ſpared no pains to let you into the nature of the *Theogony*, and to explain the allegorys to you; and indeed I have been more elaborate for your ſake than I ſhould other-

otherwiſe have been. While I am paying my reſpect to your lordſhip, I would not be thought forgetful of your brother, directing what I have here ſayed at the ſame time to him. Go on, my Lord, to anſwer the great expectations which your friends have from you; and be your chief ambition to deſerve the praiſe of all wiſe and good men. I am,

My LORD,

with the greateſt reſpect,

and moſt ſincere affection,

your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble, ſervant

Thomas Cooke.

The THEOGONY.

The *ARGUMENT.*

AFter the propoſition, and invocation, the poet begins the generation of the gods. This poem, beſides the genealogy of the deitys and heros, contains the ſtory of Heaven *and the conſpiracy of his wife and ſons againſt him, the ſtory of* Styx *and her offſprings, of* Saturn *and his ſons, and of* Prometheus *and* Pandora: *hence the poet proceeds to relate the war of the gods, which is the ſubject of above three hundred verſes. The reader is often relieved, from the narrative part of the* Theogony, *with ſeveral beautyful deſcriptions, and other poetical embelliſhments.*

THE THEOGONY, OR THE GENERATION *of the* GODS.

BEgin, my ſong, with the melodious nine
Of *Helicon* the ſpacious and divine;
The *Muſes* there, a lovely choir, advance,
With tender feet to form the ſkilful dance,

Now

1. I Shall refer the reader to what I have ſayed, in the ſecond and fourth ſections of my *Diſcourſe on the writings of* HESIOD, concerning the genuineneſs of the beginning of this poem, and the explanation of the *Theogony*. Our author here takes an occaſion to celebrate the offices and power of the *Muſes*, and to give a ſhort repetition of the greater deitys. To what end is this grand aſſembly of divine perſonages introduced? To inſpire the poet with thoughts ſuitable to the dignity of their characters; and, by raiſing his imagination to ſuch a height as to believe they preſide over his labours, he becomes the amanuenſis of the gods. The *Muſes*, ſays the *Earl of Shafteſbury*, in his letter concerning enthuſiaſm, *were ſo many divine perſons in the heathen creed.* The ſame noble

Now round the ſable font in order move,
Now round the altar of *Saturnian Jove*;
Or, if the cooling ſtreams to bathe invite,
In thee, *Permeſſus*, they awhile delight;
Or now to *Hippocrene* reſort the fair,
Or, *Olmius*, to thy ſacred ſpring repair.

noble writer has in that diſcourſe elegantly ſhewed the neceſſity and beauty of enthuſiaſm in poetry.

℣ 2. *Helicon.*] A mountain in *Bœotia*, ſo called from the *Phœnician* word *hhalik*, or *hhalikon*, which ſignifys a high mountain. *Bochart*, in his *Chan.* book I, chap. 16, ſhews that *Bœotia* was full of *Phœnician* names and colonys. *Le Clerc.* *Pauſanias*, in his *Bœotics*, ſays *Helicon* excels all the mountains in *Greece* in the abundance and virtues of the trees which grow on it: he likewiſe tells us it produces no letiferous herbs or roots

℣ 5. *Now round the ſable font* &c.] *Grævius* and *Le Clerc* both agree in this reading, and derive ιοειδης from εἰδω ιω, having the duſky colour of iron; they likewiſe bring inſtances from *Homer*, and other poets, of the ſame word being uſed to the ſea, rivers, and fountains; by which epithet, ſay they, they expreſſed the depth and plenty of the water.

℣ 8. *Permeſſus.*] *Pauſanias*, and *Tzetzes* after him, reads it *Termeſſus*; but this may proceed from their ignorance of the *radix*, which, ſays *Le Clerc*, is the *Phœnician* word *pheer-metſo*; the interpretation of which is a pure fountain. This river is at the foot of *Helicon*.

℣ 9. *Hippocrene.*] The *Phœnician* word, ſays *Bochart*, is *happhigran*, which ſignifys the eruption of a fountain: the word being corrupted into *Hippocrene* gave riſe to the ſtory of the fountain of the horſe. *Le Clerc.*

℣ 10. *Olmius.*] The *Phœnician* word is *hhol-maio*, ſweet water. *Le Clerc.*

Veil'd

Veil'd in thick air, they all the night prolong,
In praiſe of *Ægis*-bearing *Jove* the ſong;
And thou, O *Argive Juno*, golden ſhod,
Art join'd in praiſes with thy conſort god;
Thee, goddeſs, with the azure eyes, they ſing,
Minerva, daughter of the heav'nly king;
The ſiſters to *Apollo* tune their voice,
And, *Artemis*, to thee whom darts rejoice;
And *Neptune* in the pious hymn they ſound,
Who girts the earth, and ſhakes the ſolid ground;
A tribute they to *Themis* chaſt allow,
And *Venus* charming with the bending brow,
Nor *Hebe*, crown'd with gold, forget to praiſe,
Nor fair *Dione* in their holy lays;
Nor thou, *Aurora*, nor the *Day's great light*,
Remain unſung, nor the fair *lamp of Night*;
To thee, *Latona*, next the numbers range;
Iäpetus, and *Saturn* wont to change,

ỳ 12. *In praiſe of* Ægis-*bearing* Jove &c.] The hiſtorical and phyſical interpretation of the deitys here mentioned I ſhall defer till I come to them in the courſe of the *Theogony*.

ỳ 22. Venus *charming with* &c.] Some tranſlate this paſſage *nigris oculis*, and *Le Clerc* chooſes *blandis*; I would correct them, and have it arched or bending. *Tzetzes* entirely favours my interpretation of ελικοβλεφαρων, eyebrows arched into a circle; a metaphor taken, ſays he, εκ των της αμπελου ελικων from the curling of the vine.

They chant; thee, *Ocean*, with an ample breaſt,
They ſing, and *Earth*, and *Night* in ſable dreſs'd;
Nor ceaſe the virgins here the ſtrain divine;
They celebrate the whole immortal line.
'E'rewhile as they the ſhepherd ſwain behold
Feeding, beneath the ſacred mount, his fold,
With love of charming ſong his breaſt they fir'd;
There me the heav'nly *Muſes* firſt inſpir'd;
There, when the maids of *Jove* the ſilence broke,
To *Heſiod* thus, the ſhepherd ſwain, they ſpoke.
Shepherds attend, your happyneſs who place
In gluttony alone, the ſwain's diſgrace;
Strict to your duty in the field you keep,
There vigilant by night to watch your ſheep;
Attend ye ſwains on whom the *Muſes* call,
Regard the honour not beſtow'd on all;

℣ 33. *'E'rewhile as they the ſhepherd* &c.] This extravagance in our poet has been the ſubject of ſatire to ſome; but *Lucian* has been the moſt ſevere in his dialogue betwixt himſelf and *Heſiod*. *Ovid* has an alluſion to this paſſage in the beginning of his *art of love*; which *Dryden* has thus tranſlated.

Nor Clio, *nor her ſiſters, have I ſeen,*
As Heſiod *ſaw them in the ſhady green.*

This flight, however extravagant it may ſeem to ſome, certainly adds a grace to the poem; and whoever conſults the nineteenth ode of the ſecond book, and the fourth of the third book, of *Horace*, will find this ſort of enthuſiaſm carryed to a great height.

'Tis

'Tis our to ſpeak the truth in language plain,
Or give the face of truth to what we feign.
So ſpoke the maids of *Jove*, the ſacred nine,
And pluck'd a ſcepter from the tree divine,
To me the branch they gave, with look ſerene,
The laurel enſign, never fading green:
I took the gift with holy raptures fir'd,
My words flow ſweeter, and my ſoul's inſpir'd;
Before my eyes appears the various ſcene
Of all that is to come, and what has been.
Me have the *Muſes* choſe, their bard to grace,
To celebrate the bleſs'd immortal race;
To them the honours of my verſe belong;
To them I firſt and laſt devote the ſong:

ỳ 46. *Or give the face of truth* &c.] The poet here, from the mouth of the *Muſes*, prepares the reader for what he is to expect. Tho he propoſes to give an hiſtorical and phyſical relation of *the generation of the gods*, according to the received opinion, yet ſupplys from invention are neceſſary to make the work agreeable as a poem.

ỳ 50. *The laurel enſign* &c.] *Le Clerc* has a long note on this verſe, from *Claud. Salmaſius*, proving the rhapſodiſts to be ſo called απο τῆς ῥάβδου, from ſinging with a bough in their hands, in imitation of the antient poets, which bough was of laurel: but why of laurel before any other? The Scholiaſt *Tzetzes* gives two very good reaſons; firſt, ſays he, the poet makes the ſcepter which he received from the muſes of laurel, becauſe *Helicon*, the place on which they preſented it, abounds with that tree; ſecondly, as the laurel is ever green, it is the moſt proper emblem of works of genius, which never fade.

But where, O where, inchanted do I rove,
Or o'er the rocks, or thro the vocal grove!
Now with th' harmonious nine begin, whoſe voice
Makes their great ſire, olympian *Jove*, rejoice;
The preſent, future, and the paſs'd, they ſing,
Join'd in ſweet concert to delight their king;
Melodious and untir'd their voices flow;
Olympus echos, ever crown'd with ſnow.

℣ 59. *But where, O where,* &c.] Exactly the ſame is the flight in the fourth ode of the third book of *Horace.*

——*an me ludit amabilis*
Inſania? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amænæ
Quos & Aquæ ſubeunt, & auræ!

The ſenſe of which, in ſhort, is this: *am I agreeably deluded, while I ſeem to wander thro poetic ſcenes!* And again,

Quo me, Bacche, *rapis tui*
Plenum! Quæ in nemora, aut quos, agor, in ſpecus,
Velox mente novâ!

Lib. 3. Od. 25.

It is worth obſerving that the beſt poets are generally moſt poetical in their invocations, or, in other parts, where a deity is introduced; for then they ſeem to be overpowered with the inſpiration; but here the fine imagination, and exalted genius, are moſt required, that while fancy takes her full ſtretch in fiction, it may ſeem the real *numinis afflatus.*

The heav'nly ſongſters fill th' æthereal round;
Jove's palace laughs, and all the courts reſound:
Soft warbling endleſs with their voice divine,
They celebrate the whole immortal line:
From *Earth*, and *Heav'n*, great parents, firſt they trace
The progeny of gods, a bounteous race;
And then to *Jove* again returns the ſong,
Of all in empire, and command, moſt ſtrong;
Whoſe praiſes firſt and laſt their boſom fire,
Of mortals, and immortal gods, the ſire:
Nor to the ſons of men deny they praiſe,
To ſuch as merit of their heav'nly lays;

ỳ 68. Jove's *palace laughs*, &c.] *Le Clerc* judiciouſly obſerves, that the poets frequently make inanimate beings affected or with joy or grief, when there is reaſon for either; that it may be ſayed, even inimate beings are moved. This, I think, is a boldneſs ſeldom practiced but by the beſt poets, and moſt frequently among the antients. We find it with as much ſucceſs as any where in the poetical parts of the old teſtament.

The valleys ſhall ſtand ſo thick with corn that they ſhall laugh and ſing. Pſalm 65, verſe 14.

εγελασε δε γαια πελωρη,
Γηθησην δε βαθυς πουτος. Theognis.

The wide earth laugh'd, and the deep ſea rejoic'd.

Tibi rident æquora ponti. *Lucret.*

To thee the waters of the ocean ſmile.

I give theſe three Quotations to ſhew as the *Latin* were followers of the *Greek* poets, it is not unlikely the *Greek* might imitate the ſtile of the *eaſtern* writers in many places.

They

They ſing the giants of puiſſant arm,
And with the wond'rous tale their father charm.
Mnemoſyne, in the *Pierian* grove,
The ſcene of her intrigue with mighty *Jove*,
The empreſs of *Eleuther*, fertile earth,
Brought to olympian *Jove* the *Muſes* forth;
Bleſs'd offſprings, happy maids, whoſe pow'rful art
Can baniſh cares, and eaſe the painful heart.

℣ 81. Mnemoſyne, *&c.*] *Mnemoſyne*, the ſame with memory, is here made a perſon, and the mother of the *Muſes*; which with the etymology of the word *pieria*, which *Le Clerc* tells us is, in the *Phœnician* tongue, fruitfulneſs, and the note to the firſt verſe of the *Works* and *Days*, will let us clearly into the poetical meaning of the parents and birthplace of the *Muſes*. The ſame critic derives the word *muſe* from the *Phœnician* word *motſa* the feminine for inventor. See farther in the *Diſcourſe*, &c.

It will now be proper to enquire into the reaſon of the poet making *Mnemoſyne* empreſs of *Eleuther*. *Eleuther* is a part of *Bœotia* ſo called from a prince of that name: here, ſays *Tzetzes*, the poet endeavours to add a glory to his country; for tho the *Muſes* themſelves were born on *Pieria*, he makes their mother a *Bœotian*. *Pieria* is the name of a mountain, and a country lying beneath it, bounded on the north with *Theſſaly*, and on the ſouth with *Macedon*. *Le Clerc* derives the word *eleuther* from the *Phœnician* word *halethir*, a high place from which we ſee a far off, which word is a compound of *halah*, to aſcend, and *thour* to ſee afar off. The reader muſt here obſerve that great part of the art of this poem depends on the etymology of the words, and on the *proſopopœias*. PLUTARCH, in his rules for the education of children, has obſerved that the mythologiſts have judiciouſly made *Mnemoſyne* the mother of the *Muſes*, intimating that nothing ſo much cheriſhes learning as the memory.

Abſent

Abſent from heav'n, to quench his am'rous flame,
Nine nights the god of gods compreſs'd the dame.
Now thrice three times the moon concludes her race,
And ſhews the produce of the god's embrace,
Fair daughters, pledges of immortal *Jove*,
In number equal to the nights of love;
Bleſs'd maids, by harmony of temper join'd;
And verſe, their only care, employs their mind.
The virgin ſongſters firſt beheld the light
Near where *Olympus* rears his ſnowy height;
Where to the maids fair ſtately domes aſcend,
Whoſe ſteps a conſtant beauteous choir attend.
Not far from hence the *Graces* keep their court,
And with the god of love in banquets ſport;
Meanwhile the nine their heav'nly voices raiſe
To the immortal pow'rs, the ſong of praiſe;
They tune their voices in a ſacred cauſe,
Their theme the manners of the gods, and laws:
When to *Olympus* they purſue their way,
Sweet warbling, as they go, the deathleſs lay,

℣ 96. *Olympus.*] A mountain in *Theſſaly*, which, for the extraordinary height, is often uſed for heaven.

℣ 99. *Not far from hence* &c.] The god of love and the *Graces* are proper companions for the *Muſes*; for the gifts of the *Muſes* are of little value without grace and love: and at banquets love and good manners, which are implyed by the *Graces*, compoſe the harmony. *Tzetz.*

Meas'ring

Meas'ring to *Jove*, with gentle ſteps, the ground,
The ſable earth returns the joyful ſound.
Great *Jove*, their ſire, who rules th' æthereal plains,
Confirm'd in pow'r, of gods the monarch reigns;
His father *Saturn* hurl'd from his command,
He graſps the thunder with his conqu'ring hand;
He gives the bolts their vigour as they fly,
And bids the red-hot light'ning pierce the ſky;
His ſubject deitys obey his nod,
All honours flow from him of gods the god;
From him the *Muſes* ſprung, no leſs their ſire,
Whoſe attributes the heav'nly maids inſpire:
Clio begins the lovely tuneful race,
Melpomene which, and *Euterpe*, grace,

Terpſichore

ỳ 109. *Great* Jove, *their ſire*, &c.] *Le Clerc* here raiſes a difficulty, and I think without reaſon; he ſays the poet ſo confounds the man *Jupiter* with the god, that he knows not how to account for it. The poet could here deſign no other but the ſupreme being; firſt for the honour of poetry, as appears from ſome following verſes; and ſecondly becauſe God is the ſource of all wiſdom, he is the father of the *Muſes*, who preſide over the principal arts.

ỳ 119. Clio, &c.] The names of the *Muſes*, and their derivations. *Clio* from κλειω to celebrate, to render glorious. *Melpomene* from μελπομαι to ſing or warble. *Euterpe* from ευ and τερπω to delight well. *Terpſichore* from τερπω to delight, and χορος a choir. *Erato* from εραω to love. *Thalia* from θαλιαι banquets, or θαλλω to flouriſh. *Polymnia* from πολυς many, and υμνος a ſong or hymn. *Urania* from ουρανος heaven. *Calliope* from

Terpſichore all joyful in the choir,
And *Erato* to love whoſe lays inſpire;
To theſe *Thalia* and *Polymnia* join,
Urania, and *Calliope* divine,
The firſt, in honour, of the tuneful nine;
She the great acts of virtuous monarchs ſings,
Companion only for the beſt of kings.
Happy of princes, foſter ſons of *Jove*,
Whom at his birth the nine with eyes of love
Behold; to honours they his days deſign;
He firſt among the ſcepter'd hands ſhall ſhine;
Him they adorn with ev'ry grace of ſong,
And ſoft perſuaſion dwells upon his tongue;
To him, their judge, the people turn their eye,
On him for juſtice in their cauſe rely,

Reaſon

from καλος beautyful, and οψ a voice. Our poet attributes no particular art to each *Muſe*, but, according to him, poetry is the province of all. *Calliope* indeed is diſtinguiſhed from the reſt as preſiding over the greater ſort of poetry. See the *Diſcourſe on the theology of the antients*, &c.

ỳ 134. *To him, their judge*, &c.] *Le Clerc* tells us, from *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus*, that, at firſt, all the citys in *Greece* looked on their kings as their judges to determine all controverted points; and he was eſteemed the beſt king who was the beſt judge, and the ſtricteſt obſerver of the laws: for the certainty of this we need no better authority than our own poet, and particularly in his *Works* and *Days*: it is worth obſerving how very careful he is to inſpire his readers with ſentiments of reſpect

Reaſon alone his upright judgement guides,
He hears impartial, and for truth decides;
Thus he determines from a ſenſe profound,
And of contention heals the poys'nous wound.
Wiſe kings, when ſubjects grow in faction ſtrong,
Firſt calm their minds, and then redreſs their wrong,
By their good counſels bid the tumult ceaſe,
And ſooth contending partys into peace;
His aid with duteous rev'rence they implore,
And as a god their virtuous prince adore:
From whom the *Muſes* love ſuch bleſſings flow,
To them a righteous prince the people owe.
From *Jove*, great origin, all monarchs ſpring,
From mighty *Jove* of kings himſelf the king;
From the *Pierian* maids, the heav'nly nine,
And from *Apollo*, fire of verſe divine,

ſpect and dignity towards their rulers; and to increaſe our reverence for them he derives them from the great ruler of the univerſe; and from the ſame origin are the *Muſes*; all which muſt be thus underſtood, the prince owes all his regal honours and power to the ſupreme being, and no leſs than almighty aid is neceſſary to make a good poet. I can add nothing more proper to what I have ſayed concerning princes, their office, and derivation of their power than the firſt three verſes of the ſixth chapter of *the wiſdom of* SOLOMON. *Hear therefore, O ye kings, and underſtand; learn ye that be judges of the ends of the earth, give ear, you that rule the people, and glory in the multitude of nations; for power is given you of the Lord, and ſovereignty from the higheſt, who ſhall try your works, and ſearch out your counſels.*

Far

Far ſhooting deity whoſe beams inſpire,
The poets ſpring, and all who ſtrike the lyre.
Bleſs'd whom with eyes of love the *Muſes* view,
Sweet flow his words, gentle as falling dew.
Is there a man by riſing woes oppreſs'd,
Who feels the pangs of a diſtracted breaſt,
Let but the bard, who ſerves the nine, rehearſe
The acts of heros paſs'd, the theme for verſe,
Or if the praiſe of gods, who paſs their days
In endleſs eaſe above, adorns the lays,
The pow'rful words adminiſter relief,
And from the wounded mind expel the grief;
Such are the charms which to the bard belong,
A gift from gods deriv'd, the pow'r of ſong.

¥ 156. *Is there a man* &c.] This and the nine following verſes are by ſome attributed to *Homer*, among the fragments of that poet; where the miſtake lys I cannot tell; but I ſhall here take an occaſion to account, in general, for ſeveral verſes in the *Iliad*, *Odyſſes*, the *Works* and *Days*, and the *Theogony*, being alike: they are either ſuch as where they mention the *Pleïades*, *Hyades*, and *Orion*, conſtellations which were moſt taken notice of by the old poets, and the names of which naturally run into an hexameter verſe; or ſuch as were common or proverbial ſayings of the times; which circumſtances render it very poſſible for diverſe to have wrote the ſame lines without one ever ſeeing the works of the other. I am perſuaded that all, or moſt of, the ſimilar paſſages in theſe two poets are of this nature. If therefore ſome of the old Scholiaſts and commentators had throughly conſidered this, they would not have had ſo many impertinencys in their remarks as they have.

Hail

Hail maids celeſtial, ſeed of heav'n's great king,
Hear, nor unaided let the poet ſing,
Inſpire a lovely lay, harmonious nine,
My theme th' immortal gods, a race divine,
Of *Earth*, of *Heav'n* which lamps of light adorn,
And of old ſable *Night*, great parents, born,
And, after, nouriſh'd by the briny *Main:*
Hear goddeſſes, and aid the ventrous ſtrain;
Say whence the deathleſs gods receiv'd their birth,
And next relate the origin of *Earth*,
Whence the wide ſea that ſpreads from ſhore to ſhore,
Whoſe ſurges foam with rage, and billows roar,
Whence *rivers* which in various channels flow,
And whence the ſtars which light the world below,
And whence the wide expanſe of *heav'n*, and whence
The gods, to mortals who their good diſpenſe;
Say how from them our honours we receive,
And whence the pow'r that they our wants relieve,

℣ 172. ——*nouriſh'd by the briny* Main.] I know not how this is to be took but phyſically; if we ſuppoſe all things to be the offſprings of *Chaos*, which are all natural beings, they may properly be ſayed to be nouriſhed by the *Main*, that is by prolific humor. In this ſenſe *Milton*, in the ſeventh book of his *Paradiſe loſt*, judiciouſly uſes the word, ſpeaking of the creation.

Over all the face of the earth
Main Ocean *flow'd, not idle, but with warm*
Prolific humor, ſoft'ning all her glebe,
Fermenting the great mother to conceive.

How

How they arriv'd to the æthereal plains,
And took poſſeſſion of the fair domains:
With theſe, olympian maids, my breaſt inſpire,
And to the end ſupport the ſacred fire,
In order all from the beginning trace,
From the firſt parents of the num'rous race.
Chaos, of all the origin, gave birth
Firſt to her offspring the wide-boſom'd *Earth*,

ỳ 190. CHAOS *of all the origin*, &c]. In my interpretation of the generation of the deitys I ſhall chiefly have regard to the phyſical meanings; ſuch paſſages as I leave unobſerved are what any reader with little trouble may clear to himſelf after he has ſeen my explanations of the moſt material.

This fable, ſays lord *Bacon*, in his *Wiſdom of the antients*, ſpeaking of *Heaven*, ſeems to contain an *ænigma* of the orgin of things, not much different from the truth of the divine word, which tells us of a deformed matter before the works of the ſix days. To this eternity of confuſed matter *Milton* alludes in the ſeventh book of his *Paradiſe loſt*.

Far into Chaos, *and the world unborn.*

ỳ 191. ——— *the wide boſom'd* Earth, &c.] *Plato*, in his *Phædo*, ſays the earth was the ſeat and foundation of the gods, αθανατων he calls them, to ſhew that the gods were once preſerved with pious men. *Tzetz.* This is ſtrange philoſophy, to imagine any beings to have a beginning, and yet immutable and immortal from their firſt riſe; but it is apparent that the poet makes matter precede all things, even the gods. *Guietus* judges the next verſe to be ſuppoſititious.

The

The ſeat ſecure of all the gods, who now
Poſſeſs *Olympus* ever cloath'd with ſnow;
Th' abodes of *Hell* from the ſame fountain riſe,
A gloomy land that ſubterranean lys;
And hence does *Love* his antient lineage trace,
Excelling fair of all th' immortal race;
At his approach all care is chas'd away,
Nor can the wiſeſt pow'r reſiſt his ſway;
Nor man, nor god, his mighty force reſtrains,
Alike in ev'ry breaſt the godhead reigns:
And *Erebus*, black ſon, from *Chaos* came,
Born with his ſiſter *Night* a ſable dame.

℣ 194. *Th' abodes of* HELL *&c.*] *Tartarus*, or *Hell*, is ſayed to be brought forth with the earth, becauſe it is feigned to be in the inmoſt receſſes of the earth. The word *Tartarus* is derived from the *Phœnician tarahhtarahh*, the *Radix* of which is the *Hebrew* and *Arabic tarahh*, which ſignifys, he created trouble. *Le Clerc.*

℣ 196. *And hence does* LOVE *&c.*] This fable alludes to, and enters into, the cradle of nature. Love ſeems to be the appetite, or ſtimulation, of the firſt matter, or, to ſpeak more intelligible, the natural motion of the atom. Lord *Bacon.*

℣ 202. EREBUS, *black ſon*, &c.] It is rightly obſerved that darkneſs was over all till the ſky was illumined by the ſun and the ſtars; *Chaos* therefore brought forth darkneſs and night. *Tzetz.* Before any thing appeared all was *hereb* or *erbo* darkneſs or night; the ſame is the account which *Moſes* gives us. *Le Clerc.*

Night

Night bore, the produce of her am'rous play
With *Erebus*, the ſky, and chearful day.
Earth firſt an equal to herſelf in fame
Brought forth, that covers all, the ſtarry frame,
The

℣ 204. NIGHT *bore*, &c.] I believe the word αιθηρ does not mean the chief, or material, part of the air, but is the ſame with αιθρια ſerenity. *Le Clerc.* So *Night* and *Darkneſs* are properly ſayed to be the parents of *Day* and *Serenity.*

℣ 206. EARTH *firſt an equal* &c.] All that the poet means is, that *Earth* appeared before the firmament which ſurrounds it. Similar to this is the deſcription *Milton* gives of the offſprings of earth.

——— ——— ——God ſay'd,
Be gather'd now ye waters under HEAV'N,
Into one place, and let dry land appear,
Immediately the *mountains* huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds. Book 7.

Let us now conſider the difference betwixt πελαγος or ποντος and ωκεανος, which I render the *ſea* and the *ocean*, and why the *ſea* is ſayed to be from *Earth* only, and the *ocean* from *Earth* and *Heaven.* That part of the *ocean* is generally agreed to be called *ſea* which takes a name from any country or particular circumſtance; the *ocean*, *Diodorus Siculus* tells us, in his firſt book, comprehends, according to the opinion of the antients, all moiſture which nouriſhes the univerſe; and *Henry Stephens* quotes many authoritys to ſhew it was always uſed in that ſenſe; I ſhall content myſelf with one from *Homer*, and another from *Pliny.*

Εξ ουπερ παντες πολαμοι, και πασα θαλασσα,
Και πασαι κρηναι, &c.

From

The ſpacious *Heav'n*, of gods the ſafe domain,
Who live in endleſs bliſs, exempt from pain;
From her the lofty *Hills*, and ev'ry *Grove*,
Where nymphs inhabit, goddeſſes, and rove:
Without the mutual joys of love ſhe bore
The barren *Sea*, whoſe whit'ning billows roar.
At length the *Ocean*, with his pools profound,
Whoſe whirling ſtreams purſue their rapid round,
Of *Heav'n* and *Earth* is born; *Cæus* his birth
From them derives, and *Creus*, ſons of *Earth*;
Hyperion

From which are derived all rivers, every ſea, and all fountains.

The *ocean*, ſays *Pliny*, is the recepticle of all waters, and from which all waters flow; it is that which feeds the clouds and the very ſtars.

℣ 214. *The offſprings of* Heaven *and* Earth.] *Le Clerc* is inclined to think that theſe names are ſome of real perſons, and ſome only poetical, as *Themis* and *Mnemoſyne* which are juſtice and memory. The ſame critic might have quoted *Plutarch* to countenance this opinion, who names for real perſons *Cæus*, *Creus*, *Hyperion*, and *Japhet*: nor is it unreaſonable to believe that the poet deſigned ſome as perſons, for, without ſuch to meaſure time, *Saturn*, or Κρονος, which ſignifys time, would be introduced with impropriety.

The etymologys of the names of the *Cyclops* are literally expreſſive of their nature. The general name to all is from κυκλος a circle and ωψ an eye, *Brontes* from βροντη thunder, *Steropes* from αστεροπη brightneſs, *Arges* from αργος white, ſplended, ſwift. *Apollodorus* varys from our poet in one of the names of the *Cyclops*; inſtead of Αργη he calls him Αρπη. It has been often remarked that

Hyperion and *Japhet*, brothers, join:
Thea, and *Rhea*, of this antient line
Deſcend; and *Themis* boaſts the ſource divine,
And

that *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Apollodorus*, and other mythologiſts, frequently differ in names: I here give one inſtance, from many obſervations which I have made, of their not differing in ſenſe tho in name; for as ſwift, or ſplendid, is a proper epithet for lightning, αρπη, a fork, is as ſignifycant a name for one of the *Cyclops* as αργη.

Cottus, *Gyges*, and *Briareus*. *Grævius* will have theſe three to be men, and robbers; he ſays the antients intended, by the terrible deſcription of their many heads and hands, to expreſs their violence, ferocity, and injuſtice. The Scholiaſt *Tzetzes* ſays they are turbulent winds; which phyſical interpretation ſeems moſt agreeable to me; their heads and hands well expreſs their rage; they being impriſoned by their father in the bowels of the earth, and relieved by their mother in proceſs of time, which is the meaning of *Saturn* releaſing them, is all pertinent to the winds. I am not inſenſible of an objection that may be ſtarted, in this explication, from the manner in which they are made part of the war with the gods; but we are to conſider that the poet does not confine himſelf to direct phyſical truth; for which reaſon he prepared his readers for a mixture of fiction, from the mouth of the *Muſe*, in the begining of the poem.

Let us come to the explanation of the conſpiracy of *Earth* and *Saturn* againſt *Heaven*. *Tzetzes*, *Guietus*, and *Le Clerc*, have this conjecture likewiſe of the children which were confined by *Heaven* in the receſſes of the earth; they were the corn-fruits of the earth which, in time, ſome perſon found to be of benefit to human kind: he diſcovered the metal of which he made a ſickle: the poſture of reaping is deſigned by his left hand applyed to the members of his father, and his right to the inſtru-

And thou *Mnemoſyne*, and *Phœbe* crown'd
With gold, and *Tethys* for her charms renown'd:
To theſe ſucceſſive wily *Saturn* came,
As ſire and ſon in each a barb'rous name.
Three ſons are ſprung from *Heav'n* and *Earth*'s em-
[brace,
The *Cyclops* bold, in heart a haughty race,
Brontes, and *Steropes*, and *Arges* brave,
Who to the hands of *Jove* the thunder gave;

ment. The giants and nymphs, which are ſayed to ſpring from the blood of *Heaven*, are thoſe who had the advantages of the invention. The warlike giants and furys are wars and tumults, which were the conſequences of plenty and riches. *Saturn* throwing the members into the ſea denotes traffic with foreign countrys.

Venus, ſays Ld. *Bacon*, is deſigned to expreſs the concord of things.

Heaven called his ſons *Titans* from τιταινω to revenge: his prophecy may allude to the diſturbances in the world which were the effects of plenty and luxury.

How monſtrous does this ſtory ſeem in the text! Certainly the author muſt have ſome phyſical meaning in view; and what more probable than the laſt which we have offered? This allegorical way of writing will ceaſe to be a wonder, when we conſider the cuſtom of the times, and the love that the antients bore to fables; and we muſt think ourſelves happy that we can attain ſuch light into them as we have, ſince we are divided by ſuch length of time from the firſt inventors, and ſeeing the poetical embelliſhments ſince added to them have rendered them more obſcure: but of this I ſhall ſpeak more largely in my diſcourſe at the end.

They

They for almighty pow'r did light'ning frame,
All equal to the gods themſelves in fame;
One eye was plac'd, a large round orb, and bright,
Amidſt their forehead to receive the light;
Hence were they *Cyclops* call'd; great was their ſkill,
Their ſtrength, and vigour, to perform their will.
The fruitful *Earth* by *Heav'n* conceiv'd again,
And for three mighty ſons the rending pain
She ſuffer'd; *Cottus*, terrible to name,
Gyges, and *Briareus*, of equal fame;
Conſpicuous above the reſt they ſhin'd,
Of body ſtrong, magnanimous of mind;
Fifty large heads their luſty ſhoulders bore,
And, dang'rous to approach, hands fifty more:
Of all from *Heav'n*, their ſire, who took their birth,
Theſe were moſt dreadful of the ſons of *Earth*;
Their cruel father, from their natal hour,
With hate purſued them, to his utmoſt pow'r;
He from the parent womb did all convey
Into ſome ſecret cave remote from day:
The tyrant father thus his ſons oppreſs'd,
And evil meditations fill'd his breaſt.
Earth deeply groan'd for theſe her ſons confin'd,
And vengeance for their wrongs employ'd her mind;
She yields black iron from her fruitful vein,
And of it forms an inſtrument of pain;

Then to her children thus, the ſilence broke,
Without reſerve ſhe deeply ſighing ſpoke.
My ſons, deſcended from a barb'rous ſire,
Whoſe evil acts our breaſts to vengeance fire,
Attentive to my friendly voice incline;
Th' aggreſſor he, and to revenge be thine.
The bold propoſal they aſtoniſh'd hear;
Her words poſſeſs'd them with a ſilent fear;
Saturn, at laſt, whom no deceit can blind,
To her reſponſive thus declar'd his mind.
Matron, for us the throwing pangs who bore,
Much we have ſuffer'd, but will bear no more;
If ſuch as fathers ought our will not be,
The name of father is no ty to me;
Patients of wrongs if they th' attempt decline,
Th' aggreſſor he, all to revenge be mine.
Earth greatly joy'd at what his words reveal'd,
And in cloſe ambuſh him from all conceal'd;
Arm'd with the crooked inſtrument ſhe made,
She taught him to direct the ſharp-tooth'd blade.
Great *Heav'n* approach'd beneath the veil of *Night*,
Propoſing from his conſort, *Earth*, delight;
As in full length the god extended lay,
No fraud ſuſpecting in his am'rous play,
Out ruſh'd his ſon, comploter with his wife,
His right hand graſp'd the long, the fatal, knife,
His left the channel of the ſeed of life,

Which

Which from the roots the rough-tooth'd metal tore,
And bath'd his fingers with his father's gore;
He throw'd behind the ſourſe of *Heaven*'s pain;
Nor fell the ruins of the god in vain;
The ſanguine drops which from the members fall
The fertile earth receives, and drinks them all:
Hence, at the end of the revolving year,
Sprung mighty *Giants*, pow'rful with the ſpear,
Shining in arms; the *Furys* took their birth
Hence, and the *Wood-Nymphs* of the ſpacious earth.
Saturn the parts divided from the wound,
Spoils of his parent god, caſt from the ground
Into the ſea; long thro the watry plain
They journey'd on the ſurface of the main:
Fruitful at length th' immortal ſubſtance grows,
Whit'ning it foams, and in a circle flows:
Behold a nymph ariſe divinely fair,
Whom to *Cythera* firſt the ſurges bear;
Hence is ſhe borne ſafe o'er the deeps profound
To *Cyprus*, water'd by the waves around:
And here ſhe walks endow'd with every grace
To charm, the goddeſs blooming in her face;
Her looks demand reſpect; and where ſhe goes
Beneath her tender feet the herbage blows;
And *Aphrodite*, from the foam, her name,
Among the race of gods, and men, the ſame;
And *Cytherea* from *Cythera* came;

Whence, beauteous crown'd, ſhe ſafely croſs'd the ſea,
And call'd, o *Cyprus*, *Cypria* from thee;
Nor leſs by *Philomedea* known on earth,
A name deriv'd immediate from her birth:
Her firſt attendants to th' immortal choir
Were *Love*, the oldeſt god, and fair *Deſire*:
The virgin whiſper, and the tempting ſmile,
The ſweet alurement that can hearts beguile,
Soft blandiſhments which never fail to move,
Friendſhip, and all the fond deceits in love,
Conſtant her ſteps purſue, or will ſhe go
Among the gods above, or men below.

Great *Heav'n* was wrath thus by his ſons to bleed,
And call'd them *Titans* from the barb'rous deed;
He told them all, from a prophetic mind,
The hours of his revenge were ſure behind.

Now darkſome *Night* fruitful begun to prove,
Without the knowledge of connubial love;

From

ỳ 325. *The offſprings of* night.] The diſtinction which *Tzetzes* makes betwixt Μοῖρα and Κῆρα, which I tranſlate *Deſtiny* and *Fate*, is this; one confirms the decree concerning our death, and the other the puniſhment attending evil works. *Le Clerc* infers, from the poet making even the gods ſubject to the *Fates*, that they muſt be mere men which were immortaliſed by human adoration; but the paſſage which *Plutarch*, in his inquiry after god, quotes from *Plato* will better reconcile this; *Fate*, ſays he, is the eternal reaſon, and law, implanted in the nature of every being.

Momus

From her black womb ſad *Deſtiny* and *Fate*,
Death, *Sleep*, and num'rous *Dreams*, derive their [date:
With *Momus* the dark goddeſs teems again,
And *Care* the mother of a doleful train;
Th' *Heſperides* ſhe bore, far in the ſeas
Guards of the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
From the ſame parent ſprung the rig'rous three,
The goddeſſes of *Fate*, and *Deſtiny*,
Clotho and *Lacheſis*, whoſe boundleſs ſway,
With *Atropos*, both men and gods obey;
To human race they, from their birth, ordain
A life of pleaſure, or a life of pain;

Momus is called a deity becauſe he animadverts on the vices both of men and gods; but why is he called the ſon of *Night?* Becauſe cenſure and backbitings are generally ſpread privately and as in the dark. His name is from *Moum* or *Mom*, the *Phœnician* word for vice. *Lucian*, in his *Aſſembly of the gods*, makes *Momus* ſpeak thus of himſelf; *all know me to be free of my tongue, and that I conceal nothing ill done: I blab out every thing*, &c. *Le Clerc.*

The *Heſperides* are nymphs which are fayed to watch the golden fruit in the weſtern parts of the world. *Tzetzes* thus interprets this ſtory: the *Heſperides* are the nocturnal hours in which the ſtars are in their luſter; by *Hercules*, who is feigned to have plucked the golden fruit, is mean'd the ſun, at whoſe appearance the ſtars ceaſe to ſhine.

Nemeſis is called the goddeſs of revenge, and the etymology of her name ſpeaks her office, which is from νεμεσαω to reſent. Our poet, in his *Works* and *Days*, ranks her with *Modeſty*.

To ſlav'ry, or to empire, ſuch their pow'r,
They fix a mortal at his natal hour ;
The crimes of men, and gods, the *Fates* purſue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due ;
Nor can the greateſt their reſentment fly,
They puniſh 'e're they lay their anger by :
And *Nemeſis* from the ſame fountain roſe,
From hurtful *Night*, herſelf the ſourſe of woes:
Hence *Fraud*, and looſe *Deſire* the bane of life,
Old age vexatious, and corroding *Strife*.
From *Strife* pernicious painful labour roſe,
Oblivion, *Famine*, and tormenting *Woes* ;
Hence *Combats*, *Murders*, *Wars*, and *Slaughters*, riſe,
Deceits, and *Quarrels*, and injurious *Lys* ;
Unruly *Licenſe* hence that knows no bounds,
And *Loſſes* ſpring, and ſad *Domeſtic wounds* ;
Hence *Perjury*, black *Perjury*, began,
A crime deſtructive to the race of man.
Old *Nereus* to the *Sea* was born of *Earth*,
Nereus who claims the precedence in birth

To

ỳ 357. *Nereus*, which in the *Phœnician* tongue is *naharo* a river, is ſayed to be a ſon of the *Sea*, becauſe all rivers take their riſe from thence according to the opinion of the poet. The reaſon, perhaps, for which he has this extraordinary character in the *Theogony* is becauſe he was eſteemed a prophetic deity. *Le Clerc.*

Thaumas

To their deſcendants; him old god they call,
Becauſe ſincere, and affable, to all;
In judgement moderation he preſerves,
And never from the paths of juſtice ſwerves.
Thaumas the great from the ſame parents came,
Phorcys the ſtrong, and *Ceto* beauteous dame:
To the ſame ſire did *Earth Euribia* bear,
As iron hard her heart, a cruel fair.
Doris to *Nereus* bore a lovely train,
Fifty fair daughters, wand'rers of the main;

A

Thaumas is here made the ſon of the *Sea* and *Earth*, and the father of *Iris*: *Le Clerc* ſays he is thus allyed to the *Sea* and *Iris*; he is the deity that preſides over clouds and vapours, which ariſe from the ſea and the earth, and cauſe *Iris* or the rainbow. He is called *Thaumas* from θαυμαζω to wonder at, or admire, or from the *Phœnician* word, of the ſame ſignifycation, *thamah*, becauſe all meteors excite wonder or admiration.

Phorcys, ſays *Le Clerc*, ſeems to have been one who employed himſelf in navigation; but his derivation of the word is too far fetch'd from the *Syrian phrak*, he departed, or travelled. The ſame critic is ſurpriſed, and indeed not without reaſon, that *Ceto* ſhould be called fair, and have ſuch horrid children; he derives her name from *kout* to be contentious, to loath.

Eurybia is from ευρυς wide and βια force, one of extenſive power.

ỳ 367. *Tzetzes* thinks the poet, by the names of the *Nereids*, deſigned to expreſs ſeveral parts and qualitys of the ſea; but *Le Clerc* believes them only the arbitrary invention of the poets. *Spenſer*, in the eleventh canto of the fourth book of his *Fairy Queen* has intro-

A beauteous mother ſhe, of *Ocean* born,
Whoſe graceful head the comely'ſt locks adorn:
Proto, *Eucrate*, nymphs, begin the line,
Sao to whom, and *Amphitrite* join;
Eudore, *Thetis*, and *Galene*, grace,
With *Glauce*, and *Cymothoe*, the race;
Swift-footed *Spio* hence derives her birth,
With thee, *Thalia*, ever prone to mirth;
And *Melite*, charming in mien to ſee,
Did the ſame mother bear, *Eulimene*,
Agave too, *Paſithea* and thee;
From whom ſprung *Erato*, *Eunice* you,
With arms appearing of a roſy hue;

duced a beautyful aſſemblage of the *Nereids* and other ſea and river deitys at the marriage of *Thames* and *Medway:* and he has imitated and paraphraſed many verſes together of our poet, and tranſlated many more; and moſt, in my judgement, ſuperior to the *Greek:* whoſe manner of imitating the antients will appear by a qnotation of one ſtanza.

STANZA 48th.

And after theſe the ſea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damſels, deck'd with long green hair,
Whom of their ſire NEREIDES *men call,*
All which the OCEAN's *daughter to him bare,*
The grey'd-ey'd DORIS; *all which fifty are;*
All which ſhe there on her attending had;
Swift PROTO, *mild* EUCRATE, THETIS *fair,*
Soft SPIO, *ſweet* EUDORE, SAO *ſad,*
Light DOTO, *wanton* GLAUCE, *and* GALENE *glad.*

Doto

Doto and *Proto* join the progeny,
With them *Pheruſa* and *Dunamene*;
Niſæa and *Actæa* boaſt the ſame,
Protomedia from the fruitful dame,
And *Doris* honour'd with maternal name;
And hence does *Panope* her lineage trace,
And *Galatea* with a lovely face;
And hence *Hippothoe* who ſweetly charms,
And thou *Hipponoe* with thy roſy arms;
And hence *Cymodoce* the floods who binds,
And with *Cymatolege* ſtills the winds;
With them the pow'r does *Amphitrite* ſhare,
Of all the main the lovely'ſt footed fair;
Cumo, *Heïone*, and *Halimed*
With a ſweet garland that adorns her head,
Boaſt the ſame riſe, joyful *Glauconome*,
Pontoporea, and *Liagore*;
Evagore, *Laomedia*, join,
And thou *Polynome*, the num'rous line;
Autonoe, *Lyſianaſſa*, name,
Siſters deſcended from the fertile dame;
In the bright liſt *Evarne* fair we find,
Spotleſs the nymph both in her form and mind,
And *Pſamathe* of a majeſtic mien;
And thou divine *Menippe* there art ſeen;
To theſe we *Neſo* add, *Eupompe* thee,
And thee *Themiſto* next, and *Pronoe*;

Nemertes, virgin chaſt, compleats the race,
Not laſt in honour tho the laſt in place;
Her breaſt the virtues of her parent fire,
Her mind the copy of her deathleſs ſire.
From blameleſs *Nereus* theſe, the fruits of joy,
And goodly offices the nymphs employ.

Of *Ocean* born, *Electre* plights her word
To *Thaumas*, and obeys her rightful lord;
Iris to whom, a goddeſs ſwift, ſhe bears;
From them the *Harpys*, with their comely hairs,
Deſcend, *Aëllo* who purſues the wind,
And with her ſiſter leaves the birds behind;
Ocypete the other; when they fly,
They ſeem with rapid wings to reach the ſky.

Ceto to *Phorcys* bore the *Graiæ*, grey
From the firſt moment they beheld the day;
Hence,

℣ 418. The *Harpys* are violent ſtorms; the etymologys of their names are ſignifycant of their nature. The word *Harpys* is from αρπαζω to tear, to deſtroy; *Aëllo* from αελλα a ſtorm; *Ocypete* from ωκυς ſwiſt and πετομαι to fly.

℣ 423. CETO *to* PHORCYS *&c.*] I ſhall give the ſtory of the *Gorgons*, and the *Graiæ*, as related by Lord *Bacon*, with his reflections on the ſame.

Perſeus is fayed to have been ſent by *Pallas* to ſlay *Meduſa*, who was very pernicious to many of the inhabitants of the weſtern parts of *Hiberia*; for ſhe was ſo dire and horrid a monſter that by her aſpect only ſhe converted men into ſtones. Of the *Gorgons Meduſa* only was mortal:

Hence gods and men theſe daughters *Graiæ* name;
Pephredo lovely veil'd from *Ceto* came,
And *Enyo* with her ſaffron veil: the ſame

To

tal: *Perſeus*, preparing himſelf to kill her, received arms and other gifts from three deitys; from *Mercury* he had wings for his heels, from *Pluto* a helmet, and from *Pallas* a ſhield and a looking-glaſs. He went not immediately towards *Meduſa*, tho he was ſo well inſtructed, but firſt to the *Graiæ*; who were grey and like old women from their birth. They all had but one eye and one tooth, which ſhe who went abroad uſed, and layed down when ſhe returned. This eye and tooth they lent to *Perſeus* who, finding himſelf thus compleatly furniſhed for his deſign, flew without delay to *Meduſa*, whom he found ſleeping: if ſhe ſhould awake he dared not look in her face; therefore, turning his head aſide, he beheld her in the glaſs of *Pallas*, and in that manner taking his aim he cut off her head: from her blood inſtantly ſprung *Pegaſus* with wings. *Perſeus* fixed her head in the ſhield of *Pallas*, which retained this power, that all who beheld it became ſtupid as if thunder-ſtruck.

This fable ſeems invented to ſhew the prudence required in waging war; in which three weighty precepts are to be conſidered as from the counſel of *Pallas*. Firſt, in the enlarging dominions, the occaſion, facility, and profits, of a war are to be thought of before vicinity of territorys; therefore *Perſeus*, tho an oriental, did not decline an expedition to the extreameſt parts of the weſt. Secondly, regard ought to be had to the motives of a war, which ſhould be juſt and honourable; for a war on ſuch terms adds alacrity both to the ſoldiers and thoſe who bear the expence of the war; it obtains and ſecures aids, and has many other advantages. No cauſe of a war is more pious than the quelling tyranny, which ſo ſubdues the people as to deprive them of all ſoul and vigour,

which

To *Phorcys* bore the *Gorgons*, who remain
Far in the ſeat of *Night*, the diſtant main,
Where,

which is ſignifyed by the aſpect of *Meduſa*. Thirdly, the *Gorgons* were three, by which wars are repreſented, and *Perſeus* is judiciouſly made to encounter her only who was mortal; that is, he would not purſue vaſt and endleſs hopes, but undertook a war that might be brought to a period. The inſtruction which *Perſeus* received is that which conduces to the ſucceſs or fortune of the war: he received ſwiftneſs from *Mercury*, ſecrecy of counſels from *Orcus*, and providence from *Pallas*. Tho *Perſeus* wanted nor aid nor courage, that he ſhould conſult the *Graiæ* was neceſſary. The *Graiæ* are treaſons, and elegantly ſayed to be grey, and like old women, from their birth, becauſe of the perpetual fears and tremblings with which traytors are attended. All their force, before they appear in open rebellion, is an eye, or a tooth; for every faction alienated from a ſtate contemplates and bites: this eye and tooth is in common; for what they learn and know paſſes thro the hands of faction from one to the other; the meaning of the tooth is, they all bite alike; *Perſeus* therefore was to make friends of the *Graiæ*, that they might lend him the eye and the tooth. Two effects follow the concluſion of the war; firſt, the generation of *Pegaſus*, which plainly denotes fame, that flys abroad and proclaims the victory: the ſecond is the bearing the head of *Meduſa* in the ſhield; for one glorious and memorable act happyly accompliſhed reſtrains all the motions of enemys, and makes even malice amazed and dumb. Thus far Lord *Bacon*: the following phyſical explanation from *Tzetzes*.

Phorcys ſignifys the vehemence of the waters, *Ceto* the depth; γραιαν the Scholiaſt interprets τον αφρον the foam, *Pephredo* and *Enyo* the deſire of marine expeditions. The poet calls the *Heſperides* murmuring becauſe the ſtars in thoſe parts, according to *Ariſtotle*, move to a muſical harmony:

Where, murm'ring at their taſk, th' *Heſperides*
Watch o'er the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
The number of the *Gorgons* once were three,
Stheno, *Meduſa*, and *Euryale*;
Of which two ſiſters draw immortal breath,
Free from the fears of age as free from death;
But thou *Meduſa* felt a pow'rful foe,
A mortal thou, and born to mortal woe;
Nothing avail'd of love thy bliſsful hours,
In a ſoft meadow, on a bed of flow'rs,
Thy tender dalliance with the ocean's king,
And in the beauty of the year, the ſpring;
You by the conqu'ring hand of *Perſeus* bled,
Perſeus whoſe ſword lay'd low in duſt thy head;
Then ſtarted out, when you began to bleed,
The great *Chryſaor*, and the gallant ſteed
Call'd *Pegaſus*, a name not giv'n in vain,
Born near the fountains of the ſpacious main.

harmony: by *Stheno* and *Euryale*, which are immortal, he means the immenſe and inexhauſtible parts of the ocean, by *Meduſa* the waters which the ſun, or *Perſeus*, drys up by his beams. *Chryſaor* and *Pegaſus* are thoſe parts of matter which are exalted on high, and break in thunder and lightening. *Pegaſus*, ſays *Grævius*, is ſo called becauſe he was born near πηγας, the fountains of the main; *Chryſaor* from his having in his hand χρυσαορ ασος a golden ſword. *Le Clerc* tells us that this fable is originally *Phœnician*; he derives the name of *Perſeus* from *pharſcho* a horſeman, and *Chryſaor* from the *Phœnician* word *chriſaor* the keeper of fire.

His

His birth will great *Chryſaor*'s name unfold,
When in his hand glitter'd the ſword of gold;
Mounted on *Pegaſus* he ſoar'd above,
And ſought the palace of almighty *Jove*;
Loaded with light'ning thro the ſkys he rode,
And bore it with the thunder to the god.

Chryſaor, love the guide, *Calliroe* led,
Daughter of *Ocean*, to the genial bed;
Whence *Geryon* ſprung, fierce with his triple head;
Whom *Hercules* lay'd breathleſs on the ground,
In *Erythea* which the waves ſurround;
His oxen lowing round their maſter ſtand,
While he falls gaſping from the conqu'rer's hand:
That fatal day beheld *Eurytion* fall,
And with him *Orthus* in a gloomy ſtall;

By

ỳ 456. Some, ſays the Scholiaſt, will have *Geryon* to ſignify time; his three heads mean the preſent, paſſed, and the future; *Erythea* is an iſland in the *ocean* where he kep'd his herds. *Tzetz.*

Le Clerc tells us that when *Hercules* invaded the iſland which *Geryon* poſſeſſed he was oppoſed by three partys which were inhabitants, and conquered them; which explains his cuting off his three heads.

The ſame critic afterwards ſeems to doubt this interpretation; he quotes *Bochart* to prove that no oxen were in *Erythea*, and that the iſland was not productive of graſs; but I think if heads are figuratively mean'd for partys, the herds may as well be took for the men who compoſed thoſe partys.

ỳ 462. *Orthus* is the dog of *Geryon* that watched the herds, which may be ſome chief officer, and his being

By his ſtrong arm the dog and herdſman ſlain,
The hero drove the oxen croſs the main;
The wide-brow'd herds he to *Tirynthus* bore,
And ſafely landed on the ſacred ſhore.
Calliroe in a cave conceiv'd again,
And for *Echidna* bore maternal pain;
A monſter ſhe of an undaunted mind,
Unlike the gods, nor like the human kind;
One half a nymph of a prodigious ſize,
Fair her complexion, and aſquint her eyes;
The other half a ſerpent dire to view,
Large, and voracious, and of various hue;
Deep in a *Syrian* rock her horrid den,
From the immortal gods remote, and men;
There, ſo the council of the gods ordains,
Forlorn, and ever young, the nymph remains.
In love *Echidna* with *Typhaon* join'd,
Outragious he, and bluſt'ring, as the wind;
Of theſe the offſprings prov'd a furious race;
Orthus, the produce of the firſt embrace,
Was vigilant to watch his maſter's herd,
The dog of *Geryon*, and a truſty guard:
Next *Cerberus*, the dog of *Pluto*, came,
Devouring, direful, of a monſtrous frame;

From murdered in a gloomy ſtall may ſignify the ſhameful retreat he made in his time of danger.

℣ 485. *Cerberus Le Clerc* derives from *chrabroſch* having many heads. The *Hydra*, he tells us, means the inhabitants

From fifty heads he barks with fifty tongues,
Fierce, and undaunted, with his braſen lungs:
The dreadful *Hydra* roſe from the ſame bed,
In *Lerna* by the fair-arm'd *Juno* bred,
Juno, with hate implacable who ſtrove
Againſt the virtues of the ſon of *Jove*;
But *Hercules*, with *Iolaus* join'd,
Amphitryon's race, and of a martial mind,
Bleſs'd with the counſel of the warlike maid,
Dead at his feet the horrid monſter lay'd:
From the ſame parents ſprung *Chimæra* dire,
From whoſe black noſtrils iſſued flames of fire;
Strong, and of ſize immenſe; a monſter ſhe
Rapid in flight, aſtoniſhing to ſee;

habitants about the lake *Lerna*: *Juno* may therefore ſignify the earth who nouriſhed the *Hydra*.

℣ 497. *Chimæra* is from the *Phœnician chamirah burned:* it was a mountain ſo called becauſe it emited flames; of which, ſays PLINY, *the mountain* Chimæra *in* Phacelis *flames, without ceaſing, night and day.* STRABO thinks the fable took a riſe from this mountain: the three heads may be three cliffs; *Bochart* ſuppoſes them to be three leaders of the people of *Piſidia*, whoſe names may have a ſimilitude to the nature of the three animals, the lion, the goat, and the ſerpent. *Bellerophon* is ſayed to conquer this monſter, to whom the poet gives *Pegaſus*, becauſe to gain the ſummit of the mountain no leſs than a winged horſe was required. *Le Clerc.* The interpretation of *Chimæra* a mountain is not unnatural, when we conſider her the daughter of *Typhaon*, of whom we ſhall ſpeak more largely in a following note.

A lion's

A lion's head on her large ſhoulders grew,
The goat's, and dragon's, terrible to view;
A lion ſhe before in mane and throat,
Behind a dragon, in the midſt a goat;
Her *Pegaſus* the ſwift ſubdued in flight,
Back'd by *Bellerophon* a gallant knight.

From *Orthus* and *Chimæra*, foul embrace,
Is *Sphinx* deriv'd, a monſter to the race

Of

ỳ 508. *Sphinx* is thus deſcribed by APOLLODORUS; *ſhe had the breaſt and face of a woman, the feet and tail of a lion, and the wings of a bird.* LE CLERC has this interpretation, which ſeems the moſt reaſonable, of this monſter. After deriving the name from *Sphica* which is a murderer, he tells us, in *Sphinx* is ſhadowed a gang of robbers which lurked in the cavitys of a mountain; ſhe is ſayed to have had the face and breaſt of a woman becauſe ſome women were among them, who perhaps allured the travellers, the feet and tail of a lion, becauſe they were cruel and deſtructive, and the wings of a bird from their ſwiftneſs. She is ſayed to have ſlain thoſe who could not explain her *Ænigma*; that is, they murdered ſuch as unwaryly came where they were, and knew not their haunts. *Oedipus* is recorded to have unraveled the *Ænigma* becauſe he found them and deſtroyed them.

The *Nemean lion* may be an allegory of the ſame nature, or literally a lion.

The 331ſt verſe in the original is commonly given thus:

Κοιρανεων τριτοιο Νημειης ηδ' απεσαντος,

in which τριτοιο is taken as an adjective, ſignifying *cavernoſa*; but Mr. *Robinſon*, in his edition of *Heſiod* publiſhed

Of *Cadmus* fatal: from the ſame dire veins
Sprung the ſtern ranger of *Nemean* plains,
The lion nouriſh'd by the wife of *Jove*,
Permited lord of *Tretum*'s mount to rove;
Nemea he, and *Apeſas*, commands,
Alarms the people, and deſtroys their lands;
In *Hercules* at laſt a foe he found,
And from his arm receiv'd a mortal wound.

Ceto and *Phorcys* both renew'd their flame;
From which amour a horrid *Serpent* came;
Who keeps, while in a ſpacious cave he lys,
Watchful o'er all the golden fruit his eyes.

liſhed ſince my tranſlation of our poet, rightly judges τρητοιο to be a proper name, and quotes a paſſage from *Diodorus Siculus*, and another from *Pauſanias*, in which the den of the *Nemean* lion is ſayed to have been in the mountain *Tretum*: read therefore henceforward,

Κοιρανεων Τρητοιο, Νεμειης, ηδ' απεσαυλος.

℣ 517. Ceto *and* Phorcys &c.] Serpents are often in fabulous hiſtory conſtituted guards of things of immenſe value. The ſerpent *Python* kep'd the oracle at *Delphi*; and a *ſerpent* is made to watch the golden fruit. What is the moral of all this? When we are intruſted with affairs of price and importance we ought to be as vigilant as ſerpents. The word οφις a ſerpent comes from οπτομαι to ſee; and the *Phœnician nahhaſch*, a ſerpent, is from a verb in the ſame language to ſee. *Le Clerc*. I muſt add to this explanation, the *ſerpent* being placed in a cave to guard the fruit denotes ſecrecy, as well as vigilance.

Tethys

Tethys and *Ocean*, born of *Heav'n*, embrace,
Whence ſprings the *Nile*, and a long wat'ry race,
Alpheus, and *Eridanus* the ſtrong,
That riſes deep, and ſtately rowls along,
Strymon,

ỳ 522. The commentators have concluded *Heſiod* later than *Homer* from his naming the chief river in *Ægypt* under the appellation of the *Nile*, which, they ſay, was not ſo called in the days of *Homer*, but *Ægyptus*. This argument cannot prevail when we conſider the word in the *Radix*, which, ſays *Le Clerc*, is *nuhhul* and *nhhil*, and in *Hebrew nahhal*, which is the common name for any river; *Heſiod* therefore might chooſe *Nile*, κατ' ἐξοχην, for eminence, it being the principal river, or for the ſame reaſon, which is not unlikely, that *Homer* might chooſe *Ægyptus*, becauſe it came more readyly into the verſe: but whatever their reaſons were for chooſing theſe different names of the ſame river, here is no foundation to determine ſo difficult a point as the age of either of theſe poets from it.

ỳ 523. *Alpheus* is a river in *Elis*, and has ſomething more extraordinary, ſays *Pauſanias*, in it than any other river; it often flows under ground and breaks out again. *Eridanus* a river, ſays the Scholiaſt, of the *Celtæ*. *Strymon* a river in *Thrace*. *Mæander* in *Lydia* or *Icaria*. *Iſter* in *Scythia*. *Phaſis* in *Colchis*. *Rheſus* in *Troy*. *Achelous* in *Acarnia* or *Ætolia*. *Neſſus* in *Thrace*. *Rhodius* in *Troy*. *Haliacmon* in *Macedon*. *Heptaporus*, *Granicus*, and *Æſapus* in *Troy*. *Hermus* in *Lydia*. *Simois* in *Troy*. *Peneus* in *Theſſaly*; and ſome, ſays *Tzetzes*, ſay *Granicus* and *Simois* are in *Theſſaly*. *Caicus* in *Myſia*. *Sangarius* in upper *Phrygia*. *Ladon* in *Arcadia*; this river, ſays *Pauſanias*, exceeds all the rivers in *Greece* for clearneſs of water. *Parthenius* in *Paphlagonia*. *Evenus* in *Ætolia*. *Ardeſcus* in *Scythia*. *Scamander* in *Troy*. The daughters of *Tethys* and *Ocean* are only poetical names;

Strymon, *Mæander*, and the *Iſter* clear;
Nor, *Phaſis*, are thy ſtreams omited here;
To the ſame riſe *Rheſus* his current owes,
And *Achelous* that like ſilver flows;
Hence *Neſſus* takes his courſe, and *Rhodius*,
With *Haliacmon*, and *Heptaporus*;
To theſe the *Granic* and *Æſapus* join,
Hermus to theſe, and *Simoïs* divine,
Penëus, and the *Caic* flood that laves
The verdant margins with his beauteous waves;
The great *Sangarius*, and the *Ladon*, name,
Parthenius, and *Evenus*, ſtreams of fame,
And you, *Ardeſcus*, boaſt the fruitful line,
And laſtly you *Scamender* the divine.
From the ſame parents, fertile pair, we trace
A progeny of nymphs, a ſacred race;
Who, from their birth, o'er all mankind the care
With the great king *Apollo* jointly ſhare;
In this is *Jove*, the god of gods, obey'd,
Who grants the rivers all to lend their aid.
The nymphs from *Tethys*, and old *Ocean*, theſe,
Pitho, *Admete*, daughters of the ſeas,

names; deſigned, ſays the Scholiaſt, for lakes and rivers of leſs note than the ſons. They are ſayed, continues he, to have the care of mankind from their birth jointly with *Apollo*, becauſe heat and moiſture contribute to generation, and the nutriment of men thro life.

Ianthe, and *Electra*, nymphs of fame,
Doris, and *Prymno*, and the beauteous dame
Urania as a goddeſs fair in face;
Hence *Hippo*, and hence *Clymene*, we trace,
And thou, *Rodia*, of the num'rous race;
Zeuxo to theſe ſucceeds, *Calliroe*,
Clytie, *Idya*, and *Paſithoe*;
Plexaure here, and *Galaxaure*, join,
And lovely *Dion* of a lovely line;
Meloboſis, and *Thoe*, add to theſe,
And charming *Polydora* form'd to pleaſe,
Cerces whoſe beautys all from nature riſe,
And *Pluto* with her large majeſtic eyes;
Perſeïs, *Xanthe*, in the liſt we ſee,
And *Ianira*, and *Acaſte* thee;
Meneſtho, nor *Europa*, hence remove,
Nor *Metis*, nor *Petræa* raiſing love;
Criſie, and *Aſia*, boaſt one antient ſire,
With fair *Calypſo* object of deſire,
Teleſtho ſaffron-veil'd, *Eurynome*,
Eudore, *Tyche*, and *Ocyroe*,
And thou *Amphiro* of the ſource divine,
And *Styx* exceeding all the lovely line:
Theſe are the ſons firſt in the liſt of fame,
And daughters, which from antient *Ocean* came,
And fruitful *Tethys*, venerable dame:

Thouſands

Thouſands of ſtreams which flow the ſpacious earth
From *Tethys*, and her ſons, deduce their birth;
Numbers of tydes ſhe yielded to her lord,
Too many for a mortal to record;
But they who on, or near, their borders dwell
Their virtues know, and can deſcribe them well.
The fruits of *Thia* and *Hyperion* riſe,
And with refulgent luſter light the ſkys,
The great the glorious *Sun* tranſcending bright,
And the fair ſplendid *Moon* the lamp of night;
With them *Aurora*, when whoſe dawn appears,
Who mortal men, and gods immortal, chears.
To *Creus*, her eſpous'd, a ſon of *Earth*,
Eurybia gave the great *Aſtræus* birth;

Perſes

ỳ 581. The *Sun* is called Ηελιος from the *Phœnician* word *helojo*, that is high; tho this name may ſuit all the planets, yet it is more properly given to the moſt eminent of them. He is ſprung from *Hyperion*, that is from him that exiſts on high.

ỳ 582. The word Σελήνη, the *Moon*, or in the Doric Σελανα, is from the *Phœnician* word *ſchelanah*, that is, one that wanders thro the night. *Aurora*, or the morning, being born of the ſame parents, needs no explanation.

ỳ 585. *Le Clerc* ſays the children of *Creus* and *Eurybia* are not to be found in any antient hiſtory, nor to be explained from the nature of things; but if we conſider the etymologys of the names of the parents his remark will prove invalid. *Creus* is from the verb to judge, and *Eurybia*, as I have before obſerved, ſignifys wide command; judgement therefore and power are made the

parents

Perſes from them, of all moſt ſkilful, came,
And *Pallas* firſt of goddeſſes in fame.
Aurora brought to great *Aſtræus* forth
The *Weſt*, the *South-wind*, and the rapid *North*;
The morning-ſtar fair *Lucifer* ſhe bore,
And, ornaments of heav'n, ten thouſand more.
From *Styx*, the faireſt of old *Ocean*'s line,
And *Pallas*, ſprung a progeny divine,

Zeal

parents of three offſprings of renown. I muſt here obſerve that *Pallas* cannot be the ſame with her who is afterwards ſayed to ſpring from the head of *Jove*. Our poet calls this *Pallas* only, and the latter *Athena* and *Tritogenia*. The following verſes which tell us the *Winds* ſprung from *Aſtræus* and *Aurora* I ſhould ſuppoſe ſpurious, becauſe we are told in the ſame poem they ſprung from *Typhœus*, which is every way agreeable to the phyſical ſenſe; we muſt therefore ſuppoſe them ſuppoſitious, or the poet has commited a very great blunder. See farther in the note to ℣ 1195.

℣ 593. *Styx*, ſays the Scholiaſt, is from στυγεω to hate, to dread; why her offſprings are made attendants on the Almighty is conſpicuous; but I am not ſatisfyed in *Pallas* being their father: *Tzetzes* tells us that he underſtands by *Pallas* the ſuperior motion which produces ſuch effects. The name, I believe, muſt come from παλλω, a verb to expreſs extraordinary action, in *Latin vibro, agito, &c.* We are told here that *Styx* was ordained, by *Jove*, the oath of the gods; on which Lord *Bacon* has the following remark. Neceſſity is elegantly repreſented by *Styx*, a fatal and irremeable river. The ſame noble author goes on to ſhew that the force of leagues is to take away the power of offending, by making it neceſſary that the offender ſhould undergo the penalty enacted.

Zeal to perform, and *Victʼry* in her pace
Fair-footed, *Valour*, *Might*, a glorious race!
They hold a manſion in the realms above,
Their ſeat is always near the throne of *Jove*;
Where the dread thund'ring god purſues his way,
They march, and cloſe behind his ſteps obey.
This honour they by *Styx* their mother gain'd;
Which by her prudence ſhe from *Jove* obtain'd:
When the great pow'r that e'en the gods commands,
Who ſends the bolts from his almighty hands,
Summon'd th' immortals, who obey'd his call,
He thus addreſs'd them in th' olympian hall.

Ye gods, like gods, with me who dauntleſs dare
To face the *Titans* in a dreadful war,
Above the reſt in honour ſhall ye ſtand,
And ample recompence ſhall load your hand:
To *Saturn*'s reign who bow'd, and unprefer'd,
Void of diſtinction, and without reward,
Great, and magnificently rich, ſhall ſhine,
As right requires, and ſuits a pow'r divine.

Thus he proceeds; if the power of hurting be took away, or if, on breach of covenant, the danger of ruin, or loſs of honour or eſtate, muſt be the conſequence, the league may be ſayed to be ratifyed, as by the ſacrament of *Styx*, ſince the dread of baniſhment from the banquets of the gods follows; under which terms are ſignifyed, by the antients, the laws, prerogatives, affluence, and felicity, of empire. See farther ℣ 1082.

Firſt,

Firſt, as her father counſel'd, *Styx* aſcends,
And her brave offſprings to the god commends;
Great *Jove* receiv'd her with peculiar grace,
Nor honour'd leſs the mother than her race;
Enrich'd with gifts ſhe left the bright abodes,
By *Jove* ordain'd the ſolemn oath of gods;
Her children, as ſhe wiſh'd, behind remain,
Conſtant attendants on the thund'rer's train:
Alike the god with all maintain'd his word,
And rules, in empire ſtrong, of lords the lord.
Phœbe with fondneſs to her *Cœus* cleav'd,
And ſhe, a goddeſs, by a god conceiv'd;
Latona, ſable-veil'd, the produce proves,
Pleaſing to all, of their connubial loves,
Sweetly engaging from her natal hour,
The moſt delightful in th' olympian bow'r:
From them *Aſteria* ſprung, a nymph renown'd,
And with the ſpouſal love of *Perſes* crown'd;

ỳ 625. *Le Clerc* derives *Phœbe* from the *Phœnician phe-bah*, which is *os in illâ*, that is a prophetic mouth; for in the *Phœnician* tongue the oracle is called the mouth of God, and to ſay we conſult the mouth of God is the ſame as to ſay we conſult the oracle. *Latona*, in *Greek Leto*, the ſame critic derives from *lout* or *lito* or *leto*, which is to uſe magic charms; therefore, ſays he, *Apollo* and *Diana*, who preſide over magic arts, are fayed to be born of her. *Aſteria*, he tells us, comes from *haſſethirah* which ſignifys lying hid, not an improper name for an enchantreſs.

Zeal to perform, and *Victʼry* in her pace
Fair-footed, *Valour*, *Might*, a glorious race!
They hold a manſion in the realms above,
Their ſeat is always near the throne of *Jove*;
Where the dread thund'ring god purſues his way,
They march, and cloſe behind his ſteps obey.
This honour they by *Styx* their mother gain'd;
Which by her prudence ſhe from *Jove* obtain'd:
When the great pow'r that e'en the gods commands,
Who ſends the bolts from his almighty hands,
Summon'd th' immortals, who obey'd his call,
He thus addreſs'd them in th' olympian hall.

Ye gods, like gods, with me who dauntleſs dare
To face the *Titans* in a dreadful war,
Above the reſt in honour ſhall ye ſtand,
And ample recompence ſhall load your hand:
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Thus he proceeds; if the power of hurting be took away, or if, on breach of covenant, the danger of ruin, or loſs of honour or eſtate, muſt be the conſequence, the league may be ſayed to be ratifyed, as by the ſacrament of *Styx*, ſince the dread of baniſhment from the banquets of the gods follows; under which terms are ſignifyed, by the antients, the laws, prerogatives, affluence, and felicity, of empire. See farther ℣ 1082.

Firſt,

First, as her father counsel'd, *Styx* ascends,
And her brave offsprings to the god commends;
Great *Jove* receiv'd her with peculiar grace,
Nor honour'd less the mother than her race;
Enrich'd with gifts she left the bright abodes,
By *Jove* ordain'd the solemn oath of gods;
Her children, as she wish'd, behind remain,
Constant attendants on the thund'rer's train:
Alike the god with all maintain'd his word,
And rules, in empire strong, of lords the lord.
Phœbe with fondness to her *Cœus* cleav'd,
And she, a goddess, by a god conceiv'd;
Latona, sable-veil'd, the produce proves,
Pleasing to all, of their connubial loves,
Sweetly engaging from her natal hour,
The most delightful in th' olympian bow'r:
From them *Asteria* sprung, a nymph renown'd,
And with the spousal love of *Perses* crown'd;

ỳ 625. *Le Clerc* derives *Phœbe* from the *Phœnician phe-bah*, which is *os in illâ*, that is a prophetic mouth; for in the *Phœnician* tongue the oracle is called the mouth of God, and to say we consult the mouth of God is the same as to say we consult the oracle. *Latona*, in *Greek Leto*, the same critic derives from *lout* or *lito* or *leto*, which is to use magic charms; therefore, says he, *Apollo* and *Diana*, who preside over magic arts, are fayed to be born of her. *Asteria*, he tells us, comes from *hassethirah* which signifys lying hid, not an improper name for an enchantress.

To whom ſhe bore *Hecate*, lov'd by *Jove*,
And honour'd by th' inhabitants above,
Profuſely gifted from th' almighty hand,
With pow'r extenſive o'er the ſea and land,
And great the honour ſhe by *Jove*'s high leave,
Does from the ſtarry vault of heav'n receive.
When to the gods the ſacred flames aſpire,
From human off'rings, as the laws require,
To *Hecate* the vows are firſt prefer'd;
Happy of men whoſe pray'rs are kindly hear'd,
Succeſs attends his ev'ry act below,
Honour, wealth, pow'r, to him abundant flow.
The gods, who all from *Earth* and *Heav'n* deſcend,
On her deciſion for their lots depend;
Nor what the earlyeſt gods, the *Titans*, claim,
By her ordain'd, of honour or of fame,

℣ 633. *Hecate* is by the *Phœnicians* called *Echatha*, that is *the only*, *unica*; for which reaſon the poet calls her μονογενης the only begotten. She is eſteemed the chief preſident over magic arts, and reckoned the ſame with the moon. The *Phœnicians* invoked her becauſe ſhe is the regent of the night, the time when all incantations, charms, and the like, are performed. The ſun is in the ſame language called *hhadad* the only or one, *unus*. *Hecate* is here ſayed to have the fate of mariners jointly with *Neptune* in her power, becauſe the moon has an influence over the ſea, as well as over the land. *Le Clerc*. The Scholiaſt ſays the poet gives this great character of *Hecate*, becauſe the perſon, who was perhaps after her death honoured with divine rites, was a *Bœotian*.

Has

Has *Jove* revok'd by his ſupreme command,
For her decrees irrevocable ſtand:
Nor is her honour leſs, nor leſs her pow'r,
Becauſe ſhe only bleſs'd the nuptial hour;
Great is her pow'r on earth, and great her fame,
Nor leſs in *Heav'n*, and o'er the main the ſame,
Becauſe *Saturnian Jove* reveres the dame:
The man ſhe loves ſhe can to greatneſs raiſe,
And grant to whom ſhe favours public praiſe;
This ſhines for words diſtinguiſh'd at the bar;
One proudly triumphs in the ſpoils of war;
And ſhe alone can ſpeedy vict'ry give,
And rich in glory bid the conqu'rer live:
And where the venerable rulers meet
She ſits ſupreme upon the judgement-ſeat:
In ſingle tryals or of ſtrength, or ſkill,
Propitious ſhe preſides o'er whom ſhe will;
To honour ſhe extends the beauteous crown,
And glads the parent with the ſon's renown,
With rapid ſwiftneſs wings the gallant ſteeds,
And in the race the flying courſer ſpeeds.
Who, urg'd by want, and led by hopes of gain,
Purſue their journey croſs the dang'rous main,
To *Hecate* they all for ſafety bow,
And to their god and her prefer the vow.
With eaſe the goddeſs, venerable dame,
Gives to the ſportſman's hand his wiſh'd-for game;

Or now the weary'd creature faintly flys,
And, for a while, eludes the huntſman's eyes,
Who ſtretches ſure to ſeize the panting prey,
And bear the glory of the chace away,
Till, by the kind protect'reſs of the plains,
Her ſtrength recovers, and new life ſhe gains,
She ſtarts, ſurpriſing, and outſtrips the wind,
And leaves the maſters of the chace behind.
With *Mercury* the watchful goddeſs guards
Of goats the ſtragling flocks, the lowing herds,
And bleating folds rich with the pond'rous fleece;
By her they leſſen, and by her increaſe.
The only daughter of her mother born,
And her the gods with various gifts adorn:
O'er infants ſhe, ſo *Jove* ordain'd, preſides,
And the upgrowing youth to merit guides;
Great is the truſt the future man to breed,
A truſt to her by *Saturn*'s ſon decreed.
Rhea to *Saturn* bore, her brother god,
Veſta and *Ceres*; *Juno* golden ſhod,

And

ỳ 694. Saturn, Rhea, *and their offsprings.*] Εστι, by the *Latins* called *Veſta*, is by the learned juſtly derived from *Eſch*, or the *Syrian eſchtha*, fire; ſhe is eſteemed the goddeſs of fire. *Ceres*, the *Greek* Δημητηρ, comes from *dai*, a *Phœnician* word, ſignifying plenty; a proper name for her who has the honour of being thought the firſt who taught to cultivate the ground, and to raiſe fruit-

And *Pluto* hard of heart, whoſe wide command
Is o'er a dark and ſubterranean land,
A pow'rful monarch, hence derive their birth,
With *Neptune*, deity who ſhakes the earth;
Of theſe great *Jove*, the ruler of the ſkys,
Of gods and men the ſire, in council wiſe,
Is born; and him the univerſe adores,
And the earth trembles when his thunder roars.

fruit-trees. Ηρη, the *Greek* name of *Juno*, is from the *Phœnician* word *hira* or *harah* jealouſy; than which no name could be more apt to *Juno*, who is often repreſented as teaſing her huſband with jealous ſurmiſes. Αιδης, or *Pluto*, is from the *Phœnician* word *ed* or *ajid*, which is death or deſtruction; the poet calls him hard of heart, becauſe he ſpares none. *Plutarch* tells us, in his life of *Theſeus*, that the deſcent which that hero is ſayed to make into *hell* means nothing more than his journey to *Epirus*, of which Αιδης, or *Pluto*, was king. *Pluto* is ſometimes called the god of riches, becauſe he had in his kingdom many mines of ſilver and gold. We now come to the etymologys of Εννοσιγαιος and Ποσειδων, the names of *Neptune*. *Poſedon* ſignifys a deſtroyer of ſhips, εννοσιγαιος earth-ſhaker. *Jupiter* is called the father of gods and men, becauſe all ſovereigns are fathers of their people. *Saturn* is ſayed to ſwallow his children, that is he impriſoned them. Thus far *Le Clerc*. I ſhall conclude this note with the following remark from Lord *Bacon*. The firſt diſtinction of ages is ſignifyed by the reign of *Saturn*, who thro the frequent diſſolutions and ſhort continuances of his ſons is ſayed to have devoured them; the ſecond is deſcribed by the reign of *Jupiter* who drove thoſe continual changes into *Tartarus*, by which place is mean'd perturbation. *Guietus* thinks the the twelve lines from ℣ 745 to 757 ſuppoſititious.

Saturn from *Earth*, and *Heav'n* adorn'd with ſtars,
Had learn'd the rumour of approaching wars,
Great as he was a greater ſhould ariſe
To rob him of the empire of the ſkys,
The mighty *Jove*, his ſon, in council wiſe:
With dread the fatal prophecy he hear'd,
And for his regal honours greatly fear'd,
And that the dire decree might fruitleſs prove,
Devour'd his pledges, at their birth, of love:
Now *Rhea*, who her ſlaughter'd children griev'd,
With *Jove*, the ſire of gods and men, conceiv'd;
To *Earth* and *Heav'n* ſhe for aſſiſtance runs,
And begs their counſel to revenge her ſons,
To guard her *Jove* from wily *Saturn*'s ire,
Secret to keep him from a barb'rous ſire:
They to their daughter lend a willing ear,
And to her ſpeak the hour of vengeance near,
Nor hide they from her what the fates ordain
Of her great-minded ſon, and *Saturn*'s reign:
Her ſafe to *Crete* the parent gods convey,
In *Lyctus* there, a fertile ſoil, ſhe lay;
At length the tedious months their courſe had run,
When mighty *Jove* ſhe bore, her youngeſt ſon;
Wide-ſpreading *Earth* receiv'd the child with joy,
And train'd the god up from a newborn boy.
Rhea to *Lyctus* ſafely took her flight,
Protected by the ſable veil of night;

Far

Far in the ſacred earth her ſon ſhe lay'd,
On mount *Ægæus* ever crown'd with ſhade.
When the old king, who once could boaſt his reign
O'er all the gods, and the ætherial plain,
Came jealous of the infant's future pow'r,
A ſtone the mother gave him to devour;
Greedy he ſeiz'd th' imaginary child,
And ſwallow'd heedleſs, by the dreſs beguil'd;
Nor thought the wretched god of ought to fear,
Nor knew the day of his diſgrace was near;
Invincible remains his *Jove* alive,
His throne to ſhake, and from his kingdom drive
The cruel parent, for to him 'tis giv'n
To rule the gods, and mount the throne of heav'n.
Well thriv'd the deity, nor was it long
Before his ſtrength increas'd, and limbs grow'd ſtrong.
When the revolving year his courſe had run,
By *Earth* thy art and *Jove* his pow'rful ſon,
The crafty *Saturn*, once by gods ador'd,
His injur'd offſprings to the light reſtor'd:
Firſt from within he yielded to the day
The ſtone deceitful, and his lateſt prey;
This *Jove*, in mem'ry of the wond'rous tale,
Fix'd on *Parnaſſus* in a ſacred vale,
In *Pytho* the divine, a mark to be,
That future ages may aſtoniſh'd ſee:

And now a greater taſk behind remains,
To free his kindred heav'n-born race from chains,
In an ill hour by *Saturn* raſhly bound,
Who from the hands of *Jove* their freedom found;
With zeal the gods perform'd a thankful part,
The debt of gratitude lay next their heart;
Jove owes to them the bolts which dreadful fly,
And the bright light'ning which illumes the ſky;
To him th' exchange for liberty they bore,
Gifts deep in earth conceal'd, unknown before;
Now arm'd with them he reigns almighty *Jove*,
The lord of men below and gods above.
Clymene, *Ocean-born*, with beauteous feet,
And *Japhet*, in the bands of wedlock meet;

From

℣ 769. *The offſprings of* Japhet *and* Clymene.] The learned will have *Japhet* to be the ſon of *Noah* whoſe poſterity inhabited *Europe*; but, ſince ſo many interpolations and falſehoods are mixed with the hiſtory of antiquity, we cannot wonder if this ſtory, in ſome degree, remains yet obſcure. *Atlas* is ſayed to ſupport the heavens near where the *Heſperides* are ſituated: *Atlas* might poſſibly have been the founder of the people who poſſeſſed the extremeſt parts of *Africa* about the mountain *Atlas*; which mountain, thro the extraordinary height, ſeemed to prop up heaven, and becauſe it was far in the weſt where they imagined heaven almoſt met the earth. This mountain might have had the name from the firſt ruler of the people. *Menœtius* is called ὑϐριςης contumelious, or injurious, which is agreeable to the *Radix*, the *Chaldæan* word *menaṯh* he terrifyed. *Bochart*, in his *Phaleg*,

From whoſe embrace a glorious offspring came,
Atlas magnanimous, and great in fame,
Menœtius

Phaleg, book 1, chap. 2, tells us the true name of *Prometheus* was *Magog*, who was the ſon of *Japhet*: he is ſayed to have been bound to *Caucaſus* becauſe he ſettled near it, and to have ſtole fire from heaven becauſe he found out the uſe of thoſe metals which were in the mines about *Caucaſus*. *Æſchylus* puts theſe words into the mouth of PROMETHEUS, *who will ſay he found out braſs, iron, ſilver, and gold, before me?* The etymology of *Magog* ſeems to favour the ſtory of the vulture gnawing his liver; the *Hebrew* name is *moug* or *magag* which is to waſte away. The *Radix* of *Gog* is he burned, not an improper name for him who was inamoured wirh *Pandora*. LE CLERC. To theſe accounts I ſhall add the following from *Diodorus Siculus*. The *Nile*, under the riſing of the Dogſtar, at which time it was uſually full, overflowed the bounds, and layed great part of *Ægypt* under water. *Prometheus*, who tryed to preſerve the people by endeavouring to ſtop the flood, dyed thro grief becauſe he could not accompliſh his deſign. *Hercules*, inured to labour, and to overcome difficultys, ſtoped the current and turned it to the former channel. This gave riſe, among the *Greek* poets, to the ſtory of *Hercules* killing the eagle which preyed on the liver of *Prometheus*. The name of the river was then αετος the *Greek* word for an eagle.

Since the opinions of the learned are ſo various on this, and ſeveral other fables of antiquity, we muſt reſt on thoſe interpretations which come neareſt to nature, and which leave us leaſt in the dark. My judgement is that, whatever might give birth to this fable, our poet, not regarding the different relations in his time, deſigned it as a moral leſſon, ſhewing the bad effects of a too free indulgence of the paſſions, and, in the character of *Prometheus*, the benefits of regulating them with diſcretion;

Menœtius thou with laſting honours crown'd,
Prometheus for his artifice renown'd,

And

which I think I have ſhewed in my remarks on this ſtory as told in the *Works* and *Days*; to which I ſhall add the following reflections from Lord *Bacon*, which are more properly introduced here, as they more particularly regard this fable as told in the *Theogony*.

After the improvement of arts and the human underſtanding the parable paſſes to religion, for the cultivation of arts was followed by the inſtitution of divine worſhip, which hypocriſy ſoon polluted. Under the twofold ſacrifice the religious perſon and the hypocrite are truely repreſented: one contains the fat, which is the portion of God, by the flame and fumes ariſing from which the affection and zeal for the glory of God are ſignifyed; by the entrails and fleſh of the ſacrifice, which are good and wholeſome, are mean'd the bowels of charity. In the other is nothing but dry and naked bones, which only ſtuff up the ſkin while they make a fair ſhew of a ſacrifice. In the other part of the fable, *Prometheus* means prudent men who conſider for the future, and waryly avoid the many evils and misfortunes which human nature is liable to: but this good property is accompanyed with many cares, with the deprivation of pleaſures; they defraud their genius of various joys of life, they perplex themſelves with inteſtine fears and troubleſome reflections, which are denoted by the eagle gnawing his liver while he is bound to the pillar of neceſſity: from the night they obtain ſome relief, but wake in the morning to freſh anxietys. *Prometheus* having aſſiſtance from *Hercules* means fortitude of mind. The ſame is the explanation, by the Scholiaſt, or the eagle. The poet goes farther than what *Tzetzes* and Lord *Bacon* have obſerved; he makes *Hercules* free *Prometheus* by the conſent of *Jupiter*; the meaning of which muſt be that ſuch miſerys are not to be undergone patiently without divine aid to

ſupport

And *Epimetheus* of inſtedfaſt mind,
Lur'd to falſe joys, and to the future blind,
Who, raſhly weak by ſoft Temptations mov'd,
The bane of arts and their inventors prov'd,
Who took the work of *Jove*, the virgin fair,
Nor ſaw beneath her charms the latent ſnare.
Blaſted by light'ning from the hands of *Jove*,
Menœtius fell in *Erebus* to rove;
His dauntleſs mind that could not brook command,
And prone to ill, provok'd th' almighty hand.

ſupport the ſpirits. This ſtory is not yet without obſcuritys, for *Heſiod* calls *Prometheus* αχαχητα blameleſs, hurtful to none, and at the ſame time makes him playing tricks with *Jupiter* in his offerings. I muſt here obſerve that this fable is more conſiſtent in every part as told in the *Works* and *Days*; nor is it to be wondered at when we conſider that poem as the work of his riper years, when his genius was more ſedate, and his judgement more ſettled. I ſhall conclude this note with an alluſion which *Milton* has, in his deſcription of *Eve*, to the ſtory of *Pandora*; from which it is evident he took the box of *Pandora* in the ſame ſenſe with the forbidden fruit; and, as I have already obſerved in my notes to the *Works* and *Days*, many have been of opinion that both are from one tradition. The lines in *Paradiſe loſt* are theſe:

> More lovely than *Pandora*, whom the gods
> Endow'd with all their gifts (and, o! too like
> In ſad event!) when, to th' unwiſer ſon
> Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, ſhe enſnar'd
> Mankind with her fair looks. Book 4.

Atlas

Atlas, ſo hard neceſſity ordains,
Erect the pond'rous vault of ſtars ſuſtains;
Not far from the *Heſperides* he ſtands,
Nor from the load retracts his head or hands:
Here was he fix'd by *Jove* in council wiſe,
Who all diſpoſes, and who rules the ſkys:
To the ſame god *Prometheus* ow'd his pains,
Faſt bound with hard inextricable chains
To a large column, in the midmoſt part,
Who bore his ſuff'rings with a dauntleſs heart;
From *Jove* an eagle flew with wings wide ſpread,
And on his never-dying liver fed;
What with his rav'nous beak by day he tore
The night ſupply'd, and furniſh'd him with more:
Great *Hercules* to his aſſiſtance came,
Born of *Alcmena* lovely-footed dame;
And firſt he made the bird voracious bleed,
And from his chains the ſon of *Japhet* freed;
To this the god conſents, th' olympian ſire,
Who, for his ſon's renown, ſuppreſs'd his ire,
The wrath he bore againſt the wretch who ſtrove
In counſel with himſelf, the pow'rful *Jove*;
Such was the mighty thund'rer's will, to raiſe
To greateſt height the *Theban* hero's praiſe.
When at *Mecona* a contention roſe,
Men and immortals to each other foes,
The ſtriſe *Prometheus* offer'd to compoſe;

In the diviſion of the ſacrifice,
Intending to deceive great *Jove* the wiſe,
He ſtuff'd the fleſh in the large ox's ſkin,
And bound the entrails, with the fat, within,
Next the white bones, with artful care, diſpos'd,
And in the candid fat from ſight enclos'd:
The ſire of gods and men, who ſaw the cheat,
Thus ſpoke expreſſive of the dark deceit.
In this diviſion how unjuſt the parts,
O *Japhet*'s ſon, of kings the firſt in arts!
Reproachful ſpoke the god in council wiſe;
To whom *Prometheus* full of guile replys,
O *Jove*, the greateſt of the pow'rs divine,
View the diviſion, and the choice be thine.
Wily he ſpoke from a deceitful mind;
Jove ſaw his thoughts, nor to his heart was blind;
And then the god, in wrath of ſoul, began
To plot misfortunes to his ſubject man:
The lots ſurvey'd, he with his hands embrac'd
The parts which were in the white fat incas'd;
He ſaw the bones, and anger ſat confeſs'd
Upon his brow, for anger ſeiz'd his breaſt:
Hence to the gods the od'rous flames aſpire
From the white bones which feed the ſacred fire.
The cloud-compelling *Jove*, by *Japhet*'s ſon
Enrag'd, to him in words like theſe begun.

O! who in male contrivance all tranſcend,
Thine arts thou wilt not yet, obdurate, end.
So ſpoke th' eternal wiſdom, full of ire,
And from that hour deny'd the uſe of fire
To wretched men, who paſs on earth their time,
Mindful, *Prometheus*, of thy artful crime:
But *Jove* in vain conceal'd the ſplendid flame;
The ſon of *Japhet*, of immortal fame,
Brought the bright ſparks clandeſtine from above
Clos'd in a hollow cane; the thund'ring *Jove*
Soon, from the bitterneſs of ſoul, began
To plot deſtruction to the peace of man.
Vulcan, a god renown'd, by *Jove*'s command,
Form'd a fair virgin with a maſter hand,
Earth her firſt principal, her native air
As modeſt ſeeming as her face was fair.
The nymph, by *Pallas*, blue-ey'd goddeſs, dreſs'd,
Bright ſhin'd improv'd beneath the candid veſt;
The rich-wrought veil behind, wond'rous to ſee,
Fruitful with art, beſpoke the deity;
Her brows to compaſs did *Minerva* bring
A garlant breathing all the ſweets of ſpring:
And next the goddeſs, glorious to behold,
Plac'd on her head a glitt'ring crown of gold,
The work of *Vulcan* by his maſter hand,
The labour of the god by *Jove*'s command;

There ſeem'd to ſcud along the finny breed;
And there the breaſts of land appear'd to feed;
Nature and art were there ſo much at ſtriſe,
The miracle might well be took for life.
Vulcan the lovely bane, the finiſh'd maid,
To the immortal gods and men convey'd;
Graceful by *Pallas* dreſs'd the virgin trod,
And ſeem'd a bleſſing or for man or god:
Soon as they ſee th' inevitable ſnare,
They praiſe the artiſt, and admire the fair;
From her, the fatal guile, a ſex derives
To men pernicious, and contracts their lives,
The ſofter kind, a falſe alluring train,
Tempting to joys which ever end with pain,
Never beheld with the penurious race,
But ever ſeen where lux'ry ſhews her face.
As drones, oppreſſive habitants of hives,
Owe to the labour of the bees their lives,
Whoſe work is always with the day begun,
And never ends but with the ſeting ſun,
From flow'r to flow'r they rove, and loaded home
Return, to build the white the waxen comb,
While lazy the luxurious race remain
Within, and of their toils enjoy the gain,
So woman, by the thund'rer's hard decree,
And wretched man, are like the drone and bee:

If man the gauling chain of wedlock ſhuns,
He from one evil to another runs;
He, when his hairs are winter'd o'er with grey,
Will want a helpmate in th' afflicting day;
And if poſſeſſions large have bleſs'd his life,
He dys, and proves perhaps the ſource of ſtrife;
A diſtant kindred, far ally'd in blood,
Contend to make their doubtful titles good:
Or ſhould he, theſe calamitys to fly,
His honour plight, and join the mutual ty,
And ſhould the partner of his boſom prove
A chaſt and prudent matron, worthy love;
Yet he would find this chaſt this prudent wife
The hapleſs author of a checquer'd life:
But ſhould he, wretched man, a nymph embrace,
A ſtubborn conſort, of a ſtubborn race,
Poor hamper'd ſlave how muſt he drag the chain!
His mind, his breaſt, his heart, o'ercharg'd with pain!
What congregated woes muſt he endure!
What ills on ills which will admit no cure!
Th' omnipotence of *Jove* in all we ſee,
Whom none eludes, and what he wills muſt be;
Not thou, to none injurious, *Japhet*'s ſon,
With all thy wiſdom, could his anger ſhun;
His rage you ſuffer'd, and confeſs'd his pow'r
Chain'd in hard durance in the penal hour.

The brothers *Briareus* and *Cottus* lay,
With *Gyges*, bound in chains, remov'd from day,
By

ℌ 916. Here begins the battel of the gods which continues to ℌ 1222. In this the learned are much divided concerning the intention of the poet, and from whence he took his account of the war. Some imagine it of *Ægyptian* riſe from the ſtory of *Typhon*; nor are they few who believe it from the ſame tradition of the battel of the angels; but *Tzetzes* thinks it no other than a poetical deſcription of a war of the elements: but they are certainly wrong who think it entirely from either. I do not in the leaſt doubt but the poet had a phyſical view in ſome paſſages, and in ſome particulars may poſſibly have had a regard to ſome relations, fabulous or real, of antiquity; but his main deſign ſeems to have been that of relating a war betwixt ſupernatural beings, and, by raiſing his imagination to the utmoſt height, to preſent the greateſt and dreadfulleſt ideas which the human mind is capable of conceiving: and I believe I may venture to ſay ſome parts of this war are the ſublimeſt of the ſublime poetry of the antients. If a nicer eye ſhould diſcover every part of this war to be entirely phyſical, which I think impoſſible, yet I am not unjuſtifyable in my ſuppoſing his deſign to be that of relating a war betwixt ſupernatural beings, for while thoſe parts of nature are clothed in *proſopopæias* they ceaſe to be parts of nature till the allegory is unfolded; our ideas therefore are to be placed on the immediate objects of ſenſe, which are the perſons of the war as they directly preſent themſelves to our eyes from the deſcription of the poet. I muſt here obſerve that all the commentators on our poet are ſilent to the poetical beautys of this war, which makes me think them to have been men of more learning than taſte.

Our poet tells us the gods eat Nectar and Ambroſia; and *Homer* mentions a river of Nectar and Ambroſia;

αμβροσιης

By their hard-hearted ſire, who with ſurpriſe
View'd their vaſt ſtrength, their form, and monſtrous [ſize:
In the remoteſt parts of earth confin'd
They ſat, and ſilent ſorrows wreck'd their mind,
Till by th' advice of *Earth*, and aid of *Jove*,
With other gods, the fruits of *Saturn*'s love
With *Rhea* beauteous dreſs'd, they broke the chain,
And from their dungeons burs'd to light again.
Earth told them all, from a prophetic light,
How gods encount'ring gods ſhould meet in fight,
To them foretold, who ſtood devoid of fear,
Their hour of vict'ry and renown was near;
The *Titans*, and the bold *Saturnian* race,
Should wage a dreadful war, ten years the ſpace.
The *Titans* brave on lofty *Othrys* ſtand,
And glorioufly dare the thund'rer's hand;
The gods from *Saturn* ſprung ally their pow'r;
(Gods *Rhea* bore him in a fatal hour:)
From high *Olympus* they like gods engage,
And dauntleſs face, like gods, *Titanian* rage.
In the dire conflict neither party gains,
In equal ballance long the war remains;

αμβροσιης και νεκταρος απορρωξ. Odyſſ. Υ: from which we may conclude thoſe words to be uſed both for meat and drink among the gods.

At

At laſt by truce each ſoul immortal reſts,
Each god on nectar and ambroſia feaſts;
Their ſpirits nectar and ambroſia raiſe,
And fire their generous breaſts to acts of praiſe;
To whom, the banquet o'er, in council join'd,
The ſire of gods and men expreſs'd his mind:
Gods who from *Earth* and *Heav'n*, great riſe, deſcend,
To what my heart commands to ſpeak attend:
For vict'ry long, and empire, have we ſtrove,
Long have ye battel'd in defence of *Jove*;
To war again, invincible your might,
And dare the *Titans* to the dreadful fight;
Of friendſhip ſtrict obſerve the ſacred charms,
Be that the cement of the gods in arms;
Grateful remember, when in chains ye lay,
From darkneſs *Jove* redeem'd ye to the day.
He ſpoke, and *Cottus* to the god replys;
O venerable ſire, in council wiſe,
Who freed immortals from a ſtate of woe,
Of what you utter well the truth we know:
Reſcu'd from chains and darkneſs here we ſtand,
O ſon of *Saturn*, by thy pow'rful hand;
Nor will we, king, the rage of war decline,
Till pow'r, indiſputable pow'r, is thine;
The right of conqueſt ſhall confirm thy ſway,
And teach the *Titans* whom they muſt obey.

He

He ends, the reſt aſſent to what he ſays;
And the gods thank him with the voice of praiſe;
He more than ever feels himſelf inſpir'd,
And his mind burns with love of glory fir'd.
All ruſh to battle with impetuous might,
And gods and goddeſſes provoke the fight.
The race that *Rhea* to her lord conceiv'd,
And the *Titanic* gods by *Jove* reliev'd

From

℣ 973. *And the* Titanic *gods* &c.] The reader is to take notice that tho moſt of the *Titans* were againſt *Jupiter* all were not, for *Cottus*, *Gyges*, and *Briareus*, were *Titans*; what an image is in theſe three brothers taring up the rocks, and throwing them againſt the enemy! Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all diſturbed by the tumult. The poet artfully takes care to raiſe our ideas, by heightening the images, to the laſt. The deſcription of the battel from ℣ 970 to 993 is great, but it is impoſſible that any reader ſhould not feel himſelf more affected with the grandeur and terror with which *Jupiter* urges the fight. Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all diſturbed as before, but the additional terror, and the variation of the language, make a new ſcene to the mind.

One conflagration ſeems to ſeize on all,
And threatens *Chaos* with the gen'ral fall.

How elevated are theſe in the original! Could the genius of man think of any thing ſublimer to paint the horror of the day, attended with the roar of all the winds, and the whirling of the duſt! Could he think of ought more adequate to our ideas to expreſs the voice of the war by, than by likening it to the confuſed meeting of the heavens and the earth, to the wreck of worlds!

Do

From *Erebus*, who there in bondage lay,
Ally their arms in this immortal day.

Do you ſee, ſays *Longinus* on another author, *the earth opening to her center, the regions of death juſt ready to appear, and the whole fabrick of the world upon the point of being rent aſunder and deſtroyed, to ſignify that in this combat heaven, hell, things mortal and immortal, every thing, co-laboured as it were with the gods, and that all nature was endangered.* This paſſage of *Longinus* could never be applyed with more juſtice than here, nor more properly expreſſed in our own language than in the words of Mr. *Welſted* from his tranſlation of that author.

Milton, in his battel of the angels, has judiciouſly imitated ſeveral parts of our poet: in one place ſays he;

Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe ———
And a little farther,
——— confounded *Chaos* roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion. Book 6.

Le Clerc thinks *Chaos* here means the whole vaſt extent of air; but *Grævius* takes it for μεγα χασμα the vaſt chaſm that leads to hell; in which laſt ſenſe *Milton* likewiſe takes it, deſcribing the paſs from hell to earth.

Before their eyes, in ſudden view, appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth, and heighth,
And time, and place, are loſs'd; where eldeſt *Night*,
And *Chaos*, anceſtors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars. Book 2.

And in the firſt book,

——— the univerſal hoſt upſent
A ſhout that tore *Hell*'s concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of *Chaos* and old *Night*.

Each

Each brother fearleſs the dire conflict ſtands,
Each rears his fifty heads, and hundred hands;
They mighty rocks from their foundations tore,
And fiercely brave againſt the *Titans* bore.
Furious and ſwift the *Titan* phalanx drove,
And both with mighty force for empire ſtrove:
The ocean roar'd from ev'ry part profound,
And the earth bellow'd from her inmoſt ground:
Heav'n groans, and to the gods conflicting bends,
And the loud tumult high *Olympus* rends.
So ſtrong the darts from god to god were hurl'd,
The clamour reach'd the ſubterranean world;
And where, with haughty ſtrides, each warrior trod
Hell felt the weight, and ſunk beneath the god;
All *Tartarus* could hear the blows from far:
Such was the big, the horrid, voice of war!
And now the murmur of incitement flys,
All rang'd in martial order, thro the ſkys;
Here *Jove* above the reſt conſpicuous ſhin'd,
In valour equal to his ſtrength his mind;
Erect and dauntleſs ſee the thund'rer ſtand,
The bolts red hiſſing from his vengeful hand;
He walks majeſtic round the ſtarry frame;
And now the light'nings from *Olympus* flame;
The earth wide blazes with the fires of *Jove*,
Nor the flaſh ſpares the verdure of the grove.

Fierce glows the air, the boiling ocean roars,
And the ſeas waſh with burning waves their ſhores;
The dazling vapours round the *Titans* glare,
A light too pow'rful for their eyes to bear!
One conflagration ſeems to ſeize on all,
And threatens *Chaos* with the gen'ral fall.
From what their eyes behold, and what they hear,
The univerſal wreck of worlds is near:
Should the large vault of ſtars, the heav'ns, deſcend,
And with the earth in loud confuſion blend,
Like this would ſeem the great tumultuous jar:
The gods engag'd, ſuch the big voice of war!
And now the batt'ling winds their havock make,
Thick whirls the duſt, *Earth* thy foundations ſhake;
The arms of *Jove* thick and terrific fly,
And blaze and bellow, thro the trembling ſky;
Winds, thunder, light'ning, thro both armys drove,
Their courſe impetuous, from the hands of *Jove*;
Loud and ſtupendous is the raging fight,
And now each warriour god exerts his might.
Cottus, and *Briareus*, who ſcorn to yield,
And *Gyges* panting for the martial field,
Foremoſt the labours of the day increaſe,
Nor let the horrors of the battel ceaſe:
From their ſtrong hands three hundred rocks they [throw,
And, oft' repeated, overwhelm the foe;

They forc'd the *Titans* deep beneath the ground,
Caſt from their pride, and in ſad durance bound;
Far from the ſurface of the earth they ly,
In chains, as earth is diſtant from the ſky;

From

ℋ 1030. From this verſe to ℋ 1134, the poet judiciouſly relieves the mind from the rage of battel with a deſcription of *Tartarus*, *Styx*, &c. with an intent to end the war, and ſurpriſe us with ſomething more ſublime than we could expect after what had preceded the ſingle combat betwixt *Jupiter* and *Typhœus*. In the deſcription of *Tartarus Milton* has many imitations of our poet.

With *earth* thy vaſt foundations cover'd o'er.
Heſiod.

Satan *deſcribing his realm.*

——lately heav'n, and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm. *Milton*, book 2.

The entrance there, and the laſt limits, ly
Of earth, the barren main, the ſtarry ſky,
And *Tart'rus*; there of all the fountains riſe.
Heſiod.

——————this wild abyſs,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.
Milton, book 2.

——————————where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets. *Milton*, book 4.

And afterwards;

————————and now, in little ſpace,
The confines met of empyrean heav'n,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell.
Book 10.

Here ſtorms in hoarſe, in frightful, murmurs play.
Heſiod.

——nor

From earth the diſtance to the ſtarry frame,
From earth to gloomy *Tartarus*, the ſame.
From the high heav'n a braſen anvil caſt,
Nine nights and days in rapid whirls would laſt,
And reach the earth the tenth, whence ſtrongly [hurl'd,
The ſame the paſſage to th' infernal world,
To *Tart'rus*; which a braſen cloſure bounds,
And whoſe black entrance threefold night ſurrounds,
With earth thy vaſt foundations cover'd o'er;
And there the ocean's endleſs fountains roar:
By cloud-compelling *Jove* the *Titans* fell,
And there in thick, in horrid, darkneſs dwell:
They ly confin'd, unable thence to paſs,
The wall and gates by *Neptune* made of braſs;
Jove's truſty guards, *Gyges* and *Cottus*, ſtand
There, and with *Briareus* the paſs command.
The entrance there, and the laſt limits, ly
Of earth, the barren main, the ſtarry ſky,

——— nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous *Milton*, book 2.

And little lower in the ſame book;

At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd,
Born thro the hollow dark, aſſaults his ears.

Tzetzes ſays the begining and end of things are ſayed to be here figuratively, becauſe we are in the dark as to the knowledge of them. The verſes in which *Atlas* is made to prop the heavens *Guietus* ſuppoſes not genuine.

And *Tart'rus*; there of all the fountains riſe,
A ſight deteſted by immortal eyes:
A mighty chaſm, horror and darkneſs here;
And from the gates the journey of a year:
Here ſtorms in hoarſe, in frightful, murmurs play,
The ſeat of *Night*, where miſts exclude the day.
Before the gates the ſon of *Japhet* ſtands,
Nor from the ſkys retracts his head or hands;
Where *Night* and *Day* their courſe alternate lead;
Where both their entrance make, and both recede,
Both wait the ſeaſon to direct their way,
And ſpread ſucceſſive o'er the earth their ſway:
This chears the eyes of mortals with her light;
The harbinger of *Sleep* pernicious *Night*:
And here the ſons of *Night* their manſion keep,
Sad deitys, *Death* and his brother *Sleep*;
Whom, from the dawn to the decline of day,
The ſun beholds not with his piercing ray:
One o'er the land extends, and o'er the ſeas,
And lulls the weary'd mind of man to eaſe;
That iron-hearted, and [illegible] cruel ſoul,
Braſen his breaſt, nor can he brook controul,
To whom, and ne'er return, all mortals go,
And even to immortal gods a foe.
Foremoſt th' infernal palaces are ſeen
Of *Pluto*, and *Perſephone* his queen;

A horrid dog, and grim, couch'd on the floor,
Guards, with malicious art, the ſounding door;
On each, who in the entrance firſt appears,
He fawning wags his tail, and cocks his ears;
If any ſtrive to meaſure back the way,
Their ſteps he watches, and devours his prey.
Here *Styx*, a goddeſs, whom immortals hate,
The firſt-born fair of *Ocean*, keeps her ſtate;
From gods remote her ſilver columns riſe,
Roof'd with large rocks her dome that fronts the [ſkys:
Here, croſs the main, ſwift-footed *Iris* brings
A meſſage ſeldom from the king of kings;
But when among the gods contention ſpreads,
And in debate divides immortal heads,
From *Jove* the goddeſs wings her rapid flight
To the fam'd river, and the ſeat of *Night*,
Thence in a golden vaſe the water bears,
By whoſe cool ſtreams each pow'r immortal ſwears.

ỳ 1082. The ſtory of *Styx*, with the puniſhment of the perjured gods, is chiefly poetical. Why this river ſhould be deteſtable to immortals I know not, unleſs they think it a ſad reſtraint to be detered from perjury; this thought has too much impiety in it, therefore we muſt give it another turn; as relating to the oaths of great men, or in the ſame ſenſe that death is called a foe to the gods, which is from the grief they are ſometimes made to ſuffer for the death of any favourite mortal, as *Venus* for *Adonis*, and *Thetis* for *Achilles*.

And *Tart'rus*; there of all the fountains riſe,
A ſight deteſted by immortal eyes:
A mighty chaſm, horror and darkneſs here;
And from the gates the journey of a year:
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Both wait the ſeaſon to direct their way,
And ſpread ſucceſſive o'er the earth their ſway:
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Styx from a ſacred font her courſe derives,
And far beneath the earth her paſſage drives;
From a ſtupendous rock deſcend her waves,
And the black realms of *Night* her current laves:
Could any her capacious channels drain,
They'd prove a tenth of all the ſpacious main;
Nine parts in mazes clear as ſilver glide
Along the earth, or join the ocean's tide;
The other from the rock in billows rowls,
Source of misfortune to immortal ſouls.
Who with falſe oaths diſgrace th' olympian bow'rs,
Incur the puniſhment of heav'nly pow'rs:
The perjur'd god, as in the arms of death,
Lethargic lys, nor ſeems to draw his breath;
Nor him the nectar and ambroſia chear,
While the ſun goes his journey of a year;
Nor with the lethargy concludes his pain,
But complicated woes behind remain:
Nine tedious years he muſt an exile rove,
Nor join the council, nor the feaſts, of *Jove*;
The baniſh'd god back in the tenth they call
To heav'nly banquets and th' olympian hall:
The honours ſuch the gods on *Styx* beſtow,
Whoſe living ſtreams thro rugged channels flow,
Where the begining, and laſt limits, ly
Of earth, the barren main, the ſtarry ſky,

And *Tart'rus*; where of all the fountains riſe;
A ſight deteſted by immortal eyes.
Th' inhabitants thro braſen portals paſs,
Over a threſhold of e'erlaſting braſs,
The growth ſpontaneous, and foundations deep;
And here th' allys of *Jove* their captives keep,
The *Titans*, who to utter darkneſs fell,
And in the fartheſt parts of *Chaos* dwell.
Jove grateful gave to his auxiliar train,
Cottus and *Gyges*, manſions in the main;
To *Briareus*, for his ſuperior might
Exerted fiercely in the dreadful fight,
Neptune, who ſhakes the earth, his daughter gave,
Cymopolia, to reward the brave.
When the great victor god, almighty *Jove*,
The *Titans* from celeſtial regions drove,
Wide *Earth Typhœus* bore, with *Tart'rus* join'd,
Her youngeſt born, and bluſt'ring as the wind;

Fit

℣ 1136. *Typhœus* and *Typhaon* ſeem to be different perſons, (tho ſome will have them two names of one perſon) becauſe *Typhœus* is no ſooner born but he rebels, and is immediately deſtroyed: and *Typhaon* is made the father of many children. *Le Clerc* derives the word *Typhœus* from the *Phœnician* word *touphon* the *radix* of which is *touph*, to overflow, to overwhelm. He is not injudiciouſly called the father of the winds, and the ſon of *Earth* and *Tartarus*; the various voices which the poet gives him are agreeable to the ſeveral tones of the winds at ſeveral

Fit for moſt arduous works his brawny hands,
On feet as durable as gods he ſtands;
From heads of ſerpents hiſs an hundred tongues,
And lick his horrid jaws, untir'd his lungs;
From his dire hundred heads his eye-balls ſtare,
And fire-like, dreadful to beholders, glare;
Terrific from his hundred mouths to hear,
Voices of ev'ry kind torment the ear;
His utt'rance ſounds like gods in council full;
And now he bellows like the lordly bull:
And now he roars like the ſtern beaſt that reigns
King of the woods, and terror of the plains;
And now, ſurpriſing to be hear'd, he yelps,
Like, from his ev'ry voice, the lion's whelps;
And now, ſo loud a noiſe the monſter makes,
The loftyeſt mountain from its baſis ſhakes:
And now *Typhœus* had perplex'd the day,
And over men and gods uſurp'd the ſway,

Had

times. Lord *Bacon* has this reflection on the poetical deſcription of this monſter. Speaking of rebellion, he ſays, becauſe of the infinite evils which it brings on princes and their ſubjects, it is repreſented by the horrid image of *Typhœus*, whoſe hundred heads are the divided powers and flaming jaws incendious deſigns.

℣ 1154. With what dignity *Jupiter* ſets out for this ſingle combat! Heaven and earth tremble beneath him when he riſes in anger. Similar to this paſſage is the ſeventh verſe of the eighteenth pſalm. *Then the earth ſhook*

Had not the pow'rful monarch of the ſkys,
Of men and gods the ſire, great *Jove* the wiſe,
Againſt the foe his hoteſt vengeance hurl'd,
Which blaz'd and thunder'd thro th' ætherial world;
Thro land and main the bolts red hiſſing fell,
And thro old *Ocean* reach'd the gates of *Hell*.
Th' almighty riſing made *Olympus* nod,
And the earth groan'd beneath the vengeful god.
Hoarſe thro the cœrule main the thunder rowl'd,
Thro which the light'ning flew, both uncontroul'd;
Fire caught the winds which on their wings they bore,
Fierce flame the earth and heav'n, the ſeas loud roar,
And beat with burning waves the burning ſhore;
The tumult of the gods was hear'd afar:
How hard to lay this hurricane of war!
The god who o'er the dead infernal reigns,
E'en *Pluto*, trembled in his dark domains;
Dire horror ſeiz'd the rebel *Titan* band,
In *Tartarus* who round their *Saturn* ſtand:
But *Jove* at laſt collected all his might,
With light'ning arm'd, and thunder, for the fight,

ſhook and trembled, the foundations of the hills alſo moved, and were ſhaken, becauſe he was wroth.

Here are three circumſtances which exalt the images above thoſe in the former battels, the winds bearing the fire on their wings, the giant flaming from his hundred heads, and the ſimilitude of the furnace.

With ſtrides majeſtic from *Olympus* ſtrode;
What pow'r is able now to face the god!
The flaſh obedient executes his ire;
The giant blazes with vindictive fire;
From ev'ry head a diff'rent flame aſcends;
The monſter bellows, and *Olympus* bends:
The god repeats his blows, beneath each wound
All maim'd the giant falls, and groans the ground.
Fierce flaſh the light'nings from the hands of *Jove*,
The mountains burn, and crackles ev'ry grove.
The melted earth floats from her inmoſt caves,
As from the furnace run metallic waves:
Under the caverns of the ſacred ground,
Where *Vulcan* works, and reſtleſs anvils ſound,
Beneath the hand divine the iron grows
Ductile, and liquid from the furnace flows;
So the earth melted: and the giant fell,
Plung'd by the arms of mighty *Jove* to hell.
Typhœus bore the rapid winds which fly
With tempeſts wing'd, and darken all the ſky;

But

✻ 1195. In the winds which are here ſayed to be from the gods the poet omits the eaſt-wind; tho ſome will have αφγεστης to be the name of a wind, and as ſuch *Mombritius* takes it in his tranſlation; *Aulus Gellius* indeed gives it as the name of a wind, but as one that blows from the weſt, by the *Latins* called *Caurus*. *Stephens* gives examples of it being uſed for the epithet ſwift;

But from the bounteous gods derive their birth
The gales which breathe frugiferous to earth,
The *South*, the *North*, and the ſwift *Weſtern* wind,
Which ever blow to profit human kind:
Thoſe from *Typhœus* ſprung, an uſeleſs train,
To men pernicious, bluſter o'er the main;
With thick and ſable clouds they veil the deep,
And now deſtructive croſs the ocean ſweep:
The mariner with dread beholds from far
The gath'ring ſtorms, and elemental war;

ſwift; and *Scapula* quotes *Ariſtotle* to ſhew he uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, αργητες κεραυνοι the ſwift lightenings: αργητες is from the ſame *radix*, and of the ſame ſignification, with αργεσης. The poet calls the winds ſprung from *Typhœus* greatly deſtructive to mortals, and thoſe from the gods profitable; the two following verſes from *Exodus* therefore will, in ſome degree, countenance my interpretation of ARGESTES; which I make an adjective to agree with ζεφυρε, i. e. αργεστεω ζεφυρε. *The Lord brought an eaſt-wind on the land all that day, and all that night, and when it was morning the eaſt-wind brought the locuſts.* chap. 10. ver. 13. *The Lord turned a mighty ſtrong weſt-wind, which took away the locuſts.* ver. 19. Tho this is related as a miracle, we may ſuppoſe the propereſt winds were choſe to bring the evil and the good on the land. In whatever ſenſe this word is took our poet is not free from abſurdity in his philoſophy when he makes the north, ſouth, and weſt, winds, ſpring from the gods, and thoſe which tyranize by ſea and land from *Typhœus*; for the winds from each corner are hurtful ſometimes, all depending on what circumſtances the elements are in, and not from what part the winds come.

His bark the furious blaſt and billows rend;
The ſurges riſe, and cataracts deſcend;
Above, beneath, he hears the tempeſt roar;
Now ſinks the veſſel, and he fears no more:
And remedy to this they none can find,
Who are reſolved to trade by ſea and wind.
On land in whirlwinds, or unkindly ſhow'rs,
They blaſt the lovely fruits and blooming flow'rs;
O'er ſea and land the bluſt'ring tyrants reign,
And make of earth-born men the labours vain.
And now the gods, who fought for endleſs fame,
The god of gods almighty *Jove* proclaim,
As *Earth* advis'd: nor reigns olympian *Jove*
Ingrate to them who with the *Titans* ſtrove;
On thoſe who war'd beneath his wide command
He honours heaps with an impartial hand.
And now the king of gods, *Jove*, *Metis* led,
The wiſeſt fair one, to the genial bed;

Who

ℳ 1222. Here ends the war. *Tzetzes* ſays the conqueſt which *Jupiter* gained over the foe was the tranquility of nature after the confuſion of the elements was layed. However the phyſical interpretation may hold good thro the whole, the war is regularly conducted, and juſtly concluded; the hero is happyly ſituated, the enemy puniſhed; and the allys rewarded.

ℳ 1223. I ſhall give the explanation of the ſtory of *Minerva* ſpringing from the head of *Jove* in the words of Lord *Bacon* from his *Eſſay on Counſel.*

The

Who with the blue-ey'd virgin fruitful proves, 1225
Minerva, pledge of their celeſtial loves;

The

The antient times do ſet forth, in figure, both the incorporation, and inſeperable conjunction, of counſel with kings, and the wiſe and politic uſe of counſel by kings; the one in that they ſay *Jupiter* did marry *Metis*; which ſignifieth counſel, whereby they intend that ſovereignty is married to counſel; the other in that which followeth, which was thus; they ſay after *Jupiter* was married to *Metis* ſhe conceived by him, and was with child; but *Jupiter* ſuffered her not to ſtay till ſhe brought forth, but eat her up; whereby he became himſelf with child, and was delivered of *Pallas* armed out of his head; which monſtrous fable containeth a ſecret of empire, how kings are to make uſe of their council of ſtate; that firſt they ought to refer matters unto them, which is the firſt begetting or impregnation; but when they are elaborate, moulded, and ſhaped, in the womb of their council, and grow ripe, and ready to be brought forth, that then they ſuffer not their council to go through with the reſolution and direction as if it depended on them, but take the matter back into their own hands, and make it appear to the world that the decrees and final directions (which, becauſe they come forth with prudence and power, are reſembled by *Pallas* armed) proceeded from themſelves, and not only from their authority, but, the more to add reputation to themſelves, from their head and device. Thus far Lord *Bacon*. What to make of the ſon whom *Jupiter* deſtroyed before his birth I know not, unleſs tyranny is ſhadowed in that allegory, which often follows power, but was here quelled, before it could exert itſelf, by wiſdom or reflection. *Milton* has judiciouſly applyed this image of *Pallas* ſpringing from the head of *Jove* to *Sin* and *Satan* in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe loſt*, where *Sin*, giving an Account of her birth, thus ſpeaks to *Satan*.

All

The ſire, from what kind *Earth* and *Heav'n* reveal'd,
Artful the matron in himſelf conceal'd;
From her it was decreed a race ſhould riſe
That would uſurp the kingdom of the ſkys:
And firſt the virgin with her azure eyes,
Equal in ſtrength, and as her father wiſe,
Is born, the offspring of th' almighty's brain:
And *Metis* by the god conceiv'd again,
A ſon decreed to reign o'er heav'n and earth,
Had not the ſire deſtroy'd the mighty birth:
He made the goddeſs in himſelf reſide,
To be in ev'ry act th' eternal guide.
The Hours to *Jove* did lovely *Themis* bear,
Eunomie, *Dice*, and *Irene* fair;

O'er

All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy, ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung.

℣ 1239. *Jupiter* and *Themis* are ſayed to be the parents of the *Hours*; the meaning of which is, *Power* and *Juſtice* bleſs the land, or make the ſeaſons or hours propitious, by laying down good laws which preſerve property and peace. Some take *Eunomie*, *Dice*, and *Irene*, to be only poetical names for the hours or ſeaſons of the year; but *Grævius* laughs at the ignorance of ſuch interpreters, and proves, beyond contradiction, they mean

O'er human labours they the pow'r poſſeſs,
With ſeaſons kind the fruits of earth to bleſs:
She by the thund'ring god conceiv'd again,
And ſuffer'd for the *Fates* the rending pain,
Clotho and *Lacheſis* to whom we owe,
With *Atropos*, our ſhares of joy or woe;
This honour they receiv'd from *Jove* the wiſe,
The mighty ſire, the ruler of the ſkys.

good Laws, *Right*, and *Peace*; which is the literal conſtruction of the names. He produces a paſſage from *Pindar*, Olymp. 13, where they can be underſtood in no other ſenſe; the words of the poet, in *Engliſh*, are theſe. *Here* Eunomia *dwells with her ſiſters*, Dica *the ſafe foundations of citys, and* Irana *endowed with the ſame manners with the other, the diſpoſers of riches to men, the golden daughters of* Themis *good in counſel.* We are to obſerve the difference of the names in *Heſiod* and *Pindar* is only from a change of the dialect in the latter. *Mombritius* has took the *hours* in the ſame ſenſe:

Dein horas Themis *ediderat*, Jovis *altera conjunx*,
Juſtitiam, legemque bonam, pacemque *virentem.*

The poet before makes the *Fates* ſpring from *Night*, a miſtake therefore muſt be in one place; *Le Clerc* ſuppoſes it here. Mr. *Robinſon*, to avoid the contradiction which is made by the common interpretation of Μοιρας, &c. here, places Μοιρας after ωραισι in the conſtruction, and not after τεκεν; which gives it a better ſenſe: however, ωραισι Μοιρας, with their names as they ſtand here, will not well admit of this conſtruction which Mr. *Robinſon* makes *bonæ leges, juſtitia, et pax, humanam ſortem pulchram et felicem reddunt.* I am inclined to think the three verſes here concerning the fates ſpurious: I am ſure they are abſurd.

Eurynome,

Eurynome, from *Ocean* ſprung, to *Jove*
The beauteous *Graces* bore inſpiring love,
Aglaia, and *Euphroſyne* the fair,
And thou *Thalia* of a graceful air;
From the bright eyes of theſe ſuch charms proceed
As make the hearts of all beholders bleed.
He *Ceres* next, a bounteous goddeſs, led
To taſte the pleaſures of the genial bed;
To him fair-arm'd *Perſephone* ſhe bore,
Whom *Pluto* raviſh'd from her native ſhore:
The mournful dame he of her child bereft,
But the wiſe ſire aſſented to the theft.
Mnemoſyne his breaſt with love inſpires,
The fair-treſs'd object of the god's deſires;
Of whom the *Muſes*, tuneful nine, are born,
Whoſe brows rich diadems of gold adorn;

To

ỳ 1251. *Aglaia* from αγλαος ſplendid; *Euphroſyne* ſignifys joy; *Thalia* from θαλιαι banquets.

ỳ 1257. *Perſephone*, by the *Latins* called *Proſerpina*, *Le Clerc* derives from the *Phœnician* word *periſaphoun* in *Engliſh* hidden fruit, which means the fruit commited to the earth; *Jove* therefore, whether we underſtand him as the ſupreme being or phyſically the air, is properly called the father of *Perſephone*, and *Ceres* her mother. *Pluto* is the heat in the earth which contributes towards maturing the fruits. Beſides this interpretation, a ſtory is told of *Ceres* a queen of *Sicily*, whoſe daughter was forced away by *Pluto*.

ỳ 1264 *Grævius* makes one inference from the *Muſes* having diadems of gold on their heads, which is that luxury

To them uninterrupted joys belong,
Them the gay feaſt delights, and ſacred ſong.
Latona bore, the fruits of *Jove*'s embrace,
The lovely'ſt offſprings of th' æthereal race;
She for *Apollo* felt the child-bed throw;
And, *Artemis*, for thee who twang the bow.
Laſt *Juno* fills th' almighty monarch's arms,
A blooming conſort, and replete with charms;
From

luxury in dreſs prevailed among the antients. On this occaſion he uſes the words of *Ælian*, from his *Various Hiſtory*, book 1, chap. 18; *Who can deny that the women among the antients abounded in luxury?*

℣ 1267. *Le Clerc* ſays *Phœbus Apollo* comes from the *Hebrew phe-bo-hapollon* having a wonderful mouth; but we muſt take notice that the poet calls him only *Apollo* here. *Artemis*, whom the *Latins* call *Diana*, the ſame critic derives from the *Phœnician* words *Har* a mountain and *thamah* admired.

℣ 1271. *Laſt* Juno *fills* &c.] The poet means by this that *Juno* was the laſt of goddeſſes whom he took to his bed, and whom he made his wife; the reſt were only concubines. The word ἀκοιτις, a wife, our author uſes to none but *Juno*.

Hebe, the goddeſs of youth, is derived from the *Hebrew* word *eb* to flouriſh, Αρης, in *Latin Mars*, from *Hari* which ſignifys a mountain-man: it is well known that the ſeat of *Mars* was on the mountains of *Thrace*. Ειλειθυια, or *Lucina*, is from *heilidia* ſhe cauſed to bring forth; a proper name for a goddeſs who preſides over human births. *Le Clerc*.

The meaning of this may be, that to the ſupreme beings, or to earth and air, which are here *Jupiter* and *Juno*, we owe our birth, our bloom of youth, and our

From her *Lucina*, *Mars*, and *Hebe*, ſpring;
Their ſire of gods the god, of kings the king.
Minerva, goddeſs of the martial train,
Whom wars delight, ſprung from th' almighty's brain;
The rev'rend dame, unconquerable maid,
The battel rouſes, of no pow'r afraid.
Juno, proud goddeſs, with her conſort ſtrove,
And ſoon conceiv'd without the joys of love;
Thee ſhe produc'd without the aid of *Jove*,
Vulcan,

our vigour or maturity; which are denoted by *Lucina*, *Hebe*, and *Mars*.

ỳ 1280. The vulgar reading of this paſſage is this; nor is it in any edition I have ſeen otherwiſe.

Ηρη δ' ηφαισον κλυτον εν φιλοτητι μιγεισα
Τεινατο.

Juno, *joining in love, brought forth the renown'd* Vulcan. Than which reading nothing can be more abſurd. This is a flagrant inſtance of the ignorance of the tranſcribers; nor indeed are thoſe free from cenſure who have had the care of the preſs in the printed editions. The very words which follow point out the miſtake of εν φιλοτητι.

——και ζαμενησε, και ηριδεν ω παρακοιτη.

She uſed her utmoſt endeavours, and contended with her huſband. For what did ſhe contend with her huſband? To bring forth without his aſſiſtance as he did without her. Had the poet intended to make *Vulcan* the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Juno* he would have placed him in the liſt with *Hebe*, *Mars*, and *Lucina*; but inſtead of that he lets the birth of *Minerva*, tho he had given an account of it before, intervene, that the reaſon of the reſentment of

Vulcan, who far in ev'ry art excel
The gods who in celeſtial manſions dwell.
To *Neptune* beauteous *Amphitrite* bore
Triton, dread god, who makes the ſurges roar;
Who dwells in ſeats of gold beneath the main,
Where *Neptune* and fair *Amphitrite* reign.
To *Mars*, who pierces with his ſpear the ſhield,
Terror and *Fear* did *Cytherea* yield;

of *Juno* may immediately appear: let us therefore read it ϑ φιλοτητι μιγεισα, and the ſenſe will be this: JUNO, *without the joys of love, brought forth the renowned* Vulcan, *reſolving to revenge herſelf on her huſband.* Thus *Tzetzes* and *Grævius* take it; and thus *Mombritius* has tranſlated it:

Sic quoque, nullius commixta libidine, Juno
Te Vulcane *tulit.*

Sic quoque is here very proper, becauſe it alludes to the preceding lines of the birth of *Minerva*. Ηφαιστος, I believe, comes from απτω to burn, and from αϊσσω to deſtroy. I have another reaſon which may poſſibly enforce this reading, and which I have never met with. As *Vulcan* is called the god of artificers in metals he is rightly the ſon of *Juno* only, who is ſometimes phyſically took for the earth.

℣ 1285. *Triton* is feigned to be the ſon of *Neptune* and *Amphitrite*, and by later poets made the trumpeter of *Neptune*. LE CLERC takes the name from the *Chaldæan* word *retat* he ſtired up a clamour.

℣ 1288. This paſſage, where *Terror* and *Fear* are made the ſons of *Mars*, wants no explanation; why *Harmonia* is the daughter of him and *Venus* I know not, unleſs the poet means that beauty is ſometimes the reward of courage.

Dire

Dire brothers who in war diſorder ſpread,
Break the thick phalanx, and increaſe the dead;
They wait in ev'ry act their father's call,
By whoſe ſtrong hand the proudeſt citys fall:
Harmonia, ſprung from that immortal bed,
Was to the ſcene of love by *Cadmus* led.
Maia, of *Atlas* born, and mighty *Jove*,
Join in the ſacred bands of mutual love;
From whom behold the glorious *Hermes* riſe,
A god renown'd, the herald of the ſkys.
Cadmean Simele, a mortal dame,
Gave to th' almighty's love a child of fame,
Bacchus, from whom our chearful ſpirits flow,
Mother and ſon alike immortal now.

℣ 1296. *Maia* is one of the *Pleïades*; how ſhe may be ſayed to be the daughter of *Atlas* ſee in the *Works* and *Days*, book 2, note 1. The Scholiaſt interprets *Hermes* being the meſſenger of the gods thus; the herald of heaven is that which brings divine things to light.

℣ 1300. *Bacchus* is ſayed to be born of *Simele*, which word *Le Clerc* derives from the *Phœnician tſmelah* which ſignifys a virgin ripe for man. The *Greek* name of *Bacchus* is Διωνυσος which is literally the ſon of *Jove*: ſome have a different derivation, but ſince this agrees with his birth, according to the *Theogony*, it will be needleſs to ſeek any other. He is the god who preſides over the vintage, therefore, as all pleaſures are from god, he is juſtly derived from the ſame ſource. See farther in the *Diſcourſe* at the end.

The mighty *Hercules Alcmena* bore
To the great god who makes the thunder roar.
Lame *Vulcan* made *Aglaia* fair his bride,
The youngeſt *Grace*, and in her blooming pride.
Bacchus, conſpicuous with his golden hair,
Thee *Ariadne* weds, a beauteous fair,
From *Minos* ſprung, whom mighty *Jove* the ſage
Allows to charm her lord exempt from age.
Great *Hercules*, who with misfortunes ſtrove
Long, is rewarded with a virtuous love,
Hebe, the daughter of the thund'ring god,
By his fair conſort *Juno* golden ſhod;
Thrice happy he ſafe from his toils to riſe,
And ever young a god to grace the ſkys!

℣ 1304. The ſtory of *Jupiter* poſſeſſing *Alcmena* in the ſhape of her huſband *Amphitryon* is well known: *Hercules* phyſically ſignifys ſtrength and courage, which are from *Jove*.

℣ 1306. *Vulcan* and *Aglaia* are here huſband and wife; but *Venus* is made the conſort of *Vulcan* by other authors. *Vulcan*, the god of artificers in fire, and *Aglaia*, one of the *Graces*, are properly joined, becauſe by the help of both all that is ornamental is brought to perfection. *Vulcan* is called lame becauſe fire cannot ſubſiſt without fuel. Theſe two are brought together but no children are born of them, which does not anſwer the title of *the generation of the gods*, therefore improperly introduced in a poem under that title, as are the other perſons who meet and not propagate.

℣ 1312. *Hercules* is marryed to *Hebe*, that is to eternal youth, the reward of great and glorious actions.

From

From the bright *Sun*, and thee, *Perſeïs*, ſpring,
Fam'd offſprings, *Circe*, and *Æetes* king.
Æetes thee, beauteous *Idya*, led,
Daughter of *Ocean*, to the genial bed;
And with th' applauſe of heav'n your loves were crown'd;
From whom *Medea* ſprung, a fair renown'd.
All hail olympian maids, harmonious nine,
Daughters, of *Ægis*-bearing *Jove*, divine,
Forſake the land, forſake the briny main,
The gods and goddeſſes, celeſtial train;
Ye *Muſes* each immortal fair record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord,
In whoſe illuſtrious offſprings all might trace
The glorious likeneſs of a godlike race.
Jaſon, an hero thro the world renown'd,
Was with the joyous love of *Ceres* crown'd;

℣ 1318. *Circe*, as an enchantreſs, is properly ſayed to be a daughter of the *Sun*; and *Medea*, for the ſame reaſon, is juſtly derived from the ſame ſource.

℣ 1332. We are now come to the laſt part of the poem, where goddeſſes ſubmit to the embraces of mortals. How ridiculous would theſe ſtorys ſeem were they to be underſtood in the very letter! ſuch therefore, (an obſervation I have made before) as remain obſcure to us we muſt conclude to have loſſed of their explanation thro the length of time in which they have been handed down to us. The meeting of *Jaſon* and *Ceres* in *Crete* plainly ſignifys the land being cultivated by that hero; and *Plutus*, the god of riches, being the produce of their loves, means the fruits of his labour and induſtry.

Their

Their joys they acted in a fertile ſoil
Of *Crete*, which thrice had bore the plowman's toil;
Of them was *Plutus* born, who ſpreads his hand,
Diſperſing wealth, o'er all the ſea and land;
Happy the man who in his favour lives,
Riches to him, and all their joys, he gives.
Cadmus Harmonia lov'd, the fair and young,
A fruitful dame, from golden *Venus* ſprung;
Ino, and *Simele*, *Agave* fair,
And thee, *Autonoë*, thy lover's care,
(Young *Ariſtæus* with his comely hair,)
She bore; and *Polydore* compleats the race,
Born in the Walls of *Thebes* a ſtately place.
The brave *Chryſaor* thee, *Calliroe*, led,
Daughter of *Ocean*, to the genial bed;
Whence *Geryon* ſprung fierce with his triple head;
Whom *Hercules* lay'd breathleſs on the ground,
In *Erythia* which the waves ſurround;
By his ſtrong arm the mighty giant ſlain,
The hero drove his oxen croſs the main.

℣ 1340. *Cadmus* and *Harmonia* have doubtleſs ſome relation to perſons in hiſtory. *Polydore*, the ſcholiaſt ſays, was ſo called becauſe the gods diſtributed their gifts at the nuptials of his parents.

℣ 1347. Theſe verſes of *Chryſaor* and *Callirhoe* are doubtleſs placed here by miſtake, ſince they were introduced before in a more proper manner: here they are abſurd, becauſe *Chryſaor* and *Callirhoe* are not reckoned mortals.

Two

Two royal ſons were to *Tithonus* born,
Of thee, *Aurora*, goddeſs of the morn;
Hemathion from whom and *Memnon* ſpring,
Known by his braſen helm was *Æthiop*'s king.
Pregnant by *Cephalus* the goddeſs proves,
A ſon of high renown rewards their loves;
In form like the poſſeſſors of the ſkys,
Great *Phaëthon*; whom with deſiring eyes
Fair *Aphrodite* views: in blooming days
She to her ſacred fane the youth conveys;
Inhabitant divine he there remain'd,
His taſk nocturnal by the fair ordain'd.
When *Pelies*, haughty prince of wide command,
Of much th' atchiever with an impious hand,
Succeſs

ỳ 1354. I believe *Memnon* and *Hemathion* were called, by the antient *Greeks*, ſons of *Aurora*, becauſe they were of the orientals which ſettled in *Greece*. *Memnon* was king of *Æthiopia*, which country is in the eaſt from *Greece*. *Le Clerc*. *Tzetzes* tells us that *Macedon* was ſo called from *Hemathion*, who was ſlain by *Hercules*; but that does not agree with *Memnon* being ſlain by *Achilles*, becauſe the diſtance of time betwixt *Hercules* and *Achilles* was too long; beſides *Memnon* was ſlain in his youth which increaſes the error in point of time. The reaſon which Lord *Bacon* gives for *Memnon* being the ſon of *Aurora* is, that as he was a youth whoſe glorys were ſhort-lived he is properly ſayed to be the ſon of the morning whoſe beautys ſoon paſs away. The ſame remark perhaps may be applyed to *Hemathion* and *Phaëthon*.

ỳ 1366. Many paſſages may be collected from which the *Argonauts* will appear to have been *Theſſalian* merchants,

Succeſs attending his injurious mind,
Gave the ſwell'd ſails to fly before the wind,
Æſonides, ſuch gods were thy decrees,
The daughter of *Æetes* croſs the ſeas
Rap'd from her ſire; the hero much endur'd
'E're in his veſſel he the fair ſecur'd;
Her to *Iolcus*, in her youthful pride,
He bore, and there poſſeſs'd the charming bride:
To *Jaſon*, her eſpous'd, the lovely dame
Medeus yields, pledge of the monarch's flame;
Whom *Chiron* artful by his precepts ſway'd:
Thus was the will of mighty *Jove* obey'd.
The *Nereid Pſamathe* did *Phocus* bear
To *Æacus*, herſelf excelling fair.
To *Peleus Thetis*, ſilver-footed dame,
Achilles bore, in war a mighty name.
Fair *Cytherea*, ever fluſh'd with charms,
Reſign'd them to a mortal hero's arms:
To thee, *Anchiſes*, the celeſtial bride
Æneas bore high in the ſhades of *Ide*.
Circe, the daughter of the *Sun*, inclin'd
To thee, *Ulyſſes*, of a patient mind;

chants, who ſailed to *Colchis*; but ſince *Heſiod* intended not to relate the expedition, it would be needleſs to give the hiſtory here. *Le Clerc*.

♆ 1380. *Æacus*, *Achilles*, and *Æneas*, are names well known in hiſtory, and ſeem to be mentioned only as the reputed ſons of goddeſſes by mortals, without any phyſical view; which ſeems to be the end of introducing *Agrius*, *Latinus*, and other names.

Hence *Agrius* ſprung, and hence *Latinus* came,
A valiant hero, and a ſpotleſs name:
The ſacred iſles were by the brothers ſway'd;
And them the *Tyrrhenes*, men renown'd, obey'd.
Calypſo with the ſage indulg'd her flame;
From them *Nauſithous* and *Nauſinous* came.
Thus each immortal fair the nine record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal Lord;
In whoſe illuſtrious offſprings all might trace
The glorious likeneſs of a god-like race:
And now, olympian maids, harmonious nine,
Daughters, of *Ægis*-bearing *Jove*, divine,
In laſting ſong the mortal dames rehearſe;
Let the bright belles of earth adorn the verſe.

ỳ 1394. *Le Clerc* takes *Nauſinous* to be the inclination which *Ulyſſes* had to leave *Calypſo*, and *Nauſithous* the ſhip in which he ſailed from her; both words indeed are expreſſive of ſuch meanings, but as many perſons have had names from their diſpoſitions, offices, or ſome particular circumſtance of their lives, or names given them ſignifycant of ſome quality or employment, yet not applicable to thoſe who are ſo named, we are not certain whether theſe are deſigned as real names or not.

ỳ 1403. *Let the bright* &c.] This concludes the *Theogony*, as the poem now ſtands, from which it appears that the poet writ, or intended to write, of women of renown; but ſuch a work could not come under the title of the *Theogony*; of which ſee farther in the fifth ſection of my *diſcourſe on the writings of* HESIOD.

The end of the Theogony.

A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
THEOLOGY *and* MYTHOLOGY
OF THE
ANTIENTS.

IN the following diſcourſe I ſhall confine myſelf to the Theology, and Mythology, of the antient *Greeks*, ſhewing their riſe and progreſs, with a view only to the *Theogony* of *Heſiod*, intending it but as an appendix to the notes.

The *Greeks* doubtleſs derived great part of their religion from the *Ægyptians*; and tho *Herodotus* tells us, in one place, *that* Heſiod, *with* Homer, *was the firſt who introduced a* Theogony *among the* Greecians, *and the firſt who gave names to the gods*, yet he contra-

dicts that opinion in his ſecond book, where he ſays MELAMPUS *ſeems to have learned the ſtorys of* Bacchus *from* Cadmus *and other* Tyrians *which came with him from* Phœnicia *to the country now called* Bœotia : he muſt therefore mean that *Heſiod* and *Homer* were the firſt who gave the gods a poetical dreſs, and who uſed them with more freedom in their writings than preceding authors.

Herodotus, *Diodorus Siculus*, and *Pauſanias*, all mention *Cadmus* ſettling in *Bœotia*, and *Ægyptian* colonys in other parts of *Greece*; and *Herodotus* ſays *almoſt all the names of the gods in* Greece *were from* Ægypt ; to enforce which I have tranſlated the following account from *Diodorus Siculus*.

We learn from the *Ægyptians* that many by nature mortal were honoured with immortality for their wiſdom and inventions which proved uſeful to mankind, ſome of which were kings of *Ægypt* ; and to ſuch they gave the names of the celeſtial deitys. Their firſt prince was called Ηελιος from the planet of that name the *Sun*. We are told

that

that Ηφαιστος, or *Vulcan*, was the inventor of fire, that is the uſe of it; for ſeeing a tree on the mountains blaſted from heaven, and the wood burning, he received much comfort from the heat, being then winter; from this he fired ſome combuſtible matter, and preſerved the uſe of it afterwards to men; for which reaſon he was made ruler of the people. After this *Chronos*, or *Saturn*, reigned, who marryed his ſiſter *Rhea*, of whom five deitys were born, whoſe names were *Oſiris*, *Iſis*, *Typhon*, *Apollo*, *Aphrodite*. *Oſiris* is *Bacchus*, and *Iſis Ceres* or *Demeter*. *Iſis* was marryed to *Oſiris*, and, after ſhe ſhared the dominion, made many diſcoverys for the benefit of life; ſhe found the uſe of corn, which grew before neglected in the fields like other herbs; and *Oſiris* begun to cultivate the fruit-trees. In remembrance of theſe perſons annual rites were decreed, which are now preſerved; in the time of harveſt they offer the firſt-fruits of the corn to *Iſis*, and invoke her. *Hermes* invented letters, and the lyre of three chords;

he firſt inſtituted divine worſhip, and ordained ſacrifices to the gods.

The ſame hiſtorian proceeds to relate the expedition of *Oſiris*, who was accompanyed by his brother *Apollo* who is ſayed to be the firſt that pointed out the laurel. *Oſiris* took great delight in muſic, for which reaſon he carryed with him a company of muſicians, among which were nine virgins eminent for their ſkill in ſinging, and in other ſciences, whom the *Greeks* call the *Muſes*, and *Apollo* they ſtile their preſident. *Oſiris* at his return was deifyed, and afterwards murdered by his brother *Typhon*, a turbulent and impious man. *Iſis* and her ſon revenged themſelves on *Typhon* and his accomplices.

Thus far *Diodorus* in his firſt book; and *Plutarch*, in his treatiſe of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, ſeems to think the *Greecian* poets, in their ſtorys of *Jupiter* and the *Titans*, and of *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, indebted to the *Ægyptians*.

Diodorus, in his third book, tells us *Cadmus*, who was derived from *Ægypt*, brought letters from *Phœnicia*, and *Linus* was the firſt among

among the *Greeks* who invented poetic numbers and melody, and who writ an account of the actions of the firſt *Bacchus*; he had many diſciples, the moſt renowned of which were *Hercules*, *Thamyris*, and *Orpheus*. We are told by the ſame author that *Orpheus*, who was let into the theology of the *Ægyptians*, applyed the generation of the *Oſiris* of old to the then modern times, and, being gratifyed by the *Cadmeans*, inſtituted new rites. *Simele*, the daughter of *Cadmus*, being deflowered, bore a child of the ſame likeneſs which they attributed to *Oſiris* of *Ægypt*; *Orpheus*, who was admited into the myſterys of the religion, endeavoured to veil her ſhame by giving out that *Simele* conceived by *Jove*, and brought forth *Bacchus*. Hence men, partly thro ignorance, and partly thro the honour which they had for *Orpheus*, and confidence in him, were deceived.

From theſe paſſages we learn that the religion and gods of *Ægypt* were, in part, tranſlated with the colonys into *Greece*; but they continued not long without innovations and

alterations. *Linus* firſt ſung the exploits of the firſt *Bacchus* or *Oſiris*; he doubtleſs took all the poetical liberty that he could with his ſubject: *Orpheus* after him baniſhed the firſt *Bacchus* from the theology, and introduced the ſecond with a ly to conceal the ſhame of a polluted woman. In ſhort, all the ſtorys which were told in honour of thoſe *Ægyptians* who had deſerved well of their country were, with their names, applyed to other perſons. Thus, according to the hiſtorian, the divine *Orpheus* ſet out with bribery, flattery, and deluſion.

Heſiod begins his *Theogony* with the firſt principle of the heathen ſyſtem, that *Chaos* was the parent of all, and Heaven and Earth the parents of all viſible things. That Heaven is the father, ſays *Plutarch*, in his *Inquiry after God*, appears from his pouring down the waters which have the ſpermatic faculty, and Earth the mother becauſe ſhe brings forth. This, according to the opinion of *Plutarch*, and many more, was the origin of the multiplicity of gods, men eſteeming thoſe bodys

dys in the heavens and on the earth, from which they received benefit, the immediate objects of their gratitude and adoration: the ſame were the motives afterwards which induced them to pay divine honours to mortal men, as we ſee in the account we have from *Diodorus.* The deſign of the poet was to give a catalogue of thoſe deitys who were, in any ſenſe, eſteemed as ſuch in the times in which he lived, whether fabulous, hiſtorical, or phyſical; but we muſt take notice that even where a ſtory had riſe from fable, or hiſtory, he ſeems to labour at reducing it to nature, as in that of the *Muſes:* what was before of mean original, from nine minſtrels, ſlaves to a prince, is rendered great by the genius of the poet.

I ſhall conclude, thinking it all that is farther neceſſary to be ſayed, and particularly on the Mythology, with the following tranſlation from the preface of Lord *Bacon* to his treatiſe on the *Wiſdom of the antients.*

I am not ignorant how incertain fiction is, and how liable to be wreſted to this or that

ſenſe, nor how prevalent wit and diſcourſe are, ſo as ingeniouſly to apply ſuch meanings as were not thought of originally: but let not the follys and licenſe of few leſſen the eſteem due to parables; for that would be prophane and bold, ſince religion delights in ſuch veils and ſhadows: but, reflecting on human wiſdom, I ingenuouſly confeſs my real opinion is, that myſtery and allegory were from the original intended in many fables of the antient poets: this appears apt and conſpicuous to me, whether raviſhed with a veneration for antiquity, or becauſe I find ſuch coherence in the ſimilitude with the things ſignifyed, in the very texture of the fable, and in the propriety of the names which are given to the perſons or actors in the fable: and no man can poſitively deny that this was the ſenſe propoſed from the beginning, and induſtriouſly veiled in this manner. How can the conformity and judgement of the names be obſcure to any? *Metis* being made the wife of *Jove* plainly ſignifys counſel. No one ſhould be moved if he ſometimes finds any

addition for the ſake of hiſtory, or by way of embelliſhment, or if chronology ſhould happen to be confounded, or if part of one fable ſhould be transfered to another, and a new allegory introduced; for theſe were all neceſſary and to be expected, ſeeing they are the inventions of men of different ages, and who writ to different ends, ſome with a view to the nature of things, and other to civil affairs.

We have another ſign, and that no ſmall one, of this hidden ſenſe which we have been ſpeaking of; which is, that ſome of theſe fables are in the narration, that is in themſelves literally underſtood, ſo fooliſh and abſurd, that they ſeem to proclaim a parable at a diſtance. Such as are probable may be feigned for amuſement, and in imitation of hiſtory; but where no ſuch deſigns appear, but they ſeem to be what none would imagine or relate, they muſt be calculated for other uſes. What a fiction is this! *Jove* took *Metis* for his wife, and ſoon as he perceived her pregnant eat her, whence he himſelf conceived, and brought

brought forth *Pallas* armed from his head. Nothing can appear more monſtrous, more like a dream, and more out of the courſe of thinking, than this ſtory in itſelf. What has a great weight with me is, that many of theſe fables ſeem not to be invented by thoſe who have related them, *Homer*, *Heſiod*, and other writers; for were they the fictions of that age, and of thoſe who delivered them down to us, nothing great and exalted, according to my opinion, could be expected from ſuch an origin: but if any one will deliberate on this ſubject attentively, theſe will appear to be delivered and related as what were before believed and received, and not as tales then firſt invented and communicated; beſides as they are told in different manners by authors of almoſt the ſame times, they are eaſyly perceived to be common, and derived from old memorial tradition, and are various only from the additional embelliſhments which diverſe writers have beſtowed on them.

In old times, when the inventions of men, and the concluſions deduced from them, were new and uncommon, fables, parables, and ſimiles, of all kinds abounded. As hieroglyphics were more antient than parables, parables were more antient than arguments. We ſhall cloſe what we have here ſayed with this obſervation; the wiſdom of the antients was either great or happy, great if theſe figures were the fruits of their induſtry, and happy, if they looked no farther, that they have afforded matter and occaſion ſo worthy contemplation.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Cannot take my leave of this work without expreſſing my gratitude to Mr. *Theobald* for his kind aſſiſtance in it. Much may with juſtice be ſayed to the advantage of that gentleman, but his own writings will be teſtimonys of his abilitys, when, perhaps, this profeſſion of my friendſhip for him, and of my zeal for his merit, ſhall be forgot.

Such remarks as I have received from my friends I have diſtinguiſhed from my own, in juſtice to thoſe by whom I have been ſo obliged, leſt, by a general acknowledgement only, ſuch errors as I may have poſſibly commited, ſhould, by the wrong gueſs of ſome, be unjuſtly imputed to them. The few notes which were writ by the Earl of *Pembroke* are placed betwixt two aſteriſms.

Feb. 15. 1728.

Thomas Cooke.

A

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